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LIVES OF EMINENT
ILLUSTRIOUS ENGLISHMEN,

FROM

ALFRED THE GREAT TO THE LATEST TIMES,

On an Original Plan.

EDITED BY

GEORGE GODFREY CUNNINGHAM.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF FINELY EXECUTED PORTRAITS, SELECTED FROM THE
MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES, AND ENGRAVED BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

VOLUME VIII.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII.

ECCELESIASTICAL SERIES.

(Continued.)

	Page		Page
958 Bishop Watson,	1	991 Arthur Murphy,	121
959 O'Beirne, Bishop of Meath,	10	992 Mungo Park,	122
960 Samuel Parr,	14	993 James Barry,	126
961 Henry Martyn,	21	994 Elizabeth Carter,	131
962 Charles Burney,	28	995 Edward King,	134
963 Cyril Jackson,	32	996 John Opie,	137
964 Bishop Bennet,	33	997 Isaac Reid,	140
965 Isaac Milner,	34	998 Richard Porson,	142
966 Thomas Scott,	38	999 John Home,	146
967 Bishop Middleton,	42	1000 James Anderson,	151
968 Abraham Rees,	42	1001 Thomas Holcroft,	153
969 David Bogue,	43	1002 Richard Gough,	155
970 Bishop Milner,	48	1003 Anna Seward,	157
971 Bishop Barrington,	51	1004 Matth�w Boulton,	160
972 Bishop Heber,	53	1005 David Pitcairn,	161
973 Legh Richmond,	59	1006 Thomas Beddoes,	163
974 Archbishop Sutton,	61	1007 Henry Cavendish,	168
975 Bishop Tomline,	61	1008 Nevil Maskelyne,	170
976 Bishop Lloyd,	62	1009 Richard Cumberland,	171
977 Rowland Hill,	63	1010 John Horne Tooke,	175
		1011 Charles Burney,	180
		1012 William Henry,	183
		1013 Adam Fergusson,	185
		1014 Samuel Webbe,	187
		1015 William Beloe,	188
		1016 Matthew G. Lewis,	191

III.—LITERARY SERIES.

978 Hugh Macauley Boyd,	71	1017 John Gifford,	192
979 Charles Fearn,	77	1018 John Wolcott,	192
980 David Allan,	78	1019 Frank Sayers,	197
981 John Tweddell,	82	1020 John Playfair,	199
982 Gilbert Wakefield,	84	1021 James Watt,	204
983 James Hurdis,	89	1022 Benjamin West,	211
984 George Romney,	91	1023 William Hayley,	218
985 William Jackson,	100	1024 Arthur Young,	221
986 Jacob Bryant,	104	1025 Thomas Brown,	223
987 George Morland,	106	1026 Elizabeth Inchbald,	228
988 Joseph Priestley,	110	1027 Hester Lynch Piozzi,	230
989 Patrick Russell,	118	1028 John Rennie,	232
990 Christopher Anstey,	120	1029 Sir Joseph Banks,	235

	Page		Page
1030 John Aikin, . . .	239	1053 Thomas Rowlandson, . . .	320
1031 Robert Bloomfield, . . .	241	1054 John Mason Good, . . .	322
1032 Edward Jenner, . . .	245	1055 William Mitford, . . .	326
1033 Anne Radcliffe, . . .	249	1056 Hugh Clapperton, . . .	330
1034 John Keats, . . .	252	1057 Sir Humphrey Davy, . . .	333
1035 Percy Bysshe Shelley, . . .	254	1058 Sir James Edward Smith, . . .	347
1036 John Philip Kemble, . . .	262	1059 Thomas Bewick, . . .	352
1037 Charles Hutton, . . .	266	1060 Dugald Stewart, . . .	354
1038 David Ricardo, . . .	268	1061 Archdeacon Cox, . . .	358
1039 Sir Henry Raeburn, . . .	270	1062 William Shield, . . .	360
1040 Matthew Bailie, . . .	274	1063 William Hyde Wollaston, . . .	362
1041 Richard Hayne Knight, . . .	277	1064 Thomas Young, . . .	366
1042 William Sharp, . . .	277	1065 Daniel Terry, . . .	378
1043 E. D. Clarke, . . .	282	1066 Robert Gooch, . . .	381
1044 Charles Maturin, . . .	288	1067 George Dawe, . . .	384
1045 Capel Loft, . . .	291	1068 Sir Thomas Lawrence, . . .	385
1046 Peter Elmsley, . . .	291	1069 William Roscoe, . . .	394
1047 George Gordon Byron, . . .	295	1070 Sarah Siddons, . . .	405
1048 Charles Incledon, . . .	305	1071 George Crabbe, . . .	418
1049 John Pinkerton, . . .	306	1072 William Hazlitt, . . .	424
1050 John Flaxman, . . .	310	1073 Sir John Leslie, . . .	428
1051 William Gifford, . . .	313	1074 Jeremy Bentham, . . .	432
1052 John Nichols, . . .	319	1075 Hannah More, . . .	448

LIVES OF EMINENT

AND

ILLUSTRIOUS ENGLISHMEN.

Bishop Watson.

BORN A. D. 1737.—DIED A. D. 1816.

FEW men have been more the subject of praise and of censure,—praise the most flattering, and censure the most severe and unmitigated,—than Bishop Watson; and few men, perhaps, ever exposed themselves more unshrinkingly than this prelate did to the observation of men, whether for blame or approval. His life was spent in constant contact with the public; and as if the space of threescore years had not sufficed to gratify his love of notoriety, he took care that the world should be made again to sit in judgment on an intrepid and faithful exhibition of his own character and actions as soon as the grave had closed upon his mortal remains. It will readily be anticipated by the reader, that the worth of the bishop's auto-biography has been made a matter of as keen and acrimonious contention as his character itself; some have characterized it as a piece of "posthumous iniquity," while others have pronounced it to be the most valuable piece of auto-biography that has been presented to the world since Bishop Burnet's "Account of his own Times."

Richard Watson was born at Heversham, a delightful village in Westmoreland, in August, 1737. His father was a respectable schoolmaster, whose family had long been settled at Shap in the same county. The bishop's ancestors were of the class usually known in those parts by the name of *states-men*, that is, small proprietors who cultivated their own land with their own hands. The elder Watson had the honour of educating Ephraim Chambers, the author of the *Encyclopædia*; and is described by his son, in his epitaph, as "*ludimagister haud inutilis*,"—a schoolmaster of some excellence; but having been compelled to relinquish his master-ship of Heversham school on account of bad health, before his son was born, and having been succeeded in that office by an inferior teacher, the subject of our memoir did not receive that grammar-education which is required in early life to make an accomplished classical scholar according to English notions on this subject, and to fit a student, while passing through either university, to meet on equal ground the highly polished sons of Eton and Westminster in their respective colleges. This circumstance—although he always regarded the art of prosody as a very trifling attainment—he confesses proved a

disadvantage to him through life ; it was indeed of little real importance, as he remarks, “whether Cicero would have said *fortuito*, or *fortuito*,—Areopāgus, or Areopāgus ; but then a thorough bred scholar would properly have thought meanly of a man who did not know such things, for minute correctness is generally a good and often the only test of accomplished scholarship.” Still, having never been taught to make Latin or Greek verses, it cost him “more pains to remember whether a syllable was long or short than it would have done to comprehend a whole section of Newton’s *Principia* ;” and his hands, he tells us, would often shake with impatience and indignation while he was consulting Ainsworth or Labbé a point which he was sure of forgetting in a moment’s time.

He was admitted a sizar of Trinity college, Cambridge, in 1754. At this time he was acquainted with only two individuals in the university, and £300, the portion left him by his father, formed the amount of his slender resources. Clearly apprehending then that he had only his own industry and exertions to depend upon for the future, he set determinedly to work, and for four years and seven months was never out of college for one whole day. The result of this truly scholar-like self-denial and application was some knowledge of Hebrew, great improvement in Greek and Latin, and considerable proficiency in mathematics and natural philosophy ; and its reward a scholarship a year before the usual time of the sizars’ sitting. He had also studied with much attention Locke’s works, King’s book on the ‘Origin of Evil,’ Puffendorf’s treatise, ‘De officio hominis et civis,’ and some other books on similar subjects, and which in all probability gave the bias to those future habits of close and vigorous thinking, and that love of constitutional liberty, for which he was afterwards so distinguished. After he had been six months at Cambridge, he was asked, during a college examination, whether Dr. Clarke had demonstrated the absurdity of an infinite succession of changeable and dependent beings ? “I answered,” he says, “with blushing hesitation, ‘Non.’ The head lecturer, Brocket, with great good nature, mingled with no small surprise, encouraged me to give my reasons for thinking so ; I stammered out, in barbarous Latin, that Clarke had inquired into an origin of a series, which, being from the supposition eternal, could have no origin ; and into the first term of a series, which, being from the supposition infinite, could have no first.” This incident caused him to be cried up, he relates, as a great metaphysician ; and, four years after, procured him the friendship of Dr Law, from which he subsequently derived much advantage. The following extract from his auto-biography is interesting, and conveys a useful lesson to all students : “When I used to be returning to my room, at one or two in the morning, after spending a jolly evening, I often observed a light in the chamber of one of the same standing with myself ; this never failed to excite my jealousy, and the next day was always a day of hard study. I have gone without my dinner a hundred times on such occasions. I thought I never entirely understood a proposition in any part of mathematics, or natural philosophy, till I was able, in a solitary walk, ‘*obstipo capite atque exporrecto labello*,’ to draw the scheme in my head, and go through every step of the demonstration without book, or pen and paper. I found this was a very difficult task, especially in some of the perplexed schemes and long

demonstrations of the 12th book of Euclid, and in L'Hopital's Conic sections, and Newton's Principia." "I never gave up a difficult point in a demonstration till I had made it out *proprio Marte*; I have been stopped at a single step for three days." In January, 1759, Mr Watson took his bachelor of arts' degree; he was the second wrangler of his year, and, but for academical intrigue, would have borne away the first honour. He took his master of arts' degree in 1762; and, in the course of the following five years, was four times appointed to the difficult office of moderator. On the first occasion of his filling this office, the celebrated Paley took his degree and was senior wrangler.

In the year 1764, on the death of Dr Hadley, Watson was unanimously elected professor of chemistry,—a science with which he was at the moment wholly unacquainted, having "never read a syllable on the subject, nor seen a single experiment in it." But his ambitious industry, as usual, bore him through all difficulties. "I sent," he says, "immediately after my election, for an operator to Paris; I buried myself as it were in my laboratory, at least as much as my other avocations would permit; and in fourteen months from my election, I read a course of chemical lectures to a very full audience, consisting of persons of all ages and degrees in the university." No stipend had been hitherto annexed to the chemical chair in Cambridge. "I was told," says the bishop, "that the professors of chemistry in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Stockholm, &c., were supported by their respective monarchs: and I knew that the reading a course of lectures would every year be attended with a great expense," on these grounds, the newly elected professor applied to the crown for a stipend, and obtained the "drop" of £100 per annum. The premier offered to settle the stipend upon Mr Watson himself for life; but this he very properly refused, and desired to have it only whilst he continued professor of chemistry, and discharged the duty of the office. Similar stipends have been subsequently procured for the professors of anatomy, botany, and common-law.

After seven years of brilliant success in this chair, he was chosen professor of divinity, in 1771, on the death of Dr Rutherford, the regius professor of divinity. Watson was at this period only thirty-four years of age, and not even a bachelor in divinity; and of the science itself he fairly confesses that, remote as all his studies had lain from divinity, he knew very little; but formidable as both these obstacles certainly were, he had been for years determined in his own mind to endeavour to succeed Dr Rutherford, and he was not the man to flinch from his purpose without a desperate effort to accomplish it, and on this occasion too, his intrepidity was triumphant,—a royal mandate procured his investment, with the requisite degree, on the day previous to the examination of the candidates, and his unanimous election instantly followed. "On being raised to this distinguished office," he says, "I immediately applied myself with great eagerness to the study of divinity. Eagerness, indeed, in the pursuit of knowledge was a part of my temper;" and he expresses himself as looking back with a kind of terror on the application to which, at about this period of his life, he was accustomed. His style of theologizing was a singular one for those days, and the seat of learning to which he belonged; he fairly turned his back upon the formidable array of Fathers and Councils, and Critics, and Commentators, who had been hitherto sup-

posed to encircle every divinity chair, and betook himself to the study of the scriptures as at once the safest and clearest, and the only real authority in religion: "I reduced the study of divinity," he says, "into as narrow a compass as I could, for I determined to study nothing but my Bible." "I never troubled myself with answering any arguments which the opponents in the divinity-schools brought against the articles of the church,—nor ever admitted their authority as decisive of a difficulty; but I used on such occasions to say to them, holding the New Testament in my hand, '*En sacrum codicem!*' Here is the fountain of truth! Why do you follow the streams derived from it by the sophistry, or polluted by the passions of man? If you can bring proof against any thing delivered in this book, I shall think it my duty to reply to you. Articles of churches are not of divine authority; have done with them,—for they may be true, they may be false,—and appeal to the book itself." Of the same liberal character were the doctrines delivered by this *avrodidaxros*, this self-taught divine—as the master of Peterhouse used to call him—on the subject of national establishments and subscription.

In 1773 Dr Watson married the eldest daughter of Edward Wilson, Esq. of Dallum Tower in Westmoreland; and immediately set off to take possession of a sinecure rectory in North Wales which had been procured for him by the duke of Grafton, in consideration of his being ill provided for at Cambridge. "At the time the duke did me this favour," he says, "we thought differently on politics. I had made no scruple of every where declaring that I looked upon the American war as unjust in its commencement, and that its conclusion would be unfavourable to this kingdom." In 1775 he opposed a university address to the king urging the continuance of this war; and soon afterwards, in a letter addressed to his patron, the duke of Grafton, he animadverted with some severity on the course pursued by Junius.

In 1776 he rendered himself particularly conspicuous by publishing two sermons, which he had preached before the university, one of which was entitled, 'The Principles of the Revolution Vindicated,' and the other, 'On the Anniversary of the King's Accession.' Shortly afterwards, appeared his famous apology for Christianity, in answer to Gibbon. In January, 1780, he became archdeacon of Ely; and in May, delivered a primary visitation-sermon to the clergy of the diocese, in which he strongly recommended the formation of a society at Cambridge, for the purpose of making and publishing translations of oriental manuscripts. In the following August, Bishop Keene presented him to the rectory of Northwold, in Norfolk. During the next year appeared the first two volumes of his 'Chemical Essays,' of which he subsequently published three others.

In 1782, through the influence of the duke of Rutland, he was elevated to the bishopric of Landaff. "The duke of Grafton," says our bishop, "told me that the bishop of Landaff (Barrington) would probably be translated to the see of Salisbury, which had become vacant a few days before the death of Lord Rockingham, and that he had asked Lord Shelburne, who had been appointed first lord of the treasury, to permit me to succeed to the bishopric of Landaff. This unsolicited kindness of the duke of Grafton gratified my feelings very much, for my spirit of independence was ever too high for my circumstances.

Lord Shelburne, the duke informed me, seemed very well disposed towards me, but would not suffer him to write to me; and he had asked the duke whether he thought the appointment would be agreeable to the duke of Rutland. Notwithstanding this hint I could not bring myself to write to the duke of Rutland, who had not at that time forsaken the friends of Lord Rockingham. I knew his great regard for me, but I abhorred the idea of pressing a young nobleman to ask a favour of the new minister, which might, in its consequences, sully the purity of his political principles, and be the means of attaching him, without due consideration, to Lord Shelburne's administration. Not that I had any reason to think ill of the new minister: I was personally unacquainted with him, but I was no stranger to the talents he had shown in opposing Lord North's American war; and Lord Rockingham had told me, that Lord Shelburne had behaved very honourably to him in not accepting the treasury, which the king had offered to him in preference to Lord Rockingham. I mention this circumstance in mere justice to Lord Shelburne, whose constitutional principles, and enlarged views of public policy, rendered him peculiarly fitted to sustain the character of a great statesman in the highest office. On the 12th of the same month the duke of Rutland wrote to me at Yarmouth, that he had determined to support Lord Shelburne's administration, as he had received the most positive assurances that the independency of America was to be acknowledged, and the wishes of the people relative to a parliamentary reform granted. He further told me that the bishopric of Landaff, he had reason to believe, would be disposed of in my favour if he asked it; and desired to know, whether, if the offer should be made, I would accept it. I returned for answer that I conceived there could be no dishonour in accepting a bishopric from an administration which he had previously determined to support, and that I had expected Lord Shelburne would have given me the bishopric without application; but that, if I must owe it to the interposition of some great man, I had rather owe it to that of his grace than to any other. On Sunday, July 21st, I received an express from the duke of Rutland, informing me that he had seen Lord Shelburne, who had anticipated his wishes, by mentioning me for the vacant bishopric before he had asked it. I kissed hands on the 26th of that month, and was received, as the phrase is, very graciously; this was the first time that I had ever been at St James's. In this manner did I acquire a bishopric. But I have no great reason to be proud of the promotion; for I think I owed it not to any regard which he who gave it me had to the zeal and industry with which I had for many years discharged the functions, and fulfilled the duties, of an academic life; but to the opinion which, from my sermon, he had erroneously entertained, that I was a warm, and might become an useful partisan. Lord Shelburne, indeed, had expressed to the duke of Grafton his expectation that I would occasionally write a pamphlet for their administration. The duke did me justice in assuring him that he had perfectly mistaken my character; that, though I might write on an abstract question, concerning government or the principles of legislation, it would not be with a view of assisting any administration. I had written in support of the principles of the Revolution, because I thought those principles useful to the state, and I saw them vilified and neglected; I had taken part with the people in their petitions against

the influence of the crown, because I thought that influence would destroy the constitution, and I saw that it was increasing; I had opposed the supporters of the American war, because I thought that war not only to be inexpedient but unjust. But all this was done from my own sense of things, and without the least view of pleasing any party: I did, however, happen to please a party, and they made me a bishop. I have hitherto followed, and shall continue to follow, my own judgment in all public transactions; all parties now understand this, and it is probable that I may continue to be bishop of Landaff as long as I live. Be it so. Wealth and power are but secondary objects of pursuit to a thinking man, especially to a thinking Christian."

In the same year our bishop delivered into Lord Shelburne's hands the following paper, "the subjects of which," says he, "had much engaged my attention before I was a bishop, and I did not think that by becoming a bishop I ought to change the principles which I had imbibed from the works of Mr Locke. There are several circumstances respecting the doctrine, the jurisdiction, and the revenue of the church of England, which would probably admit a temperate reform. If it should be thought right to attempt making a change in any of them, it seems most expedient to begin with the revenue. The two following hints on that subject may not be undeserving your lordship's consideration:—First, A bill to render the bishoprics more equal to each other, both with respect to income and patronage; by annexing, as the richer bishoprics become vacant, a part of their revenues, and a part of their patronage, to the poorer. By a bill of this kind, the bishops would be freed from the necessity of holding ecclesiastical preferments, *in commendam*,—a practice which bears hard on the rights of the inferior clergy. Another probable consequence of such a bill would be, a longer residence of the bishops in their several dioceses; from which the best consequences, both to religion, the morality of the people, and to the true credit of the church, might be expected; for the two great inducements to wish for translations, and consequently to reside in London, namely, superiority of income and excellency of patronage, would in a great measure be removed. Second, A bill for appropriating, as they become vacant, a half, or a third part, of the income of every deanery, prebend, or canonry, of the churches of Westminster, Windsor, Canterbury, Christ Church, Worcester, Durham, Ely, Norwich, &c. to the same purposes, *mutatis mutandis*, as the first-fruits and tenths were appropriated by Queen Anne. By a bill of this kind a decent provision would be made for the inferior clergy, in a third or fourth part of the time which Queen Anne's bounty alone will require to effect. A decent provision being once made for every officiating minister in the church, the residence of the clergy on their cures might more reasonably be required than it can be at present, and the license of holding more livings than one be restricted."

In 1785 the bishop published a useful collection of theological tracts. In the following year he received a legacy of £20,000 from his friend Mr Luther. During the French revolution the bishop paid considerable attention to public affairs, and, although he at first deprecated intervention on our part, yet he afterwards gave his sanction to the war with France. In the following passage he expresses his political creed with his usual force and brevity: "Would to God the king of England

had men of magnanimity enough in his councils, to advise him to meet, at this juncture, the wishes of his people; he would thereby become the idol of the nation, and the most admired monarch in Europe. You mistake me, Sir, if you suppose that I have the most distant desire to make the democratic scale of the constitution outweigh the monarchical. Not one jot of the legal prerogative of the crown do I wish to see abolished; not one tittle of the king's influence in the state to be destroyed, except so far as it is extended over the representatives of the people. I most readily submit to laws made by men exercising their free powers of deliberation for the good of the whole; but, when the legislative assembly is actuated by an extrinsic spirit, then submission becomes irksome to me; then I begin to be alarmed; knowing with Hooker, that to live by one man's will becomes the cause of all men's misery. I dread despotism worse than death, and the despotism of a parliament worse than that of a king; but I hope the time will never come, when it will be necessary for me to declare that I will submit to neither. I shall probably be rotten in my grave before I see what you speak of, the tyranny of a George the Sixth, or of a Cromwell; and it may be that I want philosophy in interesting myself in political disquisitions, in apprehending what may never happen; but I conceive that I am to live in society in another state, and a sober attachment to theoretic principles of political truth cannot be an improper ingredient in a social character, either in this world or in the next.

"The whig part of the coalition ministry which was formed in April, 1783, forced themselves into the king's service. His majesty had shown the greatest reluctance to treating with them. Their enemies said, and their adherents suspected, that if poverty had not pressed hard upon some of them, they would not, for the good of their country, have overlooked the indignities which had been shown them by the court; they would have declined accepting places, when they perfectly knew that their services were unacceptable to the king. They did, however, accept; and, on the day they kissed hands, I told Lord John Cavendish (who had reluctantly joined the coalition) that they had two things against them, the closet and the country; that the king hated them, and would take the first opportunity of turning them out; and that the coalition would make the country hate them. Lord John was aware of the opposition they would have from the closet, but he entertained no suspicion of the country being disgusted at the coalition. The event, however, of the general election, in which the whig interest was almost every where unsuccessful, and Lord John himself turned out at York, proved that my foresight was well founded. It is a great happiness in our constitution, that, when the aristocratic parties in the houses of parliament flagrantly deviate from principles of honour, in order to support their respective interests, there is integrity enough still remaining in the mass of the people, to counteract the mischief of such selfishness or ambition."

When a meeting of the bishops was convened at the Bounty-office, on a summons from the archbishop of Canterbury, and at the instance of Mr Pitt, who wanted to know the sentiments of the bench relative to the repeal of the test and corporation acts: "I was the junior bishop," says Dr Watson, "and, as such, was called upon to deliver my opinion first, which I did in the negative. The only bishop who voted with

me was Bishop Shipley. The then archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the bishops of Worcester, Lincoln, Ely, Peterborough, Norwich, Exeter, Bangor, Bath and Wells, Rochester, and Lichfield, voted that the acts ought to be maintained. When the question was thus decided, that my brethren might see I was not sorry to be known to have voted as I had done, I moved that not only the result of the meeting, but that the names of those who had voted for and against the maintenance of the acts, should be sent to Mr Pitt; and the motion was passed unanimously. The question for the repeal of the acts was then lost in the commons, by a majority of 78—178: 100. It was again brought forward in 1789, and was again lost by a majority of 20—122: 102. This small majority encouraged the dissenters to bring it forward again in 1790; but the cry of the church's danger began to be raised, and meetings were held by some alarmed clergymen, principally in dioceses of York and Chester, and the question was lost by a majority of 194—299: 105. In a conversation I then had with Lord Camden, president of the council, I plainly asked him if he foresaw any danger likely to result to the church establishment from the repeal of the test act: he answered, at once, none whatever. On my urging the policy of conciliating the dissenters by granting their petition, his answer made a great impression on my mind, as it showed the principle on which great statesmen sometimes condescend to act. It was this:—Pitt was wrong in refusing the former application of the dissenters, but he must be now supported.”

In 1796 Bishop Watson published his celebrated ‘Apology for the Bible,’ in a series of letters addressed to Paine, the author of the ‘Age of Reason.’ This work is written in a very popular manner, and exposes with admirable tact the unfounded assertions and sophistical arguments which pervade the ‘Age of Reason.’

On the death of Bishop Horsley, “it was very generally imagined,” says Bishop Watson, “that I should have been translated to the see of St Asaph; and that I might not furnish the minister (Lord Grenville) with the excuse for passing me by, that I had not asked for it, I got a common friend to inform him, that, on account of my northern connections, the bishopric of St Asaph would be peculiarly acceptable to myself. It was given to the bishop of Bangor, and the bishopric of Bangor was given to the bishop of Oxford. I cannot truly say that I was wholly insensible to these and to many similar arrangements, by which I had been for so many years neglected, and exhibited to the world as a marked man fallen under royal displeasure; but I can say that neither was the tranquillity of my mind disturbed, nor my adherence to the principles of the revolution shaken, nor my attachment to the house of Brunswick, acting on these principles, lessened thereby. I knew that I possessed not the talents of adulation, intrigue, and versatility of principle, by which laymen, as well as churchmen, usually in courts ascend the ladder of ambition. I knew this, and I remained, without repining, at the bottom of it.”

From October, 1813, the health of the bishop of Landaff rapidly declined; bodily exertion became extremely irksome to him; and, though his mental faculties continued unimpaired, yet he cautiously refrained from every species of literary composition. The example of the archbishop of Toledo was often before him, and the determination, as fre-

quently expressed, that his own prudence should exempt him from the admonition of a *Gil Blas*. He expired on the 4th of July, 1816, in the 79th year of his age.

"In transcribing," says an able reviewer of Bishop Watson's memoirs, "the manly expressions of enlightened and patriotic sentiment which abound in this volume, and which place in so favourable a light the intellectual character of the bishop of Landaff, deep regret has been constantly blended with the feeling of satisfaction, when we have reflected how every such sentiment would have acquired the power of making a tenfold impression, had it been enforced by a life reflecting the glories of true greatness and genuine piety. Bishop Watson is not to be named with the father of modern science, whom Pope styled

'The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind;'

but his character suggests the necessity of a similar qualification of our praise. He wanted just that one ingredient of genuine greatness which should have delivered him from the love of this world. To him might our Saviour's address to the amiable young ruler have been with propriety applied: 'One thing thou lackest.' Ambition was, at first, it is evident, his ruling passion, and it was as honourable an ambition as usually prompts the candidates for 'earthly things.' When repeated disappointments had shown him the futility of all expectation of further advancement, he took refuge in the pride of retirement; but retirement was, to a mind like his, an element of peculiar danger. He forsook the world in the disgust produced by defeat, not with the lofty spirit of a conqueror. At every movement on the episcopal bench, the rustling of lawn sleeves seemed to break upon his solitude, with the effect of a distant bugle upon an old hunter, who, though condemned to ignoble rest, has not lost his relish for the chase. By the banks of romantic Windermere, still his dreams were of Lambeth; he could neither forget nor bear to be forgotten. In this state of seclusion, it was inevitable that the action of his mind should assume a morbid direction. Avarice, which has been termed the passion of age, is but a different modification of the selfishness (to use his own phrase) which at another period developed itself in the form of ambition. The life-long complaints of the retired bishop of the poorest diocese, terminated in his leaving behind him, it is said, not much less than a hundred thousand pounds. It is true that this accumulation of property was the fruit of his own honourable exertions; but there was, to say the least, an incongruity in a regius professor's driving the trade of an agriculturist, and in his disregarding those episcopal duties which he had so solemnly pledged himself to discharge, that could not fail to strike even the peasantry of Westmoreland, and all with whom the money-getting bishop came into contact.

'Who would not laugh, if such a man there be,
'Who would not weep, if Atticus were he.'

Why did he not resign his station in the establishment, and become respectable by avowing his preference for a secular life? Or why did not the powers of the world to come seize, in that solitude, upon his unoccupied faculties, and render it impossible for him, thenceforth, to stoop to the drudgery of the world, producing a happy blindness to the things which are seen, from the overpowering glory of the visions

of eternity? One thing he lacked. That one thing would have made the vacillating theologian a firm believer, the despairing partisan a persevering patriot, 'the retired bishop' a holy and a happy recluse. For want of this one requisite, he subscribed to what he did not believe, undertook duties he never discharged, (as if in religious concerns alone, that bold integrity, which never yielded to the fear or favour of man, might be safely prevaricated away,) retained the care of a diocese in which he never resided, and which he seldom visited, and has bequeathed us only the opinions of a sage, not, alas! the example of a saint;—a name

'Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far, but far above the great.' "

O'Beirne, Bishop of Meath.

BORN A. D. 1749.—DIED A. D. 1828.

THOMAS LEWIS O'BEIRNE was born at Farnagh, in the county of Longford, in the year 1749.¹ He was sent at the age of seven years to the diocesan school of Ardagh, then taught by the Rev. Thomas Hynes, one of the most celebrated scholars of his day. Under the tuition of this worthy man he continued until the class to which he belonged went off to Trinity college, Dublin, in the year 1763. At this time peace being concluded with France, he was sent to Paris, and entered under the care of Dr O'Kelly, into what was called the Irish community, from its admitting young persons destined for other pursuits and professions, as well as for the Romish ministry. From this seminary he attended the public course of academic studies in the college of Plessis, and was annually crowned, as well at the public distribution of prizes at the college, as in the university at large, until he concluded his year of rhetoric in 1767. At this time he fell into so bad a state of health that he was advised by the physicians to try his native air, and in the beginning of the summer of 1768, he accompanied Mr Usher, the author of 'Clio, or, a Discourse upon Taste,' as far as London, from whence he shortly after returned to his father's house, after an absence of five years. Having in the course of the ensuing autumn

¹ The O'Beirnes of Dangan, in the county of Roscommon, ranked from the earliest times to the period of the Revolution among the most ancient and respectable of the Irish families of the province of Connaught, and were originally a branch of the O'Connors. Francis O'Beirne of Dangan, at the time of the Revolution forfeited the inheritance of his family, for the second time, in the cause of the unfortunate Stuarts. Under Cromwell's usurpation he attended Charles II. through all his fortunes, and in the act of settlement he was restored to his estates. When the battle of Aughrim, in which he fought, had given the last blow to all the expectations of the adherents of James, he arrived in Spain with his wife and children. His two daughters were taken into the family of the queen dowager in quality of maids-of-honour, and in that state, the elder, a woman of uncommon beauty, had the misfortune to be beloved by the famous duke of Wharton, and the still greater misfortune to return his love. Notwithstanding the opposition of her royal mistress, she persisted in her determination to marry this outcast of each church and state; and was that wife to whose fate Pope alludes in the well-known line in his character of Clodio,—

A tyrant to the very wife he loved.'

and winter completely re-established his health, he once more quitted the paternal roof to return to Paris, with an intention to apply himself to the study of physic; but having remained for some months in London, he there formed connections, and adopted ideas, that changed the whole tenor of his life.

The first circumstance that led to his renouncing Roman Catholicism was the acquaintance and patronage of Dr Hinchliffe, bishop of Peterborough. To this prelate he was first introduced at Mr Bouverie's, at Delapre-abbey, near Northampton, and he afterwards improved his acquaintance with him at Lord Northampton's at Castle Ashby. An exposition which he drew up of his reasons for having renounced the errors of popery gave such satisfaction to Dr Hinchliffe, that he communicated it to Dr Cornwallis, then archbishop of Canterbury, and, with his grace's concurrence, he encouraged Mr O'Beirne publicly to read his recantation, as a necessary previous step to his admission to orders. With this recommendation Mr O'Beirne cheerfully complied, and, between the morning-prayer and the communion-service, standing under the screen of All-Saints' church, in Northampton, he solemnly renounced the errors of the church of Rome.² From this time the bishop never ceased to give him the most convincing proofs of his friendship. Under his auspices he was entered of Trinity college, Cambridge, of which his lordship was then master. He admitted him to orders as soon as he was of age, and immediately on his receiving priesthood, procured him the vicarage of Grondon, in Northamptonshire, that belonged to Trinity college; and at length, when, in the year 1776, Lord Howe was appointed commissioner and commander-in-chief in the expedition to America, he had applied to Dr Hinchliffe to recommend a clergyman to him, who should not only live in his own family, as chaplain to his flag, but be qualified to assist him in whatever steps he might be encouraged to take relative to an establishment for the episcopal church in America, his lordship instantly thought of his young friend, and placed him in the situation that may be said to have led to all his future fortunes.

On his return from America, when the conduct of Lord Howe, with respect to the direction and execution of military operations, became the subject of general animadversion and parliamentary inquiry, and

² The Rev. George Croly seems to attribute O'Beirne's change of religion to the following circumstance. While returning from a visit to some friends, he stopped at a village-inn, and ordered a shoulder of mutton, the only meat in the house, to be dressed for his dinner. Before the joint was roasted two other travellers arrived, who prevailed on the landlady to serve up the mutton at their own table. "The young Irishman above stairs, however, on being apprized of the arrangement, protested that no two travellers on earth should deprive him of his dinner; but at the same time declared that he should feel happy to have their company. The invitation was accepted; and O'Beirne, 'then a very handsome young man, and always a very quick, anecdotical, and intelligent one,' so fascinated his guests, that in the course of the evening, which appears to have been jovially passed, they inquired 'what he meant to do with himself?' He replied, that he was destined for the Irish priesthood; which, however, his companions protested would not afford sufficient scope for his abilities; and, on their departure, they requested him to call upon them in London, at the same time avowing themselves to be Charles James Fox, and the duke of Portland." "Such an invitation," adds Croly, "was not likely to be declined: his two friends kept their promise honourably; and, in a short period, O'Beirne enjoyed all the advantages of the first society in the empire."

was boldly censured in newspapers and pamphlets, supposed to be written by persons in high credit and confidence with the ministry, O'Beirne came forward in defence of his friend, and published a pamphlet in vindication of his conduct, that had an extensive circulation, and was extolled by the adherents of the general and admiral. In thus vindicating the character of his noble friend he was necessarily led to consider the conduct of the admiralty as far as it was connected with his subject, and, in this part of the pamphlet, he placed their inattention to the information they had received of the designs of the court of France, of their armaments and their destination, in a strong light, and forcibly exposed their ignorance and incapacity in the disposition of the forces which they were at length driven to send to Lord Howe's relief.

About this time he was presented by Lord Thurlow to the vicarage of West Deeping, in Lincolnshire, on the application of Lord Howe. This was the only instance of his lordship's patronage which he ever had to acknowledge.

No sooner had Lord Fitzwilliam made Mr O'Beirne known to his friends than he zealously engaged in their service. His first essay was in 'The Englishman,' a periodical paper that united all the talents of the party; and if we are not misinformed, the last three numbers are to be ascribed to him. He next engaged in 'The Country Gentleman,' the signature under which he wrote a series of letters that appeared regularly in a paper then printed by Almon. In this work, according to Almon's information in a late publication, in which he has inserted four of these numbers, he received no other assistance than one letter from the elegant pen of Mr Burke, jun. Shortly after appeared the substance of a charge of mismanagement against the first lord of the admiralty, on the motion of Mr Fox in the house of commons. This was a kind of brief drawn up under the direction of Lord Keppel, from which Mr Fox produced that charge which first shook Lord North's administration, leaving him in a majority of only 16. His other political productions were a defence of Lord Keppel, in a pamphlet entitled 'Considerations on Naval Courts-martial,' 'Letters to Commodore Johnston,' under the signature of Blake, on his engagement with Suffrein, in Port Praya Road; a short 'History of the late Parliament;' 'Considerations on the late Disturbances, by a consistent Whig;' 'The Source of the Evil,' in four letters, written on the dissolution of the duke of Portland's administration; an 'Answer to the Treasury Pamphlet on the Irish Propositions,' to which Mr Chalmers wrote a reply, as if written by Mr Burke; and 'A Letter to a Friend in Ireland on the Fourth Proposition.' He was member of the club from which issued the 'Rolliad,' 'Probationary Odes,' &c. &c.; but we do not believe that he contributed any part towards these celebrated compositions, except a few epigrams, and the probationary ode ascribed to Dr Wharton.

In March, 1782, when the Rockingham party came into power, O'Beirne accompanied the duke of Portland, his avowed patron, then appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, to that country as his private secretary. He was also nominated one of his chaplains. His grace had not, from the short duration of his government, any opportunity of providing, as he wished, for his clerical friend; but being now perfectly convinced, from his experience in Irish affairs, of the doctor's talents for public business, he employed his pen, and had recourse to his ad-

vice on almost every important occasion. He was initiated in all the mysteries of opposition, and assisted at several secret conferences held by its leaders.

When the duke of Portland was raised to the important office of first lord of the treasury, in April, 1783, he appointed O'Beirne his private secretary. On the day previous to the nomination of Pitt as first lord of the treasury, he was put into possession of two livings in Northumberland and Cumberland, valued at nearly £700 a-year, which were in the gift of government. In the winter of 1785 his health was so materially injured, that, after having taken the waters of Bath for some time to no purpose, he was recommended by his physicians to try the air of the continent; and he spent the spring and summer of the following year at the duke of Richmond's seat, at Aubigne, in Berry. In this excursion he was accompanied by his lady. She was the only surviving child of Colonel Francis Stuart, brother to the earl of Moray, lineally descended from the duke of Albany, brother to Robert III. of Scotland, and by the marriage of his ancestor with the only child of the regent Moray, still more nearly allied to the royal line of Stuart. By this lady he had a son and two daughters. His visit to the continent did not answer his expectations, and he was advised to repeat the trial, which, in his earlier life, had proved so successful. He therefore proceeded, on his return from France, with his family to his mother's in Ireland, where he once again experienced the efficiency of his native air, and being encouraged by the recovery of his health to accept the offer which, in compliment to the duke of Portland, was made him of the rich benefices of Temple-Michael and Mohill by the then archbishop of Tuam, he resigned his living in Northumberland, and settled in Ireland for life.

In this situation of a minister of the parish in which he was born, he remained till Lord Fitzwilliam undertook the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, when his lordship called him to Dublin, appointed him his private secretary and first chaplain, and in a few weeks promoted him to the see of Ossory, from whence, in Lord Cornwallis's administration, he was translated to the see of Meath, and made a privy-counsellor in Ireland.

Bishop O'Beirne was among the most active and zealous of those who supported the measures and promoted the principles of the Fitzwilliam administration. He was particularly so in furtherance of what seemed to be the primary object of the viceroy,—the emancipation, as it was called, of the Catholics. He not only approved that measure, but took up his pen in defence of it, and pleaded the cause of the Catholics with his accustomed energy and pathos. When Lord Fitzwilliam was removed from office, and the character and measures of his administration came to be canvassed in rather a severe and acrimonious spirit in the Irish house of peers, Bishop O'Beirne stood forward with honest warmth and distinguished ability in defence of his absent and injured patron. His speech in the house of lords on that occasion, was reckoned among the best which have been delivered in the assembly.

He died on the 15th of February, 1823. As a diocesan, he was much beloved by his clergy; many of whom were in the habit of travelling considerable distances to attend his lectures on topics of religious controversy. He made a solemn declaration, that, in the ecclesiastical

promotions which were at his disposal, he should be influenced by the merits of the candidates only.

In 1799 his lordship collected and published, in one volume octavo, the different sermons which he had preached on public occasions, with three charges and a circular address to the clergy of his diocese. In 1801 the bishop preached the anniversary sermon at St Paul's cathedral for the charity schools, in which he took occasion to animadvert, in severe terms, upon the supposed neglect of religious instruction in our public seminaries. For this he was rather roughly handled by that profound scholar and able schoolmaster, Dr Vincent, in a letter, which made considerable noise, but which the bishop did not answer.

Samuel Parr, LL.D.

BORN A. D. 1747.—DIED A. D. 1825.

DR PARR was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill, January 15th, (O. S.) 1747. His father was Samuel Parr, the third and youngest son of the Rev. Mr Parr, vicar of Hinckley and Stoke, Leicestershire, and of Dowthy Brokesby, a daughter of the Rev. Francis Brokesby, rector of Rowley, Yorkshire. Robert Parr, the doctor's great-uncle, who lived at Hinckley, but had preferment in Warwickshire, was an excellent Greek scholar, and a most orthodox divine. The same praise is due to the doctor's uncle, Mr Robert Parr.

The doctor's father succeeded Leonard Mignart as surgeon and apothecary at Harrow, and died there, 23d of January, 1766.

From his infancy, Dr Parr gave manifest indications of a thirst for knowledge and of ability to acquire it. At Easter, 1752, he was admitted on the foundation of the free school at Harrow. He passed through the classes with great approbation from his teachers, and became the head-boy, January, 1761, when he had not completed his fourteenth year. He always spoke with filial regard and thankfulness of the kind treatment he received from the Rev. Dr Thackeray, who resigned the mastership in 1760, and died in the autumn of that year. While Parr was a boy, he formed a close and lasting friendship with his school-fellows, the celebrated Sir William Jones, and the learned Dr Bennet, afterwards bishop of Cloyne. The literary curiosity of the three boys extended far beyond the regular business of the school, and influenced their harmless, and even useful amusements. They assumed the office of sovereigns; they took ancient names; and, with little regard to chronology or geography, they selected their dominions from the neighbouring fields. Thus Jones was called Euryalus, king of Arcadia; Bennet, Nisus, king of Argos; Parr, Leander, prince of Abydos and Sestos. In those fields which they visited, while other boys were intent upon different amusements, they were often engaged in intellectual competition. They acquired the art of logic, and disputed in syllogism, sometimes upon subjects of natural history, and sometimes upon metaphysical questions, which were suggested to them by Dacier's Translation of Plato's Dialogues. They displayed their oratory, such as it was, in lively debates, upon the interests of their ideal kingdoms, and triumphant descriptions of their success in trials of skill and strength.

with some of their brave and sturdy school-fellows. Parr and Jones wrote tragedies upon some of the stories, by which they had been interested in the course of their reading. They had a custom of attempting to imitate any English writer, by whose excellencies of style they had been powerfully impressed; and the doctor has been known to speak with rapture of his endeavours to rival Sir William Jones in the short and abrupt sentences of Phalaris's Epistles, and Bennet in the gaudy and captivating diction of Harvey's Meditations. To these early and singular operations of their understandings may, in a great degree, be ascribed the eminence which they afterwards reached in the republic of letters. But for the regularity and the rapidity of their progress in classical learning, they were yet more indebted to the instruction of Dr Robert Sumner, who in 1760 became the successor of Dr Thackeray, and whose character is beautifully described by Sir William Jones, in his preface to the 'Commentaries upon Asiatic Poetry.' It was the happier lot of Jones and Bennet to remain for several years under the care of Dr Sumner. Parr enjoyed this advantage only from the summer 1760 to the spring of 1761, when he was removed from school, and employed in the business of his father. But the progress which he made in the writings of antiquity, and the habits which he had formed for the cultivation of his mind, enabled him to continue his studies with unwearied industry, and increasing effect. In the midst of the duties imposed on him by his father, he read the best authors in Greek and Latin. He also applied himself most earnestly to those philological inquiries, which afterwards occupied so large a portion of his time.

Observing the ardour of his son's spirit, and the vigour of his understanding, his father, after instructing him in the elementary parts of medicine, sometimes proposed to place him in the shop of Mr Trusdale, in London, where his experience would be more extensive; and sometimes permitted the young man to indulge the expectation of prosecuting his studies upon a more enlarged scale in one of the Scotch universities. But the doctor was never reconciled to any class of the medical profession, and obtained leave from his father to enter at Emanuel college, Cambridge, in 1765. He began his academical residence in the autumn of that year, and had the good fortune to be placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr Hobard, and the Rev. Mr Farmer, for both of whom, as men of letters and men of virtue, he entertained the most profound respect. During his continuance at Cambridge, his spirits were lively, and his temper was social; but his companions were few, and his pleasures innocent. His application was incessant; and his obedience to the discipline of the college was most exemplary. The force of his mind was chiefly directed to classical and philological reading; yet he, at the same time, had formed the most serious determination to prepare himself for his degree; and he secretly aspired to a high class in those academical honours which are bestowed upon great proficiency in mathematical knowledge. But these prospects, which delighted his ambition and animated his diligence, were of short duration. The fortune bequeathed to him by his father was very scanty; the college in which he was placed afforded him no chance of a fellowship. His abilities and his worth had recommended him to the notice of Dr Sumner; at whose pressing solicitation he, in January, 1767, accepted

the office of first assistant in Harrow school. In Christmas, 1769, he was ordained to the curacies of Wilsdon and Kingsbury, Middlesex, which he resigned in the following year. When with the highest credit to himself, and the greatest satisfaction to his employers, Parr had for nearly five years sustained the office of an assistant, Dr Sumner, in the autumn of 1771, was carried off by apoplexy. Parr was now a candidate for the head-mastership, but his youth was pleaded by the governors as a reason for rejecting his pretensions. The boys, however, whom he had instructed with so much activity, and governed with so much wisdom, were anxious for his success; and when the election fell upon the learned Mr Benjamin Heath, the young gentlemen endeavoured to avenge the cause of their favourite master, by overt acts of violence and rebellion. Parr instantly resigned his assistantship, and opened a school at Stanmore, on the 14th of October, 1771; he carried with him about forty boys from Harrow.

In November, 1771, Mr Parr married Miss Jane Marsingale, a lady maternally descended from the ancient family of the Manlevelers, in Yorkshire, and much admired for the soundness of her judgment, and the keenness of her penetration. While the doctor continued at Stanmore, the number of his scholars never exceeded sixty, and the profits of his severe labours were exhausted by the heavy debts which he was compelled to contract in the purchase of a house and furniture, and in making proper accommodation for the reception of his scholars.

Oppressed by the prevalence of the old and extensive interests which supported the neighbouring school at Harrow, and desirous to procure some settled situation, Parr, in 1776, accepted the mastership of Colchester school, which had become vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr Smythies. Being ordained priest in the succeeding year, he was presented to the cures of Trinity and Hythe, in Colchester, where he generally preached extempore. He went to Colchester in the spring of 1777. He repaired the school-house; took a neighbouring house for the reception of scholars; and though the success of his endeavours to establish a flourishing seminary was very inconsiderable, he always looked back with pleasure to that period of his life in which he had an opportunity of cultivating the friendship of the Rev. Thomas Twining, and the Rev. Dr Nathaniel Forster. The society of Mr Twining was exquisitely agreeable to the doctor, from the simplicity of his manners, the exactness of his taste, the elegance of his wit, and those abundant stores of classical learning, the fruits of which are well known to scholars, in a translation of Aristotle's 'Poetics.' The conversation of Dr Forster was peculiarly interesting to Dr Parr, from his deep and clear views upon metaphysical and political subjects; nor was their harmony for one moment disturbed by difference of opinion, upon the grounds of the American war, and the measures of Lord North's administration. Each respected the talents, and each confided in the candour of the other.

In the summer of 1778, the head-mastership of Norwich school became vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Mr Lemon, author of an 'Etymological Dictionary.' As Mr Parr was not without agreeable connexions in Norfolk, and was most affectionately attached to his cousin Mr Robert Parr, who resided in Norwich, he became a candidate for the free school in that city, was elected in the autumn of 1778,

and removed thither in January, 1779. He introduced many useful improvements in the instruction and government of that school, and remained there till Michaelmas, 1785, when he resigned his office.

As the academical studies of Dr Parr had been interrupted by his acceptance of the head-assistantship in Harrow school, 1767, he, of course, could not proceed regularly to the degree of A. B. He kept, however, his name upon the books of Emanuel college, and he intended to perform his exercises for a bachelorship in divinity, which, according to the custom of the university, was granted to non-resident members, who had been in holy orders for ten years. But, in 1771, when he became a candidate for the mastership at Harrow, he found it necessary to have the degree of A. M., as required by the will of the founder: he therefore applied to the duke of Grafton, chancellor of Cambridge, who, with great kindness, recommended him to the heads of colleges. They afterwards put their names to the proper papers; the royal signature was obtained for a mandate; and, in the winter of 1771, the doctor was made a master of arts. Supposing that a doctor's degree would be creditable to him as a teacher, and wishing to get it by the earliest opportunity, he, in opposition to the advice of his much respected tutor, Mr Hobard, went over to the law line. Hence, in proceeding to the degree of doctor, he for the first time brought his erudition and his talents within the view of the university. The subject of a thesis, which he delivered July 5th, 1774, was '*Hæres ex delicto defuncti non tenetur*;' and on the succeeding Friday, he read another thesis upon the following subject, '*Jus interpretandi leges privatis, perinde ac principi, constat*.' The schools were unusually crowded for both days; and when the disputation began, the doctor showed, that his long absence from the university had not lessened his talent for promptness of reply, and subtlety of distinction in the logical form of academical exercise. But the attention of his hearers was chiefly excited by the variety, and, in some instances, the novelty of the arguments which he adduced in his theses, by the copiousness of his diction, by the harmony of his sentences, and by the extensive knowledge of those historical facts and legal principles which were connected with his questions. In the first of his theses, he paid many splendid compliments to the memory of Mr Charles Yorke: opposed the doctrines which that celebrated man had defended in his book upon the law of forfeiture; and resisted the authority of every passage quoted by Mr Yorke, from the correspondence between Cicero and Brutus, on the ground that the correspondence itself is not genuine. The mind of the doctor had been previously impressed by the reasoning of Mr Markland, with whom he sided against the learned Gesner. Dr Halifax, then professor of law, was delighted with the unusual elegance of the composition delivered by Dr Parr in the law schools; and at close of what is called the professor's determination, earnestly entreated the doctor to commit them to the press. With this request the doctor, for some unknown reasons, did not comply; but was content to complete his degree at the commencement of 1781.

Soon after his removal to Norwich, he was curate to the Rev. William Tapps, and served the churches of St George, Colgate, and St Saviour. There he preached some well written discourses; of which it has been said, that they were now and then above the level of the apprehension.

of his hearers. But he frequently addressed them without preparation, and was accustomed to select for illustration some difficult passage, or some striking event, in the lessons, or the gospel, or the epistle of the day. Finding the labour of these curacies too severe for a mind which was daily employed in the duties of a school and in private studies, he did not hold them more than a twelvemonth. In the spring of 1780, he was presented by Jane, Lady Trafford, to the rectory of Asterby, in Lincolnshire; and this first preferment was bestowed on him in consequence of his attention to her only son, Mr Sigismund Trafford. In 1783, the same patroness gave him the perpetual curacy of Hatton, in Warwickshire. He resigned Asterby which Dr Thurlow, bishop of Lincoln, had advised him to resume; and he persuaded Lady Trafford to confer the living upon his curate, the Rev. Mr Fowler of Horncastle, who had no other preferment, and who, having kept Asterby till the lease upon an inclosure expired, has since found it more valuable to himself than it had been to his predecessor.

Early in 1788, the doctor was presented to the prebend of Wenlock Barnes, in St Paul's cathedral, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr Wickins; for this prebend he had been recommended to Bishop Lowth by the earl of Dartmouth, several of whose sons had been educated by the doctor. In 1787, he had assisted the Rev. Henry Homer in a new edition of the third Book of Bellendenus, dedicated to Mr Burke, Lord North, and Mr Fox, of whose characters, and style of oratory, he drew a masterly sketch, in an elegant Latin preface. A translation of this preface, published without his consent in 1788, excited a great sensation, and, by giving greater publicity to Parr's sentiments in favour of the popular party, put an end to his hopes of preferment from government. On this account the leading whigs made a subscription in his favour, and purchased him a life annuity of £300 per annum. In 1789, he printed 'Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian, not admitted into the collection of their respective works,' which, though it is said to have been produced by hostile feelings towards Bishop Hurd, contained some admirable critical remarks. About the same time he took part in the controversy respecting White's Bampton Lectures, of which, it appeared, he had written one-fifth. The doctor, who had begun to reside at Hatton about Easter, 1786, exchanged, in 1791, his perpetual curacy there for the rectory of Waddenhoe, Northamptonshire, and stipulated for his continuance at Hatton, and the undisturbed exercise of his ministerial functions, with his successor, the Rev. Dr Nathaniel Bridges. In 1800 he preached at Christ church, Newgate street, his celebrated Spital sermon, the publication of which, with notes, gave rise to a pamphlet by Mr Godwin, in answer to Parr's attack upon his 'Political Justice.' In 1802, Sir Francis Burdett, with whom the doctor had scarcely any connexion, either personal or political, presented him to the rectory of Graffham in Huntingdonshire.

During the contest about the regency, several pieces of preferment were assigned to the doctor by public rumour. It is generally supposed, that if Mr Fox had lived, the doctor would have been raised to some great situation in the church; and it has been rumoured, that after the death of Fox, an excellent person, who well knew the respect of that great statesman for Dr Parr's abilities and virtues, recommended the doctor to the minister. The immediate answer given to that re-

commendation is unknown, but he appears to have been on the point of obtaining a bishopric in 1807 ; for "had my friends," he once said to a gentleman, "continued in power one fortnight longer, Dr Hungerford was to have been translated to Hereford, and I was to have had Gloucester. My family arrangements were made ; and I had determined that no clergyman in my diocese, who had occasion to call upon me, should depart without partaking of my dinner ;" adding, after a moment's pause, "in the house of peers I should seldom have opened my mouth, unless—unless," said he, with some warmth, "any one had presumed to attack the character of my friend Charles Fox,—and then I would have knocked him down with the full torrent of my impetuosity." In 1808, he again declined leaving Hatton, though offered the valuable rectory of Buckingham, by Mr Coke of Holkham. On the decease of Fox, he announced his intention of publishing a life of that great man ; but the work which appeared in 1809, under the title of 'Character of the late Charles James Fox, selected, and in part written, by Philopatris Varvicensis,' did not realize the expectations of the public. From this period he appears to have been vacillating from one literary project to another. In 1818 he wrote a refutation—which was not published till after his death—of the assertion of Milne, the Catholic prelate, that Bishop Halifax had died in the Romish persuasion. In 1819 he reprinted speeches by Roger Long, and John Taylor, of Cambridge, with a critical essay and memoirs of the authors ; and, in 1820, he began to take an active part in the defence of Queen Caroline. When her name was ordered to be struck out of the liturgy, he recorded his sentiments in the prayer-book of Hatton church ; observing, "It is my duty as a subject and an ecclesiastic, to read what is prescribed by my sovereign as head of the church of England ; but it is not my duty to express my approbation as well as yield obedience, when my feelings as a man, and my principles as a Christian, compel me to disapprove and to deplore." He was afterwards appointed her head-chaplain. Dr Parr died at the age of seventy-eight, March 6th, 1825, and was buried at Hatton.

"The doctor," says one of his pupils, writing in 1809, "now resides in a parsonage, which he has enlarged and improved ; and, probably, no ecclesiastic was ever more fondly attached to the place of his residence, than the doctor is to Hatton. His library consists of nearly five thousand books, replete with instruction to classical scholars, to critics, to theologians, to antiquaries, and to metaphysicians. He lives with great hospitality, and his house is often honoured by the presence of men eminently distinguished by rank or by learning. His attention to the comforts and morals of his parishioners is most praiseworthy ; and it may be said, with truth, that no man was ever more punctual and zealous than the doctor, in performing the various offices of a parish-priest. His discourses are instructive, his delivery animated, and in his manner of reading the prayers, correctness, ardour, and reverence are happily united. His kindness to the poor, his vigilance and activity in the management of parochial charities, and his good-natured, and almost parental, behaviour to persons of every class, have justly procured for him the affection, confidence, and respect of his parishioners. It cannot be improper to add, that the generosity and taste of the doctor have been employed in the choice of painted windows and other decora-

tions for his parish-church, and that he has frequently levied contributions upon his pupils and his friends, when he has been forming plans for adorning his favourite place of worship. Though a strenuous and avowed advocate for toleration, he is firmly attached to the interests and honour of the established church; and perhaps it is to be ranked among the most valuable properties of his mind, that the consciousness of great erudition and great abilities has not slackened his diligence in those humble duties which alone he has been permitted to discharge, as an ecclesiastic. It is well known, that the intellectual powers of the doctor are strongly marked in his conversation; that he readily communicates his knowledge to those who consult him, and that he lives upon terms of the closest friendship with men of sense and virtue, whether churchmen or sectaries, whigs or tories. The regularity of his conduct in the earlier period of his life, aided by the natural strength of his constitution, has preserved him from those maladies of mind and body to which studious persons are exposed. He rises early; and after taking breakfast, which rarely continues ten minutes, he retires to his books, or writes to his numerous correspondents. He is utterly a stranger to the rural amusements of shooting and hunting, but preserves his health by gentle riding. His afternoons he likes to spend in the society of his acquaintance or his family; and, though he has now relinquished those severe and dangerous studies which the necessary business of every revolving day formerly compelled him to prosecute till midnight; yet upon some occasions, his mind is employed with great activity till ten or eleven o'clock in the evening. The habits of industry, which he acquired in boyhood, are indeed quite undiminished; his curiosity for the attainment of fresh knowledge is unabated; and such is his perseverance, even on the threshold of his grand climacteric, that, when perplexed by the construction of a sentence, or the signification of a single word, he will instantly consult ten or twenty authors, till his doubts are removed. The general course of his reading lies in those books which hold the chief rank in the libraries of scholars, and which require the severest exercise of the understanding. But, when modern publications are recommended to him, as worthy of his perusal, he reads them with eagerness, and converses upon their contents with acuteness and vivacity. His remembrance of events and names, and his readiness and accuracy in quoting pertinent passages from authors both ancient and modern, were surpassed only by the wonderful, and perhaps unparalleled, faculties of the same kind in Professor Porson. The rapidity with which the doctor composes, or dictates upon every subject which interests him, would be almost incredible to those who have not been immediate observers of the fact. But when his eyes are directed towards his own confused hand-writing, evident marks of shame and regret may be observed in his countenance; and to his most confidential companions he has repeatedly declared, that the perplexity which he finds in reading what he has formerly put to paper, in his own scrawl, and the difficulty which he experiences in getting precarious, irregular, and sometimes reluctant assistance from his visitors, are among the chief causes of his disinclination to lay before the world the results of his laborious and various inquiries. He is well aware how much the scantiness of his publications has been blamed by his friends and by strangers; and so far as his inability to write intelligibly has occasion-

ed that scantiness, it seems to be lamented quite as seriously by himself as by other men. Dr Johnson, in his 'Lives of English Poets,' has occasionally recorded their infirmities and singularities; and probably some future biographer will think it worth his while to collect and describe those from which Dr Parr is not exempt. The most remarkable which have fallen under my notice, are his fits of slovenliness and pomp in matters of dress; his aversion to the taste of cheese; his fondness for smoking tobacco; his extraordinary skilfulness in ringing church-bells; and his whimsical, but invincible resolution of playing for a nominal stake only, at games which he understands very well, and in which he confessedly finds the most agreeable relaxation for his leisure hours."

"His pretensions as a man of letters," says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, "were splendid, and fitted, under a suitable guidance, to have produced a more brilliant impression on his own age than they really did, and a more lasting one in the next age than they ever will. In his life-time, it is true, the applauses of his many pupils, and his great political friends, to a certain extent made up for all deficiencies on his own part; but now, when these vicarious props are withdrawn, the disproportion is enormous, and hereafter will appear to be more so, between the talents that he possessed, and the effects that he accomplished." In addition to the works already mentioned, Parr wrote numerous reviews, memoirs, epitaphs, prefaces, &c. In 1828, appeared 'Memoirs of his Life and Writings,' by John Johnstone, M.D.; and in the same year was published 'Parriana.'

Henry Martyn.

BORN A.D. 1781.—DIED A.D. 1812.

HENRY MARTYN was born at Truro, in Cornwall, February 18th, 1781. Mr John Martyn, his father, had been a labourer in the mines; but, in the intervals of toil, he had studied arithmetic and the mathematics, and rendered himself fit for a higher rank in society. He became chief clerk in a mercantile office, was pious and respectable, and enjoyed considerably more than a competency. Henry was placed in a grammar-school before he was eight years old, and before he was fifteen competed for a vacant scholarship at Oxford; he failed, but, "in the opinion of some of the examiners," he ought to have been elected, though he subsequently rejoiced at this failure: "Had I become a member of the university, the profligate acquaintance I had there would have introduced me to a scene of debauchery in which I must, in all probability, from my extreme youth, have sunk for ever." He returned for two years to the grammar-school, and, in October, 1797, repaired to Cambridge, and commenced his residence at St John's college. At the public examination in December he obtained a reputable place in the first class; at the next examination, in the summer, he reached the second station in the first class; and at the examination at Christmas, 1799, he was first. His name stood first upon the list at the college examination, in the summer of the year 1800; for his decided superiority in mathematics the highest academical honour was adjudged him in

January, 1801, when ne had not completed his twentieth year; and he received also the first of two prizes, given annually, to the best proficient in mathematics, amongst those bachelors who have just taken their degree. In March, 1802, he was chosen fellow of St John's; and soon afterwards writing for one of those prizes, two of which are given to those who have been last admitted bachelors of arts, the first prize was assigned to him for the best Latin prose composition.

Thus we have seen Mr Martyn bearing away the palm of mathematical triumph in a university, wherein to contend for it is fame, to obtain it, glory; and we have seen his brows adorned, likewise, with the classic laurel, a victory remarkable from two facts; first, that among his antagonists "were men of great classical celebrity;" and, secondly, that "as from his entrance at the university he had directed an unceasing and almost undivided attention to mathematics," he must have brought to the conflict barely more than the weapons of his school-boy preparation.

From about the period of his father's death, in January, 1800, impressions of religion, seemingly first made by that event, had been gradually deepened, by communion, epistolary and personal, with a pious and affectionate sister, and by the preaching and private friendship of the Rev. Mr Simeon. In 1801 he resolved on the ministry, and about the close of 1802, hearing Mr Simeon "remark on the benefit which had resulted from the services of Dr Carey in India, his attention was thus arrested;" and soon after "perusing the life of David Brainerd, his soul was filled with a holy emulation of that extraordinary man; and, after deep consideration and fervent prayer, he was at length fixed in a resolution to imitate his example," and become himself a missionary, and accordingly he offered his services to that, which is now called The Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East. About this time he seems to have commenced his journal, on which he says, "I am convinced that Christian experience is not a delusion—whether mine is so or not will be seen at the last day—my object in making this journal is to accustom myself to self-examination, and to give my experience a visible form, so as to leave a stronger impression on the memory, and thus to improve my soul in holiness,—for the review of such a lasting testimony will serve the double purpose of conviction and consolation." In the autumn of 1803 he was admitted into holy orders—an event which he had previously contemplated in a frame of mind well-worthy the imitation of others so circumstanced—"If it is a mercy that I am out of hell, what account should I make of the glorious work of the ministry, to which I am about to be called, who am not worthy to be trodden under foot of men." He became curate to Mr Simeon in Trinity Church, Cambridge, and undertook the charge of the parish of Lelworth, and the office of one of the public examiners in his college. To this, again, he was subsequently appointed more than once. He was ordained priest in London, March, 1805; and afterwards received the degree of bachelor in divinity, by mandate from the university. Ere this took place he had quitted Cambridge for ever; he had quitted an affectionate and sorrowing congregation; and was preparing for an immediate voyage to India. During his stay in the metropolis he studied Hindoostanee; he preached at several churches; he communed with such men as Cecil and Newton; and he

conflicted with his misgiving feelings, his human sensations, by meditation and by ardent prayer.

On the 17th of July he sailed in the *Union*, East Indiaman, from Portsmouth, and after two days his vessel and the fleet anchored unexpectedly at Falmouth. Here they were detained three weeks; and hence, on the 10th of September, he was hurried from one, who, if other friends, and the *amor patriæ* had exercised no claims of embargo, would alone have rendered the moment of departure very distressing. On board he read prayers and preached once every Sabbath, to auditors very different from those he had hitherto, throughout his life, addressed. His reward was contempt from some, opposition from others. More than one instance of particular preservation from disaster occurred to Mr Martyn on the voyage. The fleet had weighed from Madeira, and was proceeding towards St Salvador. "Soon after crossing the line, on the 30th of October, the *Union*, in which he sailed, passed in the night within a very short distance of a dangerous reef of rocks, which proved destructive to two other vessels. The reef lay exactly across the track of the *Union*,"—it was avoided by alacrity and vigour, but "their escape was considered as almost miraculous." Of the wrecked vessels, three officers lost their lives. On the South American coast the *Union* incurred a similar risk.

At St Salvador, as every where else, this ardent missionary embraced all occasions to declare the truth of God. He displayed it to his host, his host's household, and friends; and he stoutly contended for the purity of the faith with the monks of a Franciscan monastery. Before this period it had been published to the troops on board the different vessels that the capture of the Cape of Good Hope was the object of their expedition. This intelligence added a new stimulus to the apostolic exertions of Mr Martyn; he preached and he prayed with all the fervour which the approaching certain death of some of his auditors might be expected to arouse, and when the day of battle came he followed in the rear of the victorious army, seeking the wounded and the expiring, and essaying to pour into their bosoms the balm of mercy. Here, too, he was preserved from destruction whilst employed in this service of love; for an intoxicated Highlander presented his musket, and had well-nigh shot him. He arrived at Madras on the 22d of April, 1806; and, escaping two further and terrific perils,—a hurricane in the bay of Bengal, and a sand-bank, whereon the ship had struck, in the Hoogley,—he reached Calcutta in the middle of May. At Calcutta he was welcomed by some and opposed by others; yet he boldly promulgated the peculiar doctrines of the New Testament, little palatable to the fashionable Europeans residing in that luxurious city, or to many of his ecclesiastical brethren; and he quitted for Dinapore, to which station he was appointed, on the 15th of October. Some idea may be formed of the importance which he attached to all his actions, all his time, and all his thoughts, and of the tremendous destinies which he believed were suspended upon his exertions, by an extract from a portion of his journal, written on his passage up the river: "At night, from mere thoughtlessness, went on shore without tracts, and lost a better opportunity than I have yet had of distributing them among the people. My soul was dreadfully wounded at the recollection of it; and, O, may the conviction of my wickedness rest upon my soul all my

days! How many souls will rise up in judgment against me at the last day, God only knows. The Lord forgive my guilty soul; deliver me from blood-guiltiness, and make me to remember for what purpose I came hither."

He reached Dinapore on the 26th of November, and prosecuted incessantly the study of Sanscrit and of the Baharree; for Hindoostanee, which he had so diligently studied already, he found was not current in Bahar, and of the Baharree there were many dialects. "To these employments," in the commencement of 1807, "he added the translation into Hindoostanee, of those parts of the Book of Common Prayer which are most frequently used," and at the close of February he had translated the Book of Common Prayer into Hindoostanee. In March he commenced the performance of divine worship in the vernacular language of India, and concluded a commentary on the Parables, and prosecuted with vigour a translation of the New Testament into Hindoostanee, a work which he had commenced before he reached Calcutta, and from which he desisted not under the most paralyzing of human circumstances. "He had deemed it agreeable to the will of God to make an overture of marriage to her for whom time had increased rather than diminished his affection. This overture was now declined." By the month of March, 1808, "that great work, for which myriads in the ages yet to come will gratefully remember and revere the name of Martyn—the Version of the New Testament into Hindoostanee, was brought to a completion."

In April, 1809, he was removed from Dinapore to Cawnpore: of his services at the first of which places we have adduced none but his literary. These, however, were not all, and the 'Memoir' itself must be perused by him who is desirous to obtain a fair idea of his bodily and moral as well as intellectual exertions; of his preachings to natives and to Europeans; of his establishments of schools and his contests with taunting pagans. At this place, as at the former, he remained "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," until October, 1810, when pectoral complaints compelled him to quit Cawnpore.

On the last evening of the month he reached the house of his friend Brown, at Aldeen, near Calcutta, and is thus noticed in a letter by the Rev. Mr Thomason: "He is on his way to Arabia, where he is going in pursuit of health and knowledge. He has some great plan in his mind, of which I am no competent judge, but as far as I do understand it, the object is far too grand for one short life, and much beyond his feeble, exhausted frame." In January, 1811, he embarked in a vessel wherein he had the happiness to meet as a fellow-passenger the Hon. Mr Elphinstone. The vessel anchored at Bombay on the 18th of February, the anniversary of his 30th year; and how does he encounter it? "Hitherto I have made my youth and insignificance an excuse for sloth and imbecility; now let me have a character, and act boldly for God." The object of Mr Martyn's voyage to Persia was to collect the opinions of learned natives on the Persian translation of the New Testament which Sabat had executed under his inspection. That translation had been twice returned to them, by competent judges at Calcutta, for revision and amendment, and even after the second correction it was still deemed unfit for general circulation; pleasing indeed to the learned but abounding in Arabic idioms, and not level to the

capacities of the vulgar. He was likewise anxious, in Arabia, personally to obtain the critiques of scholars on the Arabic version, which was yet incomplete though nearly finished. At Shiraz the best Persian has been spoken for centuries, and there also is to be found a college, and of course the greatest number of literati. Shiraz, therefore, was the destination of Martyn, and having staid at Bombay somewhat more than a month, he embarked on the 25th of March, 1811, on board a ship of war, ordered to the Persian Gulf against the Arab pirates.

He landed on the 22d of May at Bushire. Habited as a Persian, Martyn, on the 30th of May, mounted on a pony, and forming one of a *cafila*, consisting chiefly of mules, with a few horses, left Bushire. At sunrise, having traversed twenty-four miles, they reached Akmedee, and pitched a tent beneath a solitary tree. The heat became alarming. "When," says he, "the thermometer was above 112°, fever heat, I began to lose my strength fast; at last it became quite intolerable. I wrapped myself up in a blanket, and all the warm covering I could get, to defend myself from the external air, by which means the moisture was kept a little longer upon the body, and not so speedily evaporated as when the skin was exposed:—but the thermometer still rising, and the moisture of the body quite exhausted, I grew restless, and thought I should have lost my senses. The thermometer at last stood at 126°: in this state I composed myself, and concluded, that though I might hold out a day or two, death was inevitable." However, sunset arrived; they continued their route, and the heat the next day did not exceed 114°. On the 9th of June, after a journey in which he had experienced great miseries, he reached Shiraz, and was entertained with hospitable urbanity by a Mahomedan of rank, Jaffier Ali Khan. "Mr Martyn, having ascertained the general correctness of the opinion delivered at Calcutta respecting the translation of the New Testament by Sabat, commenced immediately another version in the Persian language. An able and willing assistant, in this arduous and important work, presented himself in the person of Mirza Seid Ali Khan, the brother-in-law of his host."

Seid Ali was one of a numerous sect professing Soofeism,—a refined and latitudinarian mysticism, totally repugnant to the unbending purity of the gospel, and on that account tolerated under a rigid Mahomedan tyranny. The version was commenced on the 17th of June, little more than a week after Mr Martyn had reached Shiraz; but the unbroken application thereto which he was desirous to maintain, intrusions by Soofies, inquisitive visitors, bigotted Moollahs, and renegade Jews, would not permit. He was almost daily challenged for the evidences of Christianity; and the promptitude wherewith he defended our holy religion, and the manly retorts wherewith he silenced the sophistry or exposed the turpitude of his assailants, were worthy his powers and his goodness. On the 6th of July he presented himself in the suite of the ambassador before Prince Abbas Mirza; and a few days afterwards maintained a public controversy with the professor of Mahomedan law, a man of great consequence. On the 26th of July an Arabic defence of Mahomedanism made its appearance from the pen of the Preceptor of all the Moollahs; a translation of it was discovered among the papers of Mr Martyn, against whom, and the universal spirit of inquiry which he had excited in Shiraz, it was written. To this work Mr Martyn

produced an answer in Persian; it was divided in two parts, and of the first a translation also has been found among his writings. One day, when he was visited by Ruza Cooli Mirza, the great-grandson of Nadir Shah, and the Moollah Aga Mahommed Hasan, he speaks of the latter as having "nothing to find fault with in Christianity but the divinity of Christ. It is this doctrine that exposes me to the contempt of the learned Mahometans, in whom it is difficult to say whether pride or ignorance predominates. Their sneers are more difficult to bear than the brickbats which the boys sometimes throw at me."

From the intense occupations of his mind by his grand work he snatched a respite that he might solace his taste by a view of the ruins of Persepolis, which are distant from Shiraz less than a night's journey; he was displeased with the architecture, which he designates as clumsy, but he found it "impossible not to recollect that here Alexander and his Greeks passed and repassed—here they sat; and sung, and revelled: now all is silence—generations on generations lie mingled with the dust of their mouldering edifices." Whilst in Shiraz, he had an opportunity to witness the fast of Ramazan, which lasted from the 20th of September to the 18th of October. During this period all the city goes to the mosque; yet "there is no public service in the mosques; every man there prays for himself." Thousands assemble every day, and make quite a lounge of it; each, as soon as he has said his prayers, sitting down and talking to his friend, or joining a multitude crowding round some popular preacher. "Towards the end of November, great progress having been made in the Persian translation of the New Testament, Mr Martyn ordered two splendid copies of it to be prepared, designing to present the one to the king of Persia and the other to Prince Abbas Mirza, his son." He resolved to commence a version of the Psalms in Persian, from the original Hebrew. This was finished by the middle of March following, and the translation of the Testament had been previously completed on the 24th of February. One more public disputation, in defence of the Christian religion, he maintained before he quitted Shiraz; his antagonist was Mirza Ibraheem, that preceptor of the Moollahs with whom we have seen him already conflicting with his pen.

On the 11th of May Mr Martyn, in company with an English clergyman, left Shiraz for Tebriz, to procure from our ambassador, Sir Gore Ouseley, a letter of introduction to the king. On the 22d he reached Isfahan, and next day called on the Armenian bishops of Julfa. Of the state of the Armenian church in Persia, regarding its knowledge and piety, he gives but a pitiful account. The bishops at Julfa could scarcely speak Persian, and family prayer is unpractised by the people. How can such a church maintain, among infidels, the honour of the cross? He saw here "Whelei's Persian Gospels, and an Arabic version of the Gospels, printed at Rome," and "a copy of the Gospels, Armenian and Persian, done by Joannes, the late Bishop." At the end of May Mr Martyn left Isfahan, and on the 8th of June arrived at Tehran. "As no muleteers could be procured at Tehran to proceed to Tebriz, it was considered advisable that Mr Martyn should travel alone to the king's camp, for the purpose of seeing Mirza Shufi, the premier, (or Ameenoddoula,) and soliciting his assistance in obtaining for him an introduction to the king." So he started for Carach, where

the camp lay, on the evening of the 8th, and reached his destination by sunrise on the 9th. He found the premier lying ill in the veranda of the king's tent of audience, and near him a secretary of state and another gentleman. They took very little notice, not rising when he sat down, as is their custom to all who sit with them; but the secretaries kept him two hours in a metaphysical and religious discussion. On the 12th he attended the levee of the Vizier, where he was furiously assailed in controversy. "You had better say," exclaimed the Vizier, "God is God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." He said, "God is God, and Jesus is the Son of God." Immediately they all exclaimed, in contempt and anger, "He is neither born nor begets," and rose up as if they would have torn him to pieces. One threatened, "what will you say when your tongue is burnt out for this blasphemy?" In the evening the Vizier sent word that it was the custom of the king not to see any Englishman unless presented, or accredited by the ambassador, and that he must wait till the king reached Sultania, where the ambassador would be. Mr C., his companion, joined him from Tehran, and they left the camp on the 13th of June; they reached Sultania on the 22d. It seems that the insolence which they received at the caravansara from the servants of the king induced them to quit Sultania on the 24th. Soon after, Martyn and his companion, and three of his servants, were attacked in succession by fever, which detained them until the 29th. His malady he describes as an ague, attended by sickness and intense headach, and terminating in a depression nearly equal to fainting; yet, about midnight, he mounted his horse, and set out "rather dead than alive." But his disorder returned; it was a quotidian ague; it rose nearly to delirium, and he was forced to halt a day. On the 6th they pursued their journey, but could not find the village of Seid Abad the following night, and poor Martyn was compelled to lie down in the road.

However, in less than two days they arrived at Tebriz; but the object of his fatigues was missed after all; his fever would not quit him, and he was disabled from presenting the Testament to the king, or to Prince Abbas, his son. During his illness he experienced from Sir G. Ouseley and his lady tender and assiduous attention, and the former promised himself to present the books to both the royal personages. Mr Martyn slowly recovered from his fever; and, ten days after it had subsided, having determined on a journey to England, to insure the re-establishment of his health, he left Tebriz for Constantinople, distant thirteen hundred miles. Two Armenian servants attended him, and his Mikmader, a sort of government guide and protector, was furnished with Chappar-horses; that is, with horses procured, free of expense, in the name of the king. On the 6th he crossed the Araxes in a ferry-boat, and the same day had a view of the sublime and hoary mountain Ararat; on the 11th he reached Erivan, for whose commander Sir Gore Ouseley had given him a letter, and on the 12th he rode forward to Ech-miazin, or Three Churches.

On the 17th of September Martyn quitted the monastery of Ech-miazin, where he had enjoyed many testimonies of kindness and friendship. His party were two men from the governor of Erivan, a Mikmader, a guard, his servant Sergius, a trusty servant from the monastery, and two baggage horses with their owners. On the 21st they

arrived at Cars. He left Erzerum on the 29th, and was that day attacked by fever and ague. On the 30th he was better, but he ate nothing, was low-spirited, and suffered headach. On the first of October, after a journey of thirteen hours, he was near fainting from sickness, and comforted by the news that thousands were dying daily of the plague at Constantinople, and that Tocat, a place lying in his route, was also infected. After a day's hard riding on the second, we find him thus complaining in his journal: "As soon as it began to grow a little cold the ague came on, and then the fever; after which I had a sleep, that let me know too plainly the disorder of my frame. In the night Hasan (the Tartar!) sent to summon me away, but I was quite unable to move. Finding me still in bed at the dawn he began to storm furiously at my detaining him so long; but I quietly let him spend his ire, ate my breakfast composedly, and set out at eight. We flew over hill and vale to Shereau—thence we travelled all the rest of the day and all night; it rained most of the time. Soon after sunset the ague came on again, which, in my wet state, was very trying; I hardly knew how to keep my life in me. About that time there was a village at hand, but Hasan had no mercy. At one in the morning we found two men under a wain, with a good fire; they could not keep the rain out, but I dried my lower extremities, allayed the fever by drinking a good deal of water, and went on to the Munzil, where we arrived at break of day. After sleeping three or four hours, he hurried me away from this place without delay, and galloped furiously towards a village, which, he said, was four hours' distance, which was all I could undertake in my present weak state; but village after village did he pass, till night coming on, and no signs of another, I suspected that he was carrying me on to the Munzil; so I got off my horse, and sat upon the ground, and told him, 'I neither could nor would go any further.' He stormed, but I was immovable, till a light appearing—I made towards it." "They brought me to a stable-room, and Hasan and a number of others planted themselves there with me. My fever here increased to a violent degree; the heat in my eyes and forehead was so great, that the fire almost made me frantic. I entreated that it might be put out, or that I might be carried out of doors. Neither was attended to: my servant, who, from my sitting in that strange way on the ground, believed me delirious, was deaf to all I said. At last I pushed my head in among the luggage, and lodged it on the damp ground, and slept." Again, on the 5th, the "merciless Hasan" hurried him away; the journey of that day was not great; but the ague attacked him furiously. The last words which he penned in his journal were on the following day, when he was detained, for want of horses, at the Munzil, which he had reached on the 5th. He died at Tocat on the 16th, the victim of his fever or the plague.

Charles Burney, D.D.

BORN A. D. 1768.—DIED A. D. 1817.

THIS accomplished scholar was the second son of the celebrated author of the 'History of Music.' He was educated at the Charter

house and Cambridge, but graduated at a northern university. He did not take orders until late in life, and long after his name had been associated with those of Porson and Parr in classical literature. A successful career, as a private teacher, enabled him to realize a handsome fortune, and to indulge his ruling passion in the collection and formation of a classical library, in the pursuit of which he not only displayed the greatest taste and industry but exhibited a most munificent spirit.

After the death of Mr Townley, Dr Burney obtained the fine manuscript Homer which passes under his name, and has been valued by some connoisseurs at the sum of £1000. The Codex Crippsianus also of the Greek orators came into his possession likewise by purchase. Of the printed books also in his collection some were of a very rare description, in high preservation, and bound with an unrivalled degree of taste and richness. The number amounted to nearly 14,000; and many of them are of additional value from the manuscript notes of H. Stephens, Bentley, Markland, and himself, with which the margins are sometimes crowded. This rare collection presented, in the Greek dramatic authors, and a few other works, the text of the first edition, with all its subsequent and progressive states of improvement. Some idea of its extent and value may be formed from the fact that of editions of several celebrated works, the Burneian collection, on an average, contained at least four times the number of those in the British museum.

Dr Burney having acquired independence, if not opulence, resigned his school in favour of his only son, the Rev. C. P. Burney, who had acted for some few years as his assistant, and retired to his rectory at St Paul's, Deptford, to which he had been inducted about nine months before. Here, after a slow, but gradual, decay, he died on the 28th of December, 1817. His death was occasioned by apoplexy, with which he was first seized on the morning of Christmas-day, and under which he languished but for three days afterwards.

Dr Burney, during the last twenty-five or thirty years of his life, maintained the highest character as a scholar: in respect to an intimate acquaintance with the Greek drama, he might, perhaps, have justly claimed the first.

On the death of Dr Burney, it became a subject of general disquietude, lest his noble library should be separated and distributed by public sale; but at length it was determined, that it should become the property of the nation, and be preserved as one great whole. On February 23d, 1818, Mr Banks presented a petition from the trustees of the British museum to the house of commons, praying for parliamentary aid to purchase this rare and extensive library. The honourable gentleman described it "as a collection of a very superior kind, having been accumulated by the labours of many years, on the part of its possessor, who was a man of great taste and learning, and who had spared no reasonable expense in the collection; and when it was considered how important it was to deposit literary treasures of such value and character in the British museum, Mr Banks hoped, that the house would be disposed to listen to the prayer of the petition." The chancellor of the exchequer bore ample testimony to the learning and abilities of Dr Burney, and agreed, that the present opportunity of obtaining so valuable a collection of books and manuscripts ought by no means to be neglected. A committee was accordingly nominated, and the sum of £13,500, recommend-

ed to be given to the proprietor. Some slight objection was urged on the score of public economy, but instantly overruled by the eloquence of Sir J. Mackintosh and the Hon. Frederick Douglas. The vote passed unanimously; and we cannot more appropriately close this notice, than by an extract from the report on the library, as printed by order of the house of commons:

"One of the large classes consists of manuscripts of classical and other ancient authors; among which that of Homer's *Iliad*, formerly belonging to Mr Townley, holds the first place in the estimation of all the very competent judges who were examined by your committee; although not supposed to be older than the latter part of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, it is considered as being of the earliest date of the MSS. of Homer's *Iliad* known to scholars, and may be rated as superior to any other which now exists, at least in England; it is also extremely rich in scholia, which have been hitherto but partially explored.

"There are two copies of the series of Greek orators, probably written in the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, of which that upon vellum was brought to this country by Mr Cripps and Dr Clarke, and is esteemed as extremely valuable; an account of the orations contained in it was drawn up by Dr Raine, late master of the Charterhouse, and of the collations, which he had made in comparing it with the Aldine edition. This manuscript of the rhetoricians is indeed one of the most important manuscripts ever introduced into this country, because it supplies more lacunæ than any other manuscript; there is contained in it a portion of *Isæus*, which has never been printed: there is only one printed oration of *Lycurgus* in existence, which is imperfect, and this manuscript completes it; there is also an oration of *Dinarchus*, which may be completed from this manuscript.

"Among the rarer manuscripts in the collection, there are two beautiful copies of the Greek gospels, of the tenth and twelfth centuries. The *Geography* of *Ptolemy* is another of the finest MSS. enriched with maps, which although not older than the fifteenth century, yet, from the circumstance of all the other known copies of this work in the original language being in the collection of different public libraries abroad, the possession of this copy is rendered particularly desirable. There is likewise a valuable Latin manuscript of the comedies of *Plautus*, written in the fourteenth century, containing twenty plays; which is a much larger number than the copies already in the museum, or those in foreign libraries in general contain, most of which have only six or eight, and few, comparatively speaking, more than twelve plays. A beautiful and correct manuscript of *Callimachus* of the fifteenth century; a very fine copy of *Pappas Alexandrinus'* collection of mathematical treatises, of similar date; and a manuscript of the *Asinus Aureus* of *Apuleius*, an author of extreme rarity, deserve also particular notice. The whole number of manuscripts amounts to about 385, but those above-mentioned are the most important and valuable.

"Exclusive of the manuscripts already noticed, there is a very large number of memoranda and criticisms, in Dr Burney's own hand (exclusive of the *Fragmenta Scenica Græca*, and books with Dr Burney's own notes); three or four articles of which seem nearly prepared for the press. In this part of the collection there are several small lexicons

of the Greek dialects, with numerous remarks on ancient authors: the merit of which, though certainly considerable, can only be thoroughly appreciated by patient investigation. There are also many original letters of Isaac Casaubon, who maintained an extensive correspondence with many of the learned men of his time, whose letters to Casaubon have never been published.

"Among the printed books, the whole number of which is from 13,000 to 14,000 volumes, the most distinguished branch consists of the collection of Greek dramatic authors, which are arranged so as to present every diversity of text and commentary at one view; each play being bound up singly, and in so complete but expensive a manner, that it has occasioned the sacrifice of two copies of every edition, and in some instances of such editions as are very rare: the same arrangement has also been adopted with regard to Harpocration, and some of the Greek grammarians; and both the editions of, and annotations upon, Terentianus Maurus are particularly copious and complete. It appears, indeed, that this collection contains the first edition of every Greek classic, and several of the scarcest among the Latins, and that the series of grammarians, lexicographers, and philological writers, in both languages, is unusually complete. The books are represented to be generally in good, though not in what may be styled brilliant, condition; the whole having been collected by Dr Burney himself, from the different great libraries, which have been of late years brought to sale, beginning chiefly with the Pinelli collection.

"Another important portion of this collection may be called the Variorum collection: this is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable series of books in the whole library: in it, Dr Burney has so brought together the comments and notes of many celebrated scholars upon several Greek, and particularly the dramatic writers, that at one view may be seen almost all that has been said in illustration of each author; it extends to about 300 volumes in folio and quarto. One portion of this remarkable collection consists of a regular series of 170 volumes, entitled *Fragmenta Scenica Græca*, which comprises all the remains of the Greek dramatists, in number not less than 300, wheresoever they could be traced.

"Another, and a very different, branch of this collection comprises a numerous and rare series of newspapers, from 1603 to the present time, amounting in the whole to 700 volumes, which is more ample than any other that is supposed to be extant. A large collection of between 300 and 400 volumes in quarto, containing materials for a history of the stage, from 1660 to the present time, and particulars relating to the biography of actors, and persons connected with the stage, may be classed after these daily journals.

"Dr Burney's collection of prints has been principally made with reference to this object, comprising the most complete series that probably exists of theatrical portraits; beginning in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, which is the period of our earliest engravers of portraits, such as Geminie, Hogenburgh, Elstracke, and the three Passes, and continued to the present time. The number of these theatrical engravings is about 5000, many of which are bound together in ten volumes; besides these, there are about 2,000 other engraved portraits, principally of authors, commentators, and other learned persons.

"Upon the whole matter, your committee venture to recommend, as the result of the best consideration, which they have bestowed both upon the importance and just value of the entire collection, that the proprietor, being ready to dispose of it for the sum of £13,500, it will be a very material addition to the public stock of literature, and purchased at a price which cannot be deemed unreasonable."

"17th April, 1818."

The following is a list of the works either composed or edited by Dr Burney:—‘Appendix ad Lexicon Græco-Latinum, a Joan. Scapula constructum,’ &c. Lond. 1789. ‘Remarks on the Greek Verses of Milton,’ published at the end of Mr T. Warton’s edition of Milton’s minor poems, 8vo. 1791. ‘Richardi Bentleii, et Doctorum Virorum, Epistolæ,’ 4to. 1807. ‘Tentamen de Metris ab Æschylo in choricis cantibus adhibitis,’ 8vo. 1809. ‘Bishop Pearson’s Exposition of the Creed,’ abridged, 12mo. 1810. 2d edition, 1812. ‘Philemonis Lexicon Græcè e Biblioth.’ Parisiens. 4to. and 8vo. 1812. ‘A Sermon preached at the Anniversary Meeting of the Stewards of the Sons of the Clergy, at St Paul’s, May 14th, 1812.’ 4to. 1813. Several criticisms on classical and learned works, published occasionally in the ‘Monthly Review,’ and numerous articles contributed to the ‘New London Magazine,’ which was edited by Dr Burney in 1783, and the two following years.

Cyril Jackson, D. D.

BORN A. D. 1746.—DIED A. D. 1819.

CYRIL JACKSON, Dean of Christ-church, was a native of Lincolnshire. He received his education at Westminster school, whence he was elected to Trinity college, Cambridge, and subsequently obtained a studentship at Christ-church, Oxford. In 1768, he took the degree of B. A., and that of M. A. in 1771. In the latter year he was appointed sub-preceptor to their royal highnesses, the young heir-apparent, and his next brother. In 1777 he took the degree of B. D.; and in 1778 was appointed preacher at Lincoln’s inn, and canon of Christ-church. In 1781 he proceeded to the degree of D. D.; and in 1783 was declared dean of his college. After acting in that capacity for twenty-six years, during which period he twice declined to be raised to the episcopal bench, he retired to Felpham, in Sussex, where he died on the 31st day of August, 1819.

Dean Jackson is acknowledged by all his contemporaries to have been a man of profound learning and great abilities. “I have long thought,” said Dr Parr, in 1800, “and often declared, that the highest station in the church would not be more than an adequate reward for Cyril Jackson. Upon petty and dubious questions of criticism, I may not always have the happiness to agree with him; but I know that, with magnanimity enough to refuse two bishoprics, he has qualities of head and heart to adorn the primacy of all England, and to protect all the substantial interests of the English church.” By Porson he was very greatly admired; and, soon after his retirement from Christ-church, the

provost of Oriel college described him as one who had drunk largely at the fountain of modern science as well as of ancient learning.

Bishop Bennet.

BORN A. D. 1745.—DIED A. D. 1820.

THIS prelate was born in 1745, and educated at Harrow, where he was contemporary, and intimate with Parr and Jones. From Harrow he removed to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he proceeded M. A. in 1770, and that of D. D. in 1790, in which latter year he was elevated to the bishopric of Cork and Ross, by the earl of Westmoreland, during his viceroyalty in Ireland. In 1794 he was translated to the see of Cloyne.

His lordship died in July, 1820. The following very flattering eulogium was written in 1795 by his quondam school-fellow, Parr: "Among the fellows of Emmanuel College who endeavoured to shake Mr Homer's resolution, and to preserve for him his academical rank, there was one man, whom I cannot remember without feeling that all my inclination to commend, and all my talents for commendation, are disproportionate to his merit. From habits not only of close intimacy, but of early and uninterrupted friendship, I can say, that there is scarcely one Greek or Roman author of eminence, in verse or prose, whose writings are not familiar to him. He is equally successful in combating difficulties of the most obscure, and catching at a glance the beauties of the most elegant. Though I could mention two or three persons who have made a greater proficiency than my friend in philosophical learning, yet, after surveying all the intellectual endowments of all my literary acquaintance, I cannot name the man whose taste seems to me more correct and more pure, or whose judgment upon any composition in Greek, Latin, or English, would carry with it higher authority to my mind. To those discourses which, when delivered before an academical audience, captivated the young and interested the old; which were argumentative without formality, and brilliant without gaudiness; and in which the happiest selection of topics was united with the most luminous arrangement of matter, it cannot be unsafe for me to pay the tribute of my praise, because every hearer was an admirer, and every admirer will be a witness. As a tutor, he was unwearied in the instruction, liberal in the government, and anxious for the welfare, of all who were intrusted to his care. The brilliancy of his conversation, and the suavity of his manners, were the more endearing, because they were united with qualities of a higher order; because in morals he was correct without moroseness, and because in religion he was serious without bigotry. From the retirement of a college he stepped at once into the circle of a court; but he has not been dazzled by its glare, nor tainted by its corruptions. As a prelate, he does honour to the gratitude of a patron who was once his pupil, and to the dignity of a station where, in his wise and honest judgment upon things, great duties are connected with great emoluments. If, from general description, I were permitted to descend to particular detail, I should say, that in one instance he exhibited a noble

proof of generosity, by refusing to accept the legal and customary profits of his office from a peasantry bending down under the weight of indigence and exaction. I should say, that, upon another occasion, he did not suffer himself to be irritated by perverse and audacious opposition; but, blending mercy with justice, spared a misguided father for the sake of a distressed dependent family, and provided, at the same time, for the instruction of a large and populous parish, without pushing to extremes his episcopal rights when invaded, and his episcopal power when defied. While the English universities produce such scholars, they will indeed deserve to be considered as the nurseries of learning and virtue. While the church of Ireland is adorned by such prelates, it cannot have much to fear from that spirit of restless discontent and excessive refinement which has lately gone abroad. It will be instrumental to the best purposes by the best means. It will gain fresh security and fresh lustre from the support of wise and good men. It will promote the noblest interests of society, and uphold, in this day of peril, the sacred cause of true religion. Sweet is the refreshment afforded to my soul by the remembrance of such a scholar, such a man, and such a friend, as Dr William Bennet, Bishop of Cork."

Isaac Milner, D. D.

BORN A. D. 1751.—DIED A. D. 1820.

ISAAC MILNER'S life and literary career exhibit a singular combination of ability, worth, industry, and good fortune. He was born in the West Riding of Yorkshire, near Leeds, of parents who could boast neither of rank nor property. While he was a boy, his father, who was a weaver, died; the family, left behind, were Isaac, an elder brother Joseph, and their mother, old and infirm. As the support of their father was wanting, it was necessary that double industry should be exerted by the remaining branches of the family, to enable them even to live. The two young Milners were constantly at their spinning-wheels by day-break, in the summer; and in winter, they rose by candle-light to pursue their labour. By this course of persevering diligence, they were enabled, for a long time, to maintain, with credit, themselves and their aged parent. It was observed of these young men, by the neighbours, that they did not associate much with their acquaintances in the village when a holiday or any other occasion invited them out to their accustomed sports: instead of this, they employed their vacant time in the study of a few books which chance had thrown in their way. This singularity brought them into some notice; and they became frequently the subjects of conversation among their neighbours. Their fame at last began to spread through Leeds; a place which abounds with opulent, generous, public-spirited and discerning men,—and a subscription was entered into to educate, and send to college, one of these young men; Joseph as the eldest, and one who then displayed the greatest maturity of talent, was fixed upon as the object of their patronage. Isaac was for some time thrown into the back-ground, though destined at last to surpass his brother both in capacity and fortunes.

Joseph was sent to the grammar school at Leeds; and the lessons he learned there by day, on his return home, he taught Isaac, who discovered not only a high relish for study, but uncommon quickness of parts, a most comprehensive memory, and judgment in proportion. Thus passed three years; in the course of which Isaac had gained a pretty familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages. But the time arrived when Joseph was to be sent to college. This deprived the younger brother of his assistance. The foundation of knowledge was, however, laid, and it was only necessary to raise the superstructure. This, by a course of industry, was effectually done; so that at the age of nineteen, Isaac might be fairly deemed a good classic. Having arrived at that age when it is usual to put boys to some trade, he was bound an apprentice to a weaver. Previously tutored as he had been, the loom may not be supposed to have agreed with his disposition better than the distaff with Hercules; he managed however, to pursue his studies while employed in earning his daily bread; and used to work at the loom with a Tacitus by his side.

While Isaac was thus employed, his elder brother was winning high honours and the golden opinions of all his acquaintance, at Cambridge. Joseph having, soon after, taken orders and settled at Hull, received his brother as his assistant in the management of the free grammar-school in that place. While in this station Isaac made great progress in classical attainments before he went to Cambridge. In algebra and mathematics also he possessed, even before he went to the university, a senior optime's knowledge. Another collateral cause of his success was the circumstance of his spending the vacations at his brother's school, in his original employment of usher; by these means, he was enabled to add considerably, every year, to his earlier, and to his Cambridge acquirements. All the time of his being an under-graduate was spent in indefatigable study; and in 1774, he became senior wrangler, with the honourable distinction of *incomparabilis*, and gained also the first mathematical prize. This struggle for academical distinction, though crowned with success, secretly laid the foundation of a nervous disorder, which occasionally oppressed him. While at Cambridge, Mr Milner became acquainted with William Wilberforce, with whom, in company with Mr Pitt, he went on a continental tour; but they had not proceeded far, before political changes in this country called them back. A friendship, however, was then cemented between them, which was not soon to be dissolved. After Mr Milner's return from the continent, in 1788, he was chosen president of the college, to which as a student he had done so much credit. Previous to his election, this venerable asylum of Erasmus had somewhat decreased in reputation, but it now began to re-assume its ancient consequence. The president introduced men of the best abilities from the other colleges among the fellows; and greatly improved the interior management of the college by the correction of many abuses sanctioned by long prescription. *Ad deterius* is the tendency of every institution, unless this salutary interference of authority occasionally takes place. Few, however, like Milner, had fortitude enough to support the obloquy which innovation, however laudable, is apt to produce. At the time he was under-graduate, it was the custom for sizers to wait on the fellows, to dine after they had done, and submit to other degrading circumstances. These servile

distinctions, with a recollection how repugnant they had been to his former feelings, Milner abolished.

A short time after he became president of Queen's college, he took out his doctor's degree, and was presented, through the interest of Mr Wilberforce, with the deanery of Carlisle. It was his custom to visit this place regularly every year, for a few months; but Hull, before the decease of his brother, was the favourite place of his residence. Here his lodgings were a complete work-shop, being filled with various kinds of chemical, carpenter's, smith's, and turner's implements: for he was accustomed to relax his mind from the fatigues of study, by manual labour. His lathe and appendages for turning, were extremely curious. He had also a very singular machine, partly of his own invention, which formed and polished at the same time, with the utmost possible exactness, watch-wheels of every description.

The literary productions of Dr Milner are, alas! but few; but, as they bear the genuine stamp of genius, they procured him a very high reputation, and a fellowship in the Royal society. They consist of communications to that body; the first dated 16th February, 1778, concerning the communication of motion, by impact and gravity. Another paper treats of the limits of algebraical equations, and contains a general demonstration of Des Cartes' rule for finding the number of affirmative and negative roots; this is dated February 26th. In the following June, we find another communication on the precession of the equinoxes. Dr Milner frequently turned his researches towards chemistry. The French are generally thought to have availed themselves of his discovery concerning the composition of nitre, so as to provide, without foreign assistance, the vast consumption of that article, requisite in the manufacture of gunpowder. On the death of Dr Waring, Dr Milner, in 1798, was made Lucasian professor of mathematics. Thus we see with no other advantages but those of ability, prudence, and merit, a person rising from an obscure rank in life, and with all his other honorary distinctions, filling the chair of an immortal Newton.¹

"The continued residence in Cambridge," says one of the dean's contemporaries, "of the late principal of Queen's college, was a great public benefit to that university; and it will be generally allowed, that he and his friend, the Rev. Charles Simeon, of King's college, in the same university, have been the honoured instruments of introducing into the ministry of the church of England, a greater number of pious, learned, industrious, and useful clergymen, than any other two individuals in Great Britain. And no two men of equally good and upright intentions ever encountered more calumny and reproach than they have met with in the conscientious execution of their duties. They have been stigmatised with much opprobrium, yet they have meekly held the quiet tenor of their way. However obnoxious were the epithets which have been fastened to their names, their exemplary lives have, long since, borne down all opposition; while they have not ceased to demonstrate, that piety is no enemy to sound learning, but that, together, both piety and learning conduce to the formation of a complete Christian minister, whose faith and practice are equally remote from the undue warmth of fanaticism, and the frigid torpor of lukewarmness.

¹ Abridged from Memoir in 'Monthly Magazine.'

Before we separate these two able champions, whose union death has severed for a season, it becomes us briefly to advert to their joint efforts in the establishment of an auxiliary Bible Society in the university of which they were such distinguished members; and when that measure was so successfully carried, we rejoiced: it was, indeed, a complete conquest over specious intolerance, arrogant dogmatism, and learned ignorance!

“Before we conclude our notice of this great man, we must be permitted to allude to his humility, which imparted additional lustre to his other excellencies. Throughout life he was never ashamed of his former lowly situation; and when he visited Leeds, which he usually did in his journey to the North, he never failed to call on the obscure friends of his boyish days, and, by his well-timed acts of generosity among them, ‘he delivered the poor and the fatherless, and caused many a widow’s heart to sing for joy.’ Isaac Milner, the fatherless weaver, and Dr Milner, the Lucasian professor, did not appear in their eyes as two different men; they were both appropriately personified under one character. In his deportment he manifested the same unaffected simplicity of manners and affability of disposition which were befitting his early station in society, and which equally adorned that to which, by the providence of God, he was subsequently raised.

“On Saturday, March the 1st, 1820, at the house of his esteemed friend, William Wilberforce, Esq., M.P., and in the 70th year of his age, died this venerable scholar and exemplary Christian.—The final close of such a life must not be announced without a farewell tribute, however trifling, to his memory. He was in every respect an extraordinary man. In early youth he rose superior to difficulties, with which few could have successfully contended: and his academical career was eminently distinguished. By the splendour of his reputation while in the vigour of life, and by uncommon zeal and activity in the cause of science, he gave a strong impulse to the study of mathematical and philosophical learning in his university. With him, indeed, the season of vigour and activity was not of long duration; a morbid constitution of body, acted upon by a mind wounded by severe domestic affliction, deprived the world of his exertions at a period when they were the most valuable. The latter part of his life, and that a very considerable portion of the whole, he passed in retirement; but it was the retirement of a man of talents and of learning. The range of his inquiries was surprisingly extensive:—abstract science; philosophy, theoretical and experimental; ancient literature; history; theology; by turns occupied his attention. With regard to the intellectual faculties of this great man, he was most remarkable for the strength of his understanding: his mind seemed capable of grasping whatever was fairly within the sphere of human knowledge. At the same time, it may be doubted whether he possessed in a high degree that most splendid of mental endowments, invention—the power of forming new combinations of ideas: and, in matters of taste and imagination, he certainly discovered little sensibility.”

Thomas Scott.

BORN A. D. 1747.—DIED A. D. 1821.

"I WAS born," says this excellent man, and able theologian, in his personal narrative, "on the fourth of February, 1746-7, answering, since the change of the style, and the beginning of another century, to February 16, 1747. A small farm house at Braytoft, in Lincolnshire, was the place of my birth. Braytoft is five miles from Spilsby, and about six from Skegness. My father, John Scott, was a grazier, a man of a small and feeble body, but of uncommon energy of mind, and vigour of intellect; by which he surmounted, in no common degree, the almost total want of education. His circumstances were very narrow, and for many years he struggled with urgent difficulties. But he rose above them; and, though never affluent, his credit was supported, and he lived in more comfortable circumstances to the age of seventy-six years. I was the tenth of thirteen children, ten of whom lived to maturity; and my eldest brother was twenty-three years older than my youngest sister."

Mr Scott's mother, too, seems to have been a valuable woman, and from her he learnt to read; a neighbouring day-school afforded him the means of acquiring the first elements of Latin. At eight years of age, he was transferred to a different seminary, where he made some progress in the common acquisitions of youth. His elder brother had been trained to the medical profession, and was a surgeon's mate in the navy; but his zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, leading him to expose himself to a malignant fever which was raging among the crew of a ship of war just arrived from a foreign station, he fell a victim to its ravages. This event altered the destination of Thomas, who, having exhibited a certain degree of readiness in acquiring information, was singled out from the rest of the family to enjoy the advantages of a professional training. After spending five years, not to much purpose, at school in Yorkshire, he was bound apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary practising in the vicinity, but misconducted himself so grossly, as to give his master "a plausible reason for dismissing" him at the expiration of two months.

With, as we suppose, a sort of vindictive feeling on the part of his father, inexcusable in itself, and mischievous in its consequences, the delinquent was now "set to do the most laborious and dirty parts of the work belonging to a grazier." His previous modes of life had not prepared him for this exposure to the vicissitudes of a wintry season, amid the damps and inundations of a low and unwholesome site, and his constitution sustained repeated shocks, of which, in after life, he felt the injurious effects. Yet even amid these hardships, the force of Mr Scott's character, mixed indeed with much pride and passion, bore him up without complaint, and his parents had not knowledge enough of the human mind to discern the elements of noble qualities which were discernible through all the gloom and turbulence of his spirit. Strong convictions frequently prevailed within him, and he was often assailed by appalling temptations, but that gracious Being who was preparing him through all this severe discipline for happy and honourable service

in the church of Christ, kept him from despair. For about nine years he followed his harassing employment, associating with the riotous, the vulgar, and the profane, but still cherishing the secret hope of better days, and persevering amid all discouragements, in giving to his mind such culture as came within his reach. At length Mr Scott, having discovered that in the ultimate disposal of the family property, his interests were to be completely sacrificed, applied himself with redoubled diligence to the study of his "few torn Latin books," with his Eton Greek grammar, and, having been one day harshly and undeservedly reproved by his father, fiercely retorted, and renouncing his shepherd's life and garb, declared his intention of never resuming either. He then left his paternal dwelling, slept that night at his brother's house, and after returning home to pay some necessary attention to the flock which he had left, set off for Boston, and waited on a clergyman to whom he was slightly known. His object in this visit must be stated in his own words. "To this clergyman I opened my mind with hesitation and trepidation: and nothing could well exceed his astonishment when he heard my purpose of attempting to obtain orders. He knew me only as a shepherd, somewhat more conversible, perhaps, than others in that station, and immediately asked, 'Do you know any thing of Latin and Greek?' I told him I had received education, but that for almost ten years I had never seen a Greek book, except the grammar. He instantly took down a Greek Testament, and put it into my hands; and without difficulty I read several verses, giving both the Latin and English rendering of them, according to the custom of our school. On this, having strongly expressed his surprise, he said, 'Our visitation will be next week; the archdeacon, Dr Gordon, will be here; and, if you will be in the town, I will mention you to him, and induce him, if I can, to send for you.' This being settled, I returned immediately to my father for the intervening days; knowing how much, at that season, he wanted my help, for services which he could no longer perform himself, and which he was not accustomed to intrust to servants."

Mr Scott had to encounter many obstacles before the wish of his heart was gratified. After an interview with the archdeacon, who gave him reason to hope for final approbation, he applied with redoubled diligence to his studies, and at the appointed time presented himself in London for ordination, but failed in procuring admission as a candidate. Ascertaining that the real ground of objection arose from a most unfounded suspicion of *Methodism*!—he solicited an introduction to the bishop, who treated him with courtesy, but negatived his application, until he should obtain his father's consent, and a satisfactory attestation from some beneficed clergymen in his own neighbourhood. With this answer, in the 26th year of his age, and with every avenue apparently closed against him, baffled but not disheartened, the subject of our memoir quitted London, and on the day of his return home, "after walking twenty miles in the forenoon," laid aside his "clerical clothes," resumed his "shepherd's dress, and sheered eleven large sheep in the afternoon." After some further difficulties he obtained his father's reluctant consent, and such additional documents as were sufficient to gain him admission as a probationer; his answers were satisfactory, and Dr Gordon, the examiner, expressed his approbation in forcible language. He was ordained deacon in September, 1772, and priest in March of

the following year. His state of mind when he took upon himself the ministerial office, was afterwards described by himself in the strongest terms of reprobation. "I deliberately judge," are his own words, "this whole transaction to have been the most atrocious wickedness of my life; as far as I understood such controversies, I was nearly a Socinian and Pelagian, and wholly an Arminian. While I was preparing for the solemn office, I lived, as before, in known sin, and in utter neglect of prayer; my whole preparation consisting of nothing else than an attention to those studies which were more immediately requisite for reputably passing through the previous examination."

His first labours were in the curacies of Stoke and Weston Underwood, in Buckinghamshire, with the occasional supply of Gayhurst, where he made a pleasant acquaintance with George Wright, Esq. a man of wealth and influence. Whatever of error and obscurity might rest upon his religious views, his labours, at least, on assuming his new office, were exemplary; he studied the scriptures diligently, and was indefatigable in the acquisition of the languages and dialects which are connected with biblical investigation. "No cost," he writes to one of his sisters, "do I in the least grudge to procure advantageous methods of pursuing my studies. So far is a multiplicity of studies, a diversity of pursuits, from overburdening my memory, that, by exercising it, I find it in a high degree more retentive; as well as the comprehending faculty more quick. Nothing can give greater satisfaction than these considerations do. I proceed with alacrity; I think with expedition. Of the Hebrew, some twenty weeks ago I knew not a letter; and I have now read through one hundred and nineteen of the Psalms, and twenty-three chapters of Genesis; and commonly now read two chapters in the time above mentioned, tracing every word to its original, unfolding every verbal difficulty."

The religious progress of Mr Scott's mind has been very minutely and satisfactorily related by himself in that most interesting tract entitled, 'The Force of Truth.' On the removal of Mr Newton to London, from Olney, Mr Scott succeeded him in the latter place. In 1785, he received an invitation to become joint-preacher at the Lock hospital from the governors of that institution, which, after due deliberation, he accepted. He found, however, that he had placed himself in a situation which brought him many anxieties and vexations, with a very inadequate allotment of the good things of this life. His preaching was unpopular; his fearless and universal offer of the invitations of the gospel, and his practical strain of appeal, exposed him to the charge of Arminianism, while his stern and uncompromising regard to consistency, involved him at times in unpleasant circumstances. Still he persevered, and by the steady and undeviating rectitude of his course, bore down all opposition. His work was indeed laborious, and scantily paid. His "salary at the Lock was no more than £80; his Bread-street lectureship produced him £30;" and he preached on alternate Sabbaths in Lothbury church at six in the morning for "7s. 6d. a time;" he had in addition such presents as the precarious liberality of his friends might induce them to bestow. While in this situation a proposal was made to Mr Scott that he should write a commentary on the Bible, to be published in weekly numbers; and for this the remuneration was to be one guinea for each number. He acceded, and commenced in Jan-

uary, 1788, but when the fifteenth publication had appeared, the very impudent intimation was made to him, that unless he could procure money from his friends, the work must cease. In this dilemma, he adopted the worst possible alternative; instead of taking the wiser hazard of making himself the master of his own materials, he strained every nerve to keep his publisher afloat, and the whole business terminated in the bankruptcy of the bookseller, with enormous loss to Mr Scott, involving not only the whole of his slender property, but leaving him £500 pounds in debt. After much embarrassment, a second edition was undertaken, and the sale was prosperous, but in consequence of the rise in paper and printing, as well as of other circumstances connected with Mr Scott's habits of composition, the proceeds of the work scarcely covered the original cost. And when, on the preparation of a third edition, he transferred the copyright, his ultimate remuneration for the labour of above twenty-one years, was less than £1000. In 1807 he received "a parchment, by which," he writes, "I am constituted D. D. by the Dickensonian college, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, by persons whose names I never before heard."—We do not find this distinction recorded in the title page to any of his works. Mr Scott was 'unfortunate in his early commercial connections. His first bookseller imposed on him grossly; and the publication of a third edition involved him in a chancery suit, which ended in the discomfiture of his adversary. His last publishers were, happily, honourable men, and in addition to the punctual discharge of their engagements, exonerated him from all expense on account of the law proceedings. Twelve thousand copies of the commentary have been printed in England, and at least double that number in America; the retail price of the whole would amount to the large sum of £199,900.

A severe illness in 1801 compelled Mr Scott to give up his morning lecture at Lothbury; and in the same year, he obtained the living of Aston Sandford. In 1802 he was appointed sole chaplain to the Lock, but in the following year removed wholly to Aston. This rectory was nominally worth £180 annually, but the expenses consequent on building a new parsonage house, reduced that small amount to less than £100. Such were the honours and rewards with which the ecclesiastical establishment of England crowned one of the best and most useful of her sons! The man who would have conferred honour on a mitre, was overlooked amid the higher claims of courtiers and university graduates. The quiet and seclusion which he enjoyed in this small village, enabled him to pursue without interruption his other plans. In 1807, however, he acceded to the request of the Church Missionary society, that he would undertake the preparation of their missionaries; a labour in which he persevered until, in 1814, his impaired health compelled him to resign the charge. It is to be mentioned as an illustration of the unbroken energy of his mind at this advanced age, that in compliance with the very singular request of the society, he mastered the Susoo and Arabic languages, for the purpose of instructing his pupils. In 1813 Mr Scott made an unexpected discovery, which required all the fortitude even of his resolute spirit to bear up against. He had hoped, and on plausible grounds, that the sale of his copyright and of his works would cover all his debts; but on coming to a settlement with his printer, he discovered that large quantities of his printed stock were still on hand, and on

striking a final balance, he found himself in debt to the amount of £1200. In this dilemma, agitated with the overwhelming apprehension of "dying insolvent," the only resource which occurred to him was to issue a circular to a few friends, stating the facts, and soliciting their purchase of his works in five volumes octavo, at a reduced price. The result was delightful. His friends exerted themselves on all sides. From Cambridge he received, through Mr Simeon, £590, as "a present, beside a considerable sum for books." From Bristol and from York liberal donations were sent him, and in addition to the purchase of the works which he tendered for sale, he "received at least £2000, as presents, in little more than two months." On the 16th of April, 1821, this good and faithful servant entered into the joy of his Lord.

Bishop Middleton.

BORN A. D. 1769.—DIED A. D. 1822.

THIS prelate was the only son of the Rev. Thomas Middleton of Kedleston, in Derbyshire. He was educated at Christ's hospital and Cambridge. After taking the degree of B. A. in 1792, he was ordained deacon, and in 1795 was presented to the rectory of Tansor, in Northamptonshire. Here he passed some years in comparative obscurity; but the appearance of his 'Treatise on the Greek Article,' in 1808, brought him into notice and repute in the literary world. In 1811 he was presented to the vicarage of St Pancras, Middlesex, and in 1812 to the archdeaconry of Huntingdon.

When it was resolved by government to introduce an Episcopalian establishment into the British possessions in India, Dr Middleton was recommended as the first bishop of Calcutta, and was consecrated to that office in May, 1814, at Lambeth palace. In the month of June following he embarked at Portsmouth, and in November reached Bengal. He entered with zeal on the duties of his high office; made a tour of five thousand miles with the view of inquiring into the moral aspect of Hindostan; established a Mission college at Calcutta; and maintained an active correspondence with the Church Missionary society in England, on the subject of the spiritual wants of India. His career promised to be one of great activity and usefulness, but was suddenly cut short on the 8th of July, 1822.

Abraham Rees, D. D.

BORN A. D. 1743.—DIED A. D. 1824.

DR ABRAHAM REES was the son of the Rev. Lewis Rees, a Welsh dissenting minister. He was educated for the ministry; and in 1768 was chosen pastor of a congregation in the borough of Southwark, London. In 1786 he was chosen fellow of the Royal society, in consequence of the ability he had displayed in editing an edition of Chambers's Cyclopædia. In 1802 he published the first volume of his great undertaking, commonly known by the name of 'Rees' Cyclopædia,'

which he brought to a successful termination in 45 vols. 4to. He died in 1824.

David Bogue, D.D.

BORN A. D. 1750.—DIED A. D. 1825.

THIS excellent man was born on the 1st of March, 1750. He was the fourth son of John Bogue, Esq. of Halydown in Berwickshire. He studied at Edinburgh for the ministry in connection with the Established Presbyterian church, but ultimately embraced the principles of Independency, and became pastor of an Independent church at Gosport in England, in 1777.

Some years after Mr Bogue's settlement at Gosport his mind became powerfully affected with the conviction, that it was the duty of Protestant dissenting churches to attempt something for the conversion of the heathen to Christianity, and he embraced every opportunity in the pulpit, and in private conference, to mourn over their neglect, and to urge all around him to prayer and labour in this great cause. Whilst it would be folly to attribute to Mr Bogue the discovery of a principle, which burned in the bosoms of several nonconformist ministers, which was subsequently proposed to the churches by Dr Doddridge, and which, in our own days, animated at the same moment the minds of Williams, Carey, and Horne, yet Mr Bogue was providentially placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable to its exhibition, and thus has the honour of being amongst the very first, in modern times, to advocate this great but long-neglected duty. On the 30th of March, 1792, Mr Bogue preached at Salters' Hall, in London, the anniversary sermon before "the Correspondent Board of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and Islands," and he availed himself of this favourable opportunity to press the topic on his hearers, and afterwards, for the sermon was published, on his readers. This excellent and animated discourse made a deep and wide impression, and, together with other co-operating circumstances, tended to produce a general conviction that little had been done for the conversion of the heathen world, and that it was the duty of every Christian to aim at the cultivation of this highly-important field. The subject continued to occupy his mind till 1794, when he visited the Tabernacle at Bristol, and was associated with the Rev. J. Stevens, then minister of Crown-court chapel, London, as his colleague, and to him, in company with Mr Hay, then minister of Castle-green Meeting, Bristol, he disclosed his plans, and it was agreed he should write a paper recommending missions to the heathen, and obtain its insertion in the 'Evangelical Magazine;' it therefore appeared in the number of that work for September, 1794, addressed "To the Evangelical Dissenters who practice infant baptism."

The scriptural argument, the forcible appeals, and Christian benevolence of this letter, excited a sacred ardour in the minds of thousands. Dr Edward Williams, then of Birmingham, replied to this address in the 'Evangelical Magazine,' stating that missionary objects had been recommended by the Warwickshire Associated ministers to their people,

in a circular letter dated June, 1793. At length, on the memorable 4th of November, the first concerted meeting was held; it was a small but glowing circle of ministers of various connections and denominations, who resolved, on the most liberal principles, to embark in this holy enterprise. The opening of the year 1795 was occupied in preparing and circulating several interesting letters to ministers and churches, which are happily preserved in "the introductory memorial respecting the formation of the Missionary Society." On Tuesday, the 22d of September, 1795, at Spa-fields chapel, in the midst of a multitude powerfully excited by the novelty and benevolence of the object, the society was formed; meetings for worship and business occupied the two following days, and on the Thursday evening Mr Bogue preached, at Tottenham-court chapel, an able sermon entitled 'Objections against a Mission to the Heathen stated and considered,' in which his manly sense, sanctified benevolence, and vigorous faith in the promises of God, are conspicuously displayed. In his closing sentence his faith seems to have attained an elevation which led him to anticipate the verdict of coming generations respecting the transactions in which he was then engaged,—anticipations which it is only necessary to transcribe to convince every reader how happily they have been realized.

"This year will, I hope, form an epoch in the history of man; and from this day, by our exertions, and by the exertions of others whom we shall provoke to zeal, the kingdom of Jesus Christ shall be considerably enlarged, both at home and abroad, and continue to increase 'till the knowledge of God cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.' When we left our homes we expected to see a day of small things which it was our design not to despise but to cherish with fond solicitude. But God has beyond measure exceeded our expectations; he has made a little one a thousand, and has inspired us with the most exalted hopes. Now, we do not think ourselves in danger of being mistaken when we say, that we shall account it through eternity a distinguished favour, and the highest honour conferred on us during our pilgrimage on earth, that we appeared here, and gave in our names among the founders of the Missionary society, and the time will be ever remembered by us, and may it be celebrated by future ages, as the era of Christian benevolence."

Amongst other calumnies which were circulated against the founders of the Missionary society, was the ungenerous imputation, that they were ready to transport their brethren to ungenial climates, to labour amongst savage and heathen nations, while they continued to enjoy the delights of home. This reproach was as untrue as it was unkind; for Dr Bogue, joined with his friends the Rev. Greville Ewing and the Rev. William Innes, about the year 1796, in several memorials and petitions to the directors of the East India company, requesting permission that they and their families might go to Bengal, and devote their future years to the propagation of the gospel in our Hindoo empire. These repeated requests were most peremptorily refused, though made in language of earnest expostulation and Christian eloquence: one of these memorials was printed in their joint names, and circulated amongst leading and influential persons; and though no immediate effect resulted from it, yet it abides a monument of the personal devotion of its authors to the missionary work, and doubtless contributed to diffuse opinions which

have since so happily changed the policy of the honourable court. Though shut out from foreign labours, his assiduous application to study, especially in foreign theology and biblical criticism, was continually enlarging his capacity for usefulness at home, and this literary diligence could not be concealed. On the death of Mr Welsh, the patron of Gosport academy, it was found that he had made no provision for its continuance by bequest, and therefore that useful institution would have ceased but for the reputation of its tutor, which commanded the liberal support of several friends till 1800, when Robert Haldane, Esq. of Edinburgh, a gentleman of distinguished intelligence and Christian philanthropy, proposed to subscribe £100 annually, one-fourth of the expense, towards the support of ten additional students, if the churches in Hampshire would supply the remaining sum requisite for their education and support. This was accepted, and the County Association of Hampshire has continued to patronize the institution to the present time.

Amongst other schemes of usefulness which arose out of the religious excitement produced by the establishment of the Missionary society, was the admirable plan of a Religious Tract society, "to print and distribute small pieces on subjects purely religious." This valuable institution was founded in May, 1799, and the subject of this memoir took a prominent part in describing its character and asserting its claims. He penned the first tract in the series, 'An Address to Christians, recommending the distribution of cheap Religious Tracts,' in which he proclaims that "pure truth" is to be the exclusive subject of its publications; and adds, "nor should any worldly scheme be interwoven with the truth, nor attempted to be concealed under its folds. Here should not be seen the slightest vestige of any carnal end, in any form, or for any purpose, however laudable some may think it; nothing but divine truth, unmingled, unadulterated, and pure, as it came from heaven, fit for the whole human race to imbibe." Such wise principles naturally commended their author to the managers of this catholic society, and they requested him to advocate its cause from the pulpit of Dr Hunter, where he preached an able sermon, in May, 1800, from Psal. xliii. 30. and which discourse he afterwards gave to the public, entitled 'The Diffusion of Divine Truth;' in which he re-asserts those principles which cannot be too much enforced on the attention of the religious public at the present moment.

About the same time the Missionary society's directors wisely resolved to place their future missionaries under a course of preparatory studies, and, in deliberating on the best means of establishing the proposed seminary, they observe, in their report for 1801, "the superintendence of a person of eminent abilities, of exemplary piety, and of a true missionary spirit, seemed to be an acquisition first in order and importance in this business. With these views, they were directed to their reverend brother, Dr Bogue, whose laudable zeal and efficient labours they have before acknowledged and recorded, and whose disposition to promote the designs of the society, and his devotedness to the cause of God, were again manifested by his consenting to accept the office of tutor to the Missionary society." He therefore added to his other lectures a course suited to form ministers for foreign missions, and three students were, for this purpose, immediately placed under

his care. The public mind had been powerfully excited by the entire abolition of papal authority in France, and the directors of the Missionary society felt, in common with all pious minds, that if the fabric of superstition had been demolished in that country by the hand of infidelity, it could never be the design of Divine Providence that infidelity should acquire a permanent influence over the popular mind; and they were, therefore, called to deliberate what was their duty, as Christians, towards their unhappy neighbours. The state of political hostility which subsisted between the two countries prevented, at that time, all personal intercourse; it was therefore suggested, we believe, by Dr Bogue himself, that it was most important to circulate, in France and Belgium, a large edition of the French New Testament, with a suitable preliminary dissertation on the evidences of its divine inspiration. This proposal was deemed important, and its projector was naturally requested to prepare the intended introduction. This led to the publication of his 'Essay on the Authority of the New Testament;' a work which condenses a great mass of evidence into a small volume, and places it in a most perspicuous and convincing light, and which claims the attentive perusal of every intelligent Christian.

The providence of God having, however, by the cessation of a destructive war between this country and France, in October, 1801, unexpectedly opened that country to the agents of the Missionary society, it was resolved to send a deputation to Paris and the departments, to promote the intended publication. Dr Bogue had travelled, when young, in France and the Netherlands, and having acquired a command of the French language, was too well qualified and too deeply interested to be overlooked; he therefore was appointed, with other gentlemen, to this difficult mission. They, however, succeeded beyond their best hopes; a respectable member of the legislative assembly engaged to translate the essay into French; and an Italian bishop, disgusted with the absurdities of papacy, was willing to engage with his Protestant fellow-christians, by translating it into his own language. Many other plans of extensive promise were suggested by the deputation on its return, but the short duration of peace closed again those fields of usefulness which had been opened before them.

The neglected and deplorable state of our sister country, Ireland, justly attracted the attention of English Protestants at the close of the year 1806, and led to the formation of the Hibernian society, for the diffusion of religious knowledge in Ireland. The committee were entreated by their Irish correspondents to send to that country a deputation to obtain the required information on the spot; and in the summer of 1807 Dr Bogue was associated with the Rev. Messrs Charles and Hughes, and S. Mills, Esq. in visiting it. The tour occupied the party about a month, and it designedly lay through some of the more miserable and unfrequented districts. In the cities they obtained that class of information which the cabins of wild Connaught could not furnish, and the result of the whole was presented to the public under the title of 'Report of a Deputation from the Hibernian society, respecting the Religious State of Ireland,' and produced an impression upon the public mind, powerful enough to place that society amongst the most effective for the reformation of the popish inhabitants of that country.

In 1808 appeared the first volume of an extensive work, 'The His-

tory of Dissenters, from the Revolution in 1688 to the year 1808, executed jointly by Dr Bogue and his friend and early pupil Dr Bennett, which was followed, in the course of the four succeeding years, by three other volumes, which completed the design. We shall avail ourselves of the very intelligent remarks of Mr Griffin on this publication; some parts of which certainly excited strong feelings of resentment amongst attached churchmen, and of regret amongst candid dissenters: "It is a work of great importance to the Christian church, and will be read and referred to with increasing interest, as the light of truth increasingly beams on the nation, and its cause is advanced in the world. I say nothing in defence of the essay prefixed, which has given considerable pain to most of his friends, as being in a style unsuited to the dignity of the subject, and the respect which is due to the national church. We have an undoubted right to differ from it, but no right to treat it with disrespect. Persons in their opinions may have just cause for dissenting from the establishment on account of its union with the state, the nature of its discipline, and its remaining intolerance, in still making a religious test as essential to the service of the state; yet the evangelical character of its creed and articles, the excellent spirit which pervades the greater part of its devotional services, and the very extensive learning of a large body of its clergy, entitle it to the respect of all who dissent from it, and especially of those who place themselves, with regard to it, in the situation of disputants. The doctor himself was so impressed with a sense of the propriety of these sentiments that he assured me, some time since, that in another edition, which was then in contemplation, the style and manner in this part of the work would be altered, and that I might mention it to as many as I might think proper. I think it therefore due to his memory and to myself, in commending the general sentiments of the work, to mention this fact now. But with these remarks I cannot refrain from expressing an opinion, that there are more important general principles connected with the welfare of the state, the prosperity of the kingdom of Christ, and the good of the world, in those four volumes, than are to be found in any work of a similar extent."

Dr Bogue accompanied his friend and fellow-labourer, Dr Bennett, in the summer of 1816, in a journey through the kingdom of the Netherlands, in the service of the Missionary society; and his presence every where inspired that veneration and esteem which his character justly claimed. A valuable and characteristic volume of 'Discourses on the Millennium' was given to the public by Dr Bogue in the close of 1818.

Dr Bogue died on the 25th of October, 1825. The directors of the Missionary society honoured his memory by passing a resolution expressive of their feelings on the occasion, and of their high and unmingled respect for the memory of their deceased friend.¹

¹ Abridged from Congregational Magazine.

Bishop Milner.

BORN A. D. 1752.—DIED A. D. 1826.

THIS distinguished Roman Catholic prelate was born of English parents, and educated at the English college of Douay. On being ordained priest, he was sent on the English mission, and, in 1779, was appointed head of the Winchester district. His first publication was a funeral sermon for Bishop Challoner, who died in January, 1781. This was followed by several minor publications; but the circumstance which first brought him into general notice was the spirited part he took in the dissensions of the Roman Catholic committee, and the Vicars-apostolic, in which he espoused the cause of the bishops, and, by his talents and perseverance, procured the defeat of the bill brought in by the “protesting Catholic dissenters,” as they called themselves.

In 1798 he published a history, civil and ecclesiastical, of the antiquities of Winchester,—a work of great research, but compiled in a high polemical spirit, which involved him in not a little controversy. In 1803 he was appointed vicar-apostolic of the Midland district. In the transactions arising out of the question of the Veto, Bishop Milner took a very active part. “At a general meeting of Roman Catholics, in which it was proposed to pass a resolution, intimating a disposition to agree to such ecclesiastical securities as parliament might consider the indispensable accompaniments to a concession of the Catholic claims, Dr Milner warmly resisted the proposition. The Catholic prelates of Ireland were so satisfied with his conduct, that, in a synod held on the 26th of February, 1810, they passed a resolution, ‘That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Right Rev. Dr Milner, Bishop of Castabala, for the faithful discharge of his duty, as agent to the Roman Catholic bishops of this part of the United Kingdom, and more particularly for his apostolical firmness in dissenting from and opposing a general, vague, and indefinite declaration or resolution, pledging the Roman Catholics to an eventual acquiescence in arrangements, possibly prejudicial to the integrity and safety of our church discipline.’ To do away the effect of a work published by Dr Milner, in 1810, called, ‘An Elucidation of the Veto, in a threefold Address to the Public, the Catholics, and the Advocates of Catholics in Parliament,’ Mr Charles Butler took up his pen, and published ‘A Letter to an Irish Catholic Gentleman;’ which work was immediately followed by another, by Dr Milner, called ‘Letters to a Roman Catholic Prelate of Ireland, in Refutation of Counsellor Charles Butler’s Letters to an Irish Catholic Gentleman; to which is added, a Postscript, containing a Review of the Rev. Dr O’Connor’s works, entitled ‘Columbanus and Hibernos on the Liberty of the Irish Church.’ This latter work appeared in 1811, and was published in Dublin. In the same year also appeared from his prolific pen, ‘Instructions addressed to the Catholics of the Midland Counties of England, on the State and Dangers of their Religion,’ and a ‘Treatise on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of England during the Middle Ages.’ In 1813, disapproving of the bill for relief of the Papists then introduced into the house of commons, Dr

Milner, coming to town from Wolverhampton on the 18th of May, the day previous to the debate in the committee of the house, having experienced the successful effects of his efforts in 1791, immediately drew up a 'Brief Memorial on the Catholic Bill,' which he had printed and partly circulated on the 21st of that month, the grand division on the bill being fixed for the 24th. When the bill was lost, the British Catholic Board declared that Dr Milner's 'Brief Memorial' called for and had their most marked disapprobation, and that they did not consider themselves as implicated in, or in any way responsible for, Dr Milner's political opinions, conduct, or writings; after which they struck Dr Milner's name out of the select committee of the board. On the very same day, and at the very same hour, the Irish Catholic prelates were assembled in Dublin, under the presidency of the most Rev. Dr O'Reilly, the primate of the Irish church, and passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That the Right Rev. Dr John Milner, bishop of Castabala, our vigilant, incorruptible agent, the powerful and unwearied champion of the Catholic religion, continues to possess our esteem, our confidence, and our gratitude."

On the same day, too, the Irish Catholic board met in Dublin to thank the prelates of their church for condemning and rejecting the bill, which they rejoiced had been lost; and on the 15th of the following month, June, an aggregate meeting of the Irish Catholics passed the following resolution: "That the warm approbation and gratitude of the Catholics of Ireland be conveyed to the Right Rev. Dr Milner, for his manly, upright, and conscientious opposition, in conformity with the most Rev. and Right Rev. the Catholic Prelates of Ireland, to the ecclesiastical regulations contained in the bill lately submitted to Parliament, and purporting to be a bill for the further relief of His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects."

On the 30th of August, in the same year, one of the most numerous aggregate meetings ever held assembled at Cork. It is supposed that there were not less than ten thousand persons present. At this meeting the annexed resolution was passed: "Resolved, That the warmest expression of our gratitude is due, and hereby offered, to that venerable and indefatigable Catholic prelate, the Right Reverend Dr Milner, as well for those manly labours which his great mind has suggested, as for the faithful discharge of the high trust reposed in him as agent for the prelates of Ireland, who have sanctioned his struggles by their public and grateful approval; and that we confidently trust he will proceed in his exertions for our religious preservation and political redemption, unshaken by the hostility of false friends and false brethren, who have not the good sense to estimate, or the spirit to approve, his generous attachment to our cause and our country; and that we feel particularly indebted to that excellent prelate, for his manly, upright, and conscientious opposition to the ecclesiastical arrangements submitted to parliament during the last session, in the bill purporting to provide for the further relief of His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects."

"On the 30th of April, 1814, a rescript from Rome arrived in England, dated on the 16th of February, and bearing the signature of Mons. Quarantotti, approving of the bill of 1813, and calling upon the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland to receive with gratitude what Dr Milner and the Catholic hierarchy had condemned as schismatical,

or tending to schism; and the great body of Catholics of both countries had rejected with indignation. Pius VII. was at that time a prisoner in France, having been cast into a dungeon by Bonaparte. Previously to his leaving Rome, the Pope had appointed Mons. Quarantotti, with other divines, to manage the affairs of the missions, and they had been induced by the agent of the Catholic board to issue the rescript just mentioned. By a singular concurrence of events, at the moment the bearer of the rescript was on his way to England, the Pope, released from his captivity in France, was on his way to resume the exercise of his high functions at Rome. Dr Milner no sooner heard of this than he instantly resolved to lay the case of the English Catholics, and his own conduct, at the feet of his Holiness in person, and set out on his journey to Rome without delay. On his arrival he found that the prelates and the theologians who had sanctioned the rescript were in deep disgrace, not only for that act, but for having taken the prohibited oath to Napoleon. Admitted to an audience of the supreme pontiff, the reception of Dr Milner was most flattering and honourable, and out of the customary course of etiquette. It appears, however, that, (whether by the intrigues of Dr Milner's enemies, or by the operation of a sound uninfluenced judgment on the facts themselves, it is, of course, impossible for us to determine,) an impression had been made at Rome that Dr Milner, in his conduct in England, had not sufficiently united the *suaviter in modo* to the *fortiter in re*; for it was intimated to him that, although he had done his duty, and ought to proceed in the track he had hitherto pursued, yet that he should endeavour to act with moderation, and without hurting the feelings of others. It is even said, that his adversaries were so anxious to prevent his return to his native country, that they tried to have him placed under restraint; which attempt was rendered abortive only by the appearance of Murat, king of Naples, before the gates of Rome with his army, and the flight of the Pope and the cardinals to Genoa, then in the possession of the English."¹

In 1818 Bishop Milner published a polemical work entitled 'The End of Religious Controversy,' in answer to the Bishop of St David's Protestant Catechism. This book is highly esteemed by Mr Butler, who, in his book of the Roman Catholic Church, pronounces it to be "the ablest exposition of the doctrines of that church on the articles contested with her by Protestants, and the ablest statement of the truths by which they are supported, and of the historical facts with which they are connected, that has appeared in our language." It was answered by Bishop Burgess and several other Protestant champions.

Bishop Milner's active, laborious life closed on the 19th of April, 1826. He was a man of great ability, but violent in the expression of his opinions, sometimes even to rashness.

¹ Annual Biography, vol. xi.

Bishop Barrington.

BORN A. D. 1734.—DIED A. D. 1826.

SHUTE, the sixth son of John, Lord Barrington, was born at Becket in Berkshire, and educated at Eton and Oxford. On the accession of George III., he was nominated one of the chaplains in ordinary, and in 1761 was made a canon of Christ-church. In 1768, after receiving a variety of minor appointments, he was consecrated bishop of Landaff. In 1781 he was translated from that see to the see of Salisbury; and ten years afterwards, succeeded Bishop Thurlow in the see of Durham. He filled this latter bishopric for a period of 35 years, having attained the great age of 92. Few prelates have been more universally respected than the subject of the present notice. His piety was of the most active kind, and his benevolence unbounded.

The following sketch of his lordship's habits is extracted from a memoir by his domestic chaplain, Mr Townsend: "The strictest regularity prevailed in his household. At seven in the morning he was awoke by his valet; and, after the time allotted to dressing, he devoted to private prayer, and devotional reading, the time which remained before the assembling of the family, for morning worship, at a quarter past nine. Breakfast was then served up. The conversation which had originated at breakfast, (and which generally arose from our informing each other of some remark, or incident, which appeared worthy of remembrance, in the reading of the morning,) sometimes continued till post-time, when the bishop retired to read and answer his letters. He was attentive to business to the last; and generally wrote from two to nine letters daily, answering every letter, if possible, by return of post. If any communication required a more deliberate reply, he would favour me by fully discussing with me the subject of the letter. After finishing his letters, he received his morning visitors, or read till one o'clock; when luncheon, at which he was accustomed to take one mouthful of solid food, was served up. He then walked, or was driven out, for about two hours. He dined at five. Small parties, never exceeding, with ourselves, eight in number, dined at his house about twice a week. It was at his own table that he particularly excelled in conversation, at once varied, intellectual, and useful. He never permitted the subject, on which he had begun to converse, so entirely to drop, that there should be any awkward or embarrassing pause, in the conversation. He carefully watched the moment in which a new turn might be given to the dialogue, if there was the least discontinuance of animated and cheerful discussion. It generally happened that at every party one of the guests had been distinguished by some enterprise or pursuit; or excelled in some department of literature, or branch of art. Whatever might be the subject, the bishop would imperceptibly lead the conversation to some matter connected with the pursuit, or department, in which his guests had attained eminence; and he so used to proceed with questions, remarks, or hints, that the enthusiasm of the traveller, the artist, the author, or the professor, was gradually kindled. The more eminent guest became the principal speaker; curiosity was

excited, attention fixed, and information was elicited, without pedantry in the speaker, or fatigue to the hearer. When we dined alone we generally talked over the various controversies, which were engaging the attention of the public, the debates in parliament, or the literature of the day. The bishop took a lively interest in every proceeding relative to the great national question which still divides us; and I remember that he strenuously encouraged me in writing my reply to Mr Butler's work: 'The Book of the Roman Catholic Church.' He had none of that apathy which is too frequently the misfortune of the aged, when they have not devoted their minds to intellectual pursuits. Literary curiosity, the comfort and refreshment of age, was an active principle in him to the last; and the love of literary novelty, next to devotion and benevolence, his ruling passion. Tea was brought in at half-past seven, and at eight the bishop ended the day as he had begun it, by the perusal of devotional books, or by private meditation and prayer. I well remember his telling me that he considered it to be a part of his duty to God to devote to him the remaining strength of his intellect, by dedicating to his service those hours in which the faculties of his mind were most active: and for that reason he never gave his restless and sleepless hours, which at his advanced age were unavoidably numerous, to prayer, and to devotional exercises. He preferred giving up the prime of his day, and the remnant of his intellect to the Almighty; and he surrendered the dross of his time, such was his own forcible expression, to inferior subjects, to literary recollections; or to soothing remembrances of the friends he had lost, whose conversation he recollected with pleasure.

"At a quarter before ten, the family were summoned to evening prayer. A slight supper was then served, and at eleven the bishop retired for the night. The pleasantest hours which I passed with my lamented friend, were those which elapsed between the removal of supper, and the entrance of the servant who attended him to his room. He was now ninety years of age, and he had long been accustomed to live in the constant anticipation of death. Every night he composed himself to rest; not expecting to live till the morning. The conversations therefore which we were accustomed to hold at this hour were always grave and serious, though uniformly cheerful. He regarded death, as a man of sound judgment and Christian principles will ever do—without fear, and without rapture; with well-founded hope, though with undefinable awe—as a punishment decreed by the Almighty, yet as the introduction to a higher state of happiness than he could possibly experience, (though he possessed every worldly enjoyment,) in this state of his being. Though our conversation was sometimes directed to the literary, or theological publications of the day, or to the actions, demeanour, or conduct, of his more distinguished contemporaries, of whom he related numerous, and most interesting anecdotes, yet the more frequent topics of our conversation were derived from the possible or probable approach of the period when the body should be committed to the ground, and the spirit return to its Maker. He delighted to dwell on these subjects. The questions which appeared to interest him more than any others, were—whether the soul slept in the grave, with the suspension of its faculties, till it awoke, with the re-animated body, in the morning of the resurrection—or whether, (as he steadfastly believed,) it passed in

some mysterious manner into the more manifested presence of God immediately upon the dissolution of the body,—the nature of the future happiness, and future misery,—the continuance of the existence of the mental habits which are formed in this state, and which constitute in some manner our future condition,—the extent of redemption,—and the opposite opinions of Christians, respecting the invisible state;—these and similar considerations were alternately discussed in these calm and silent hours; and he uniformly concluded these discussions by observing, ‘I know not, and I care not, what may be the real solution of these questions; I am in the hands of a merciful God, and I resign myself to his will, with hope and patience.’ All our inquiries indeed upon these subjects, though they may be very interesting, are merely speculative, and are always unsatisfactory. We cannot raise the veil which conceals the future. We must die before we can understand death; yet the sight of an old man, full of days, riches, and honours, at the close of a religious and well-spent life, patiently expecting his end, abounding in every virtue which can adorn mankind,—in humility, in patience, in kindness, in charity to all, in serene submission to expected death, in implicit dependence upon the mercy of a God whom he believed to be his friend and father, by the atonement which had been accomplished by the Mediator of the new testament—the image of such a man can never be obliterated from my memory; and the continued enjoyment of his conversation, till within a few weeks of his death, while the strength of his body was gradually declining, and the intellectual, though not the spiritual powers, were decaying; that is, while he was beginning to be more averse to worldly business, and more intent upon devotional exercises, was a privilege which I cannot too much appreciate, and which may be justly envied by all who can delight in the society of the wise and good; or who would contemplate the triumph of the spirit of man, over the weakness of the mind and the infirmities of the body.”

Bishop Heber.

BORN A. D. 1783.—DIED A. D. 1826.

REGINALD HEBER was the son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, of Marston, in Yorkshire, and of Mary, daughter of the Reverend Dr Allanson, of the same county. He was born April 21st, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, a living at that time held by Mr Heber, as was shortly afterwards that of Hodnet, in Salop, which, together with the estate, had come into possession of his family by a marriage with an heiress of the ancient and honoured name of Vernon. In his childhood, Reginald Heber was remarkable for the eagerness with which he read the Bible, and the accuracy with which he remembered it; a taste and talent which subsequent acquirements and maturer years only served to strengthen, so that a great portion of his reading was intended, or at least was employed to illustrate the scriptures; and perhaps few men of his day had attained so masterly a knowledge of the historical parts of the Bible as well as the doctrinal, or could have thrown happier light upon its oriental customs, its difficult geography, or the civil, political, and moral

condition of the people to whom it was addressed. We believe it was once his intention so have published notes upon Calmet, a task for which he would have brought all the resources which any single individual could be expected to furnish.

He received his early education at the grammar-school of Whitechurch, whence he was afterwards sent to Dr Bristowe, a gentleman who took pupils near London. His subsequent career at Oxford, where he was entered of Brazen-nose college in 1800, proved how well his youthful studies had been directed, and how diligently pursued. The university prizes for Latin verse, for the English poem, and for the English prose-essay, were successively awarded him; and 'Palestine' received the higher and rarer compliment of public and universal praise. Such a poem, composed at such an age, has indeed some, but not many, parallels in our language. Its copious diction,—its perfect numbers,—its images, so well chosen, diversified so happily, and treated with so much discretion and good taste,—the transitions from one period to another of the history of the Holy Land, so dexterously contrived,—and, above all, the ample knowledge of scripture, and of writings illustrative of scripture, displayed in it,—all these things might have seemed to bespeak the work of a man who 'had been long choosing, and begun late,' rather than of a stripling of nineteen. Some few of our university English prize-poems have had an ephemeral reputation beyond the precincts of Cambridge and Oxford; but 'Palestine' is almost the only one—(we can recollect, at most, but two others of whom any such language could be fairly used)—that has maintained its honours unimpaired, and entitled itself, after the lapse of years, to be considered the property of the nation. It might have been expected that such a poem would but have been the first of many—that so cordial a welcome would have stamped its author the follower of the muses for life; but having given to the world a small and well-known miscellaneous volume in 1812, (the whole of which did not then appear for the first time,) he withdrew almost entirely from a pursuit to which he was by temper strongly inclined, and devoted himself to the unobtrusive duties of the clerical office. Previous to the production of this volume, and whilst he was yet fellow of All Souls, a society to which (it should have been said) he had been elected from Brazen-nose, Reginald Heber travelled through those parts of Europe which were then open to an Englishman; and some of his observations upon Russia and the Crimea, which Dr Clarke was permitted to extract from his MS. journal, and publish as notes to his own work, have ever been reckoned the *bijoux* of the volume, and, indeed, convey more information in a few words than perhaps would have been communicated by any traveller, except Burckhardt—whose close and pithy sentences not unfrequently resemble these able memoranda.

Having now been put in possession of the valuable living of Hodnet, which had been reserved for him, he married Amelia daughter of Dr Shipley, late dean of St Asaph, and, happy in the prospect of those domestic endearments which no man was more qualified to enjoy, settled himself in his rectory. In no scene of his life, perhaps, did his character appear in greater beauty than whilst he was living here, 'seeing God's blessings spring out of his mother earth, and eating his own bread in peace and privacy.'

The Bampton lectures which he published in 1816 established his

reputation in the theological world; for, though many dissented from his views on some speculative points, every competent judge was compelled to do justice to the depth of learning, the variety of research, and the richness of illustration which those compositions displayed. In the midst of these exercises of his calling, public and private, he found time to compose many hymns; which, had he completed the series, as (with the assistance of friends) he hoped to have done, would have been in relation to the Gospels for the several Sundays throughout the year,—compositions, which those who have seen them will desire that every one should have the opportunity of seeing; and which those will readily believe to be full of beauties, both poetical and spiritual, who are acquainted with the few hymns which he has actually published.

In 1822 Reginald Heber undertook a more serious task, which was to finish a life of Jeremy Taylor, and a critical examination of his writings, for a new edition of the works of that great and good man. Since the publication of his Bampton lectures, this was the first theological essay of any length in which he had openly engaged. If it be compared (as far as the subject will admit of comparison) with the ‘Sermons on the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter,’ it will be found that it is the work of maturer knowledge, and a more chastised taste; the style retaining the vigour, perhaps somewhat of the floridness, of former years, but without being complicated, ambitious, or constrained; the matter exhibiting much thought, as well as ample reading, and setting forth, without reserve, the author’s own views of most of the controverted points of church doctrine and discipline, which his subject naturally led him to pass in review. But the work derives a further interest from the evident sympathy with which his biographer (perhaps unconsciously) contemplates the life and writings of that heavenly-minded man. Much, indeed, they had in common—a poetical temperament, a hatred of intolerance, great simplicity, an abomination of every sordid and narrow-minded feeling, an earnest desire to make religion practical instead of speculative, and faith vivid in proportion to the vigour of high imagination.

About the time when this life appeared, Mr Heber was elected preacher at Lincoln’s-inn—a very flattering distinction, whether the character of the electors be considered, or the merits of his predecessor, or those of the distinguished person before whom he was preferred; valuable, moreover, as placing somewhat more ‘in oculis civium’ a man intended by nature for a less obscure station than that which he had for years been filling,—though assuredly that was one which he, had it been so ordained, would have continued to fill to his dying day, without any querulous suspicion that he had fallen on evil times when merit is overlooked, and talent suffered to spend itself on an unworthy field.

Thus usefully and happily was he engaged;—in town, occupying an honourable and important situation, and with easy access to men of letters, of whom the capital must ever be the resort;—in the country, inhabiting a parsonage, built by himself in a situation which he had selected, in the neighbourhood of most of his kindred, amidst friends who loved and revered him, and in a parish where none would have desired a greater satisfaction than to have done him a service,—when he was summoned from scenes where, to use a beautiful expression of Warburton’s, ‘he had hung a thought upon every thorn,’ to take upon

himself the government of the church in India. What his struggles at that moment were, those who were near him at the time know well.

On Monday, 16th June, 1823, Dr Heber embarked with his family a little below Gravesend, and, accompanied to the ship by many sorrowing friends, bade adieu to England for ever. Well it is, that every great event in life, which does violence to the feelings, usually brings with it immediate demands upon our exertions, whereby the attention is diverted, and the grief subdued. On ship-board he found abundant occupation in prosecuting the study of Hindostanee and Persian, which, independently of their prospective usefulness, he, as many others had done before him, found to be possessed of high interest and curiosity,—“as establishing beyond all doubt the original connection of the languages of India, Persia, and northern Europe, and the complete diversity of these from the Hebrew and other Semitic languages. Those (he observes) who fancy the Persians and Indians to have been derived from Elam, the son of Shem, or from any body but Japheth, the first-born of Noah, and father of Gomer, Meshech, and Tubal, have, I am persuaded, paid no attention to the languages either of Persia, Russia, or Scandinavia. I have long had this suspicion, and am not sorry to find it confirmed by even the grammar of my new studies. If, in a year or two, (he exultingly adds,) I do not know them both (Hindostanee and Persian) at least as well as I do French and German, the fault, I trust, will be in my capacity, not in my diligence.”

In the October following, he landed in India with a field before him that might challenge the labours of an apostle, and we will venture to say, with as much of the spirit of an apostle in him as has rested on any man in these latter days. Short as his time in India was, his visitations had embraced almost the whole of his vast diocese. To the northern portion of it, which Bishop Middleton (who found ample occupation at Calcutta and in southern India) had never been able to reach, he first turned his steps; and having journeyed as far as Merut, ‘leaving behind him,’ says Mr Fisher, the chaplain of the station, ‘an impression which I think will not soon or easily pass away,’ he bent his course southwards, and traversed the country to Bombay.

“Of the way of performing these long journeys in India, I was myself (says the bishop, in one of the private letters now before us) very imperfectly informed before I came here; and, even then, it was long before I could believe how vast and cumbersome an apparatus of attendance and supplies of every kind was necessary, to travel in any degree of comfort or security. On the river, indeed, so long as that lasted, our progress is easy and pleasant, (bating a little heat and a few storms,) carried on by a strong south-eastern breeze, in a very roomy and comfortable boat, against the stream of a majestic body of water, with a breadth, during the rainy season, so high up as Patra, of from six to nine miles, and even above Patra, as far as Cawnpore, in no place narrower than the Mersey opposite Liverpool. But it is after leaving the Ganges for the land journey, that, if not the tug, yet no small part of the *apparatus, preventus, et commeatus* of war, commences. It has been my wish, on many accounts, to travel without unnecessary display. My tents, equipments, and number of servants, are all on the smallest scale which comfort or propriety would admit of. They all fall short of what are usually taken by the collectors of districts; and in compa-

ri-son of what the commander-in-chief had with him the year before last, I have found people disposed to cry out against them as quite insufficient. Nor have I asked for a single soldier or trooper beyond what the commanding officers of districts have themselves offered as necessary and suitable. Yet, for myself and Dr Smith, the united numbers amounted to three elephants, above twenty camels, five horses, besides ponies for our principal servants, twenty-six servants, twenty-six bearers of burdens, fifteen clashes to pitch and remove tents, elephant and camel drivers, I believe, thirteen; and since we have left the Company's territories, and entered Rajapootam, a guard of eighteen irregular horse, and forty-five sipahees on foot, including native officers. Nor is this all; for there is a number of petty tradesmen and other poor people, whose road is the same as ours, and who have asked permission to encamp near us, and travel under our protection; so that yesterday, when I found it expedient, on account of the scarcity which prevails in these provinces, to order an allowance of flour, by way of Sunday dinner, to every person in the camp, the number of heads was returned one hundred and sixty-five. With all these formidable numbers, you must not, however, suppose that any exorbitant luxury reigns in my tent; our fare is, in fact, as homely as any two farmers in England sit down to; and, if it be sometimes exuberant, the fault must be laid on a country where we must take a whole sheep or kid, if we would have animal food at all, and where neither sheep nor kid will, when killed, remain eatable more than a day or two. The truth is, that where people carry everything with them, tent, bed, furniture, wine, beer, and crockery, for six months together, no small quantity of beasts of burden may well be supposed necessary; and in countries such as those which I have now been traversing, where every man is armed; where every third or fourth man, a few years since, was a thief by profession; and where, in spite of English influence and supremacy, the forests, mountains, and multitude of petty sovereignties, afford all possible scope for the practical application of Wordsworth's 'good old rule,'—you may believe me, that it is neither pomp nor cowardice which has thus fenced your friend in with spears, shields, and bayonets."

His sojourn at Bombay was rendered somewhat remarkable by the arrival, nearly at the same time, of a bishop from Antioch, to superintend that part of the Syrian church which refuses allegiance to the pope. After a suspension, for some years, of all intercourse with the country from which its faith originally sprung, and which in later times, by a fresh supply of ministers, had enabled it to throw off, in a great measure, the usurpations of the church of Rome enforced by the Portuguese, it was now destined to rejoice once more in a nursing-father from Syria. The favourable disposition of this branch of the Syro-Malabaric church towards our own had long been known. It is a curious fact, however, and one that may be new to our readers, that Principal Mill, in 1822, found their college and parochial schools at Cattayam, under the direction of three clergymen of the church of England, who, without compromising their own views, gave no offence to the metropolitan, who consulted and employed them: using for themselves and their own families the English liturgy at one of his chapels; and condemning by their silence those portions of the Syrian ritual which, as Protestants, they could not approve, and which they trusted the gradual influence

of the knowledge they were helping to disseminate would at length, and by regular authority, undermine. Nor was this friendly feeling less conspicuous in the readiness with which Mar Athanasius (the Syrian prelate) attended the service at Culcutta according to the English forms, and received the communion at the hands of Bishop Heber.

After an absence of about fifteen months, in October, 1825, he again arrived at Culcutta, where he remained long enough to make his reports to England—to preside at meetings where his presence was required—to hold an ordination, and, what was of no small importance, to promote the building of a church in the native town at Culcutta, where service might be performed by the missionaries on the spot, or in the neighbourhood, in the Bengalee and Hindostanee languages, according to the liturgy of the church of England. Such a measure had been adopted elsewhere with the happiest effects, amongst the Hindoos, a people remarkably alive to what is graceful and decorous in external worship; and here, it was hoped, might prevent the few right ideas, which the youths had gathered at the schools, or in the perusal of Christian books, from being entirely effaced by the idolatrous practices they were daily condemned to witness.

This done, the bishop hastened to Madras, a presidency which he had reserved for a separate visitation, and wherein it was ordained that he should end his course. On Good Friday, he preached at Combacorum, on the crucifixion; and on Easter Sunday, at Tanjore, on the resurrection. The day following he held a confirmation at the same place; and in the evening delivered an address to the assembled missionaries, as he stood near the grave of Schwartz, a name which he had ever venerated. He arrived at Trichinopoly on the first of April, 1826.

Next day being Sunday, he again preached and confirmed, a rite which he administered once more on Monday morning in the Fort church. He returned home to breakfast; but before sitting down took a cold-bath, as he had done the two preceding days. His attendant, thinking that he stayed more than the usual time, entered the apartment, and found the body at the bottom of the water, with the face downwards. The usual restoratives of bleeding, friction, and inflating the lungs, were instantly tried, but life was gone, and, on opening the head, it was discovered that a vessel had burst on the brain, in consequence, as the medical men agreed, of the sudden plunge into the water whilst he was warm and exhausted. His remains were deposited, with every mark of respect and unfeigned sorrow, on the north side of the altar of St John's church at Trichinopoly. Thus died this faithful servant of God, in the 43d year of his age, and the third of his episcopacy, labouring to the last in the cause that was nearest his heart, and, like Fletcher of Madely, almost expiring in the very act of duty. The world may honour his memory as it will, though such as were best acquainted with him can scarcely hope that it should do him justice; for he had attached himself to no party, either in church or state, and therefore had secured no party-advocates; and of forms by which mankind at large (for the want of less fallacious means of estimating character) are almost compelled to abide, he was not, perhaps, a very diligent observer; but in India a strong sense of his worth has manifested itself, as it were, by acclamation. At Madras, a meeting was held, a few days after his death, in

the Government gardens, the excellent Sir Thomas Munro in the chair, where to say that lamentation was made over him would be a weak word—there was a burst of affectionate feeling, which proves, were proof wanting, how grievous a loss the cause of Christianity has sustained in the removal of an advocate whose heart and head were equally fitted to recommend it. A subscription was forthwith commenced on a scale of Indian munificence, for a monument, to be erected to him in St George's church; and this was taken up with the warmest zeal every where, and among all ranks and conditions of men throughout the presidency. At Bombay it was determined to found a scholarship for that presidency, at the college at Calcutta, to be called Bishop Heber's Scholarship—a testimony of respect the most appropriate that could have been devised; and examples so generous have not been lost upon the capital of Bengal.¹

Legh Richmond.

BORN A. D. 1772.—DIED A. D. 1827.

THIS excellent clergyman was born at Liverpool on the 29th of January, 1772. In 1789 he was entered of Trinity college, Cambridge. A severe illness, produced by intense application, materially retarded his academical progress. He graduated in 1794, and proceeded to the degree of M. A. in 1797; during which year he married, took deacon's orders, and commenced his pastoral duties as a curate, in the Isle of Wight. He subsequently officiated, for some time, at the Lock chapel, in the metropolis; and, in 1805, obtained the rectory of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, where he died, on the 8th of May, 1827.

It was in the Isle of Wight that the scene is laid of those popular tracts composed by Mr Richmond, the reputation of which is now so widely diffused. "During his residence in the Isle of Wight," says his biographer, Mr Grimshawe, "some interesting events occurred, connected with his ministry, which he first made known to the public through the medium of the 'Christian Guardian.' These communications having excited much attention, he was afterwards induced to publish them in the form of tracts, of which the first that made its appearance was 'The Dairyman's Daughter.'; 'The Negro Servant,' and 'The Young Cottager, or Little Jane,' successively followed; and, finally, in the year 1814, they were united into one volume, under the title of 'Annals of the Poor,' with the following appropriate motto, from Gray:

'Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.'

His 'Dairyman's Daughter' rapidly acquired an unexampled celebrity. It was read with an avidity that required successive editions to satisfy the demands of the public, and soon became the most popular tract of

¹ We have abridged this notice from a beautifully written article in the 'Quarterly Review,' No. LXX.

the day. The author, from the generous motive of insuring to it a more extended usefulness, was induced to present it to the Religious Tract society, by whom it was immediately translated into the French and Italian languages. The writer of this memoir well remembers a circumstance connected with this celebrated tract, which he will here mention. He was taken by Mr Richmond, in the year 1811, to attend a committee meeting of the Tract society, when one of the members rose up, and observed, that as he came with the full intention of submitting to them the motion in his hand, he hoped he should not violate the delicacy of its author, by proposing that the tract of 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' the merit of which had been so generally recognised, should be translated into the German, Swedish, and Danish languages. Another member then rose and said, that he trusted he should be excused for adding an amendment to the motion, by recommending that the above tract be translated into all the European languages, as far as means and opportunities might occur for that purpose. The resolution was unanimously carried in this amended form. The tract has since been translated into most of the continental languages. It has also obtained a wide circulation in America: the old and the new world have alike stamped it with the seal of popular approbation. At home, several editions of 20,000 copies each were printed within a very short period, and the copies which have been circulated in the English language alone, to the present time, are estimated at two millions. It has found its way to the palaces of kings, and been seen in the hut of the Indian. Its author was informed of thirty instances in which it was acknowledged to have been instrumental to the conversion of its readers, of whom one was a female convict at Botany Bay. The last instance of its usefulness was communicated to him only within twenty-four hours of his decease; and from its peculiarity deserves to be mentioned. A clergyman, who had conceived a violent antipathy against the Religious Tract society and all its publications, was induced to select 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' for the purpose of criticising and exposing its defects. In the perusal of it he was, however, so arrested by the interest of the story, and so penetrated by the power of the religious truths which it contained, that the pen of criticism dropped from his hand, prejudice was charmed into admiration, and he was added, as another trophy of that grace which had shone so brightly in the life and death of the Dairyman's daughter. After what we have stated, we may justly inquire, to what are we to attribute the great popularity of this tract? No doubt the happy union of interest and simplicity in the story, the graces of its style, and the beautiful imagery of its descriptions, have rendered it attractive to every reader; but the stamp of truth and reality which marks its details, and the expression of feelings which find a response in every awakened mind, constitute its principal charm. It is needless, however, to prove the excellence of a tract of which four millions of copies are said to have been circulated in the nineteen languages into which it has been translated; or to adduce testimonies to their usefulness, which have been already printed in almost every report of the Tract society, in addition to numerous instances privately received by Mr Richmond, and which are frequently alluded to in his letters."

Archbishop Sutton.

BORN A. D. 1755.—DIED A. D. 1828.

THIS prelate was the fourth son of Lord George Manners Sutton, and was born on the 14th of February, 1755. He was educated at the Charter-house, and Cambridge. Having entered into orders, he succeeded Dr Richard Sutton, in 1785, in the family rectory of Averham with Kelham, in Nottinghamshire. In 1791 he was appointed dean of Peterborough, and, in the following year, succeeded Bishop Horne in the see of Norwich.

In 1794 the deanery of Windsor was conferred on him *in commendam*. The new dean had the good fortune to become a favourite with the royal family, and from this period his elevation to the highest dignity of the church, *sede vacante*, was an understood thing. He reached this elevation in 1805, on the death of Archbishop Moore. His good health, fine person, and polished manners, enabled him to discharge the high ceremonials of his office with great dignity and effect; and he was repeatedly called upon to perform the ceremony at the marriage of the members of the royal family.

In the house of lords he seldom spoke, and only upon ecclesiastical subjects. He was a steady opponent of Catholic emancipation; but supported the Unitarian Marriage-relief bill, and the bill for repealing the Test and Corporation acts.

His grace was Arminian in sentiment, and warmly patronized such of the clergy as distinguished themselves by writing against Calvinistic tenets. He died on the 21st of July, 1828.

Bishop Comline.

BORN A. D. 1758.—DIED A. D. 1828.

THIS prelate was born at Bury St Edmund's. He was the son of a tradesman in that town. At the age of eighteen he was sent to Cambridge, where he was pronounced senior wrangler in his nineteenth year. In 1773 he was elected fellow, and appointed one of the public tutors of Pembroke-hall. In the following year he became acquainted, in his official capacity, with the Hon. William Pitt, who was then only in his fourteenth year. This circumstance laid the foundation of his future fortunes. The youth, who was so soon to wield the destinies of Britain, remained under his tutorial care for a period of seven years; and as soon as he became chancellor of the exchequer, appointed Mr Pretyma his private secretary, and, five years afterwards, elevated him to the see of Lincoln and deanery of St Paul's.

Dr Pretyma's first publication—with the exception of one or two charges and minor pieces—was his 'Elements of Christian Theology,' published in 1799, in two vols. 8vo. This has been an exceedingly popular book with the Arminian party in the church of England. In 1811 appeared a 'Refutation of Calvinism' from the bishop's pen,

which was ably answered by Scott, the author of the Commentary on the Bible. In 1821 Bishop Tomline published, in three 8vo. volumes, 'Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt.'

Bishop Tomline died on the 14th December, 1828.

Bishop Lloyd.

BORN A. D. 1784.—DIED A. D. 1829.

DR LLOYD's father was rector of Ashton-sub-Edge, in Gloucestershire, and head of a well-known private academy at Peterley house. The future bishop was born at Downley in Bucks. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and took the first place in a severe examination for the degree of B. A. in 1806.

In 1819 he was named preacher at Lincoln's inn, and appointed chaplain to the archbishop of Canterbury. In 1822, on the death of Dr Hodgson, he was appointed Regius professor of divinity at Oxford. On the death of Bishop Legge, in 1827, Dr Lloyd was elevated to the see of Oxford; but he enjoyed his high dignity only two years. He died on the 31st of May, 1829.

Bishop Lloyd's reputation as a scholar stood very high, both in mathematical and classical learning. His most important appearance in his legislative capacity was on the second reading of the Catholic Relief bill, on the 2d of April, 1829, when he delivered an excellent and impressive speech in favour of the measure. The following is the peroration of this address as given in the 'Mirror of Parliament': "My lords, I hope I have not diminished the dangers of the Irish church: they are assuredly very great; but the question now before us is, not whether the church of Ireland is in danger, but whether the measure now proposed by his majesty's government is calculated to diminish or increase that danger. My lords, after what I have heard with great sorrow from the primate of that church, I will not venture to express a strong opinion on the subject; but this I must say, that I think I can see in this measure some faint gleam of hope, and hail the dawning of a brighter day. My lords, I hope that this measure will carry English capital into Ireland; and that Protestants will go along with it. I hope that those who have hitherto lived out of their country, in consequence of its troubles and disturbances, will, many of them, return thither, and encourage every thing that is peaceable and good. I hope that the Protestant ministers will now find a more willing audience, and their instructions a readier admission into the hearts of those who hear them. But, my lords, I will say no more on that point. This is the only part of the subject which has for some years past pressed on my mind, and made me hesitate as to the propriety of measures similar to the present; and let not, I beseech you, my doubting hopes influence your judgments on this momentous part of the question now before your lordships. Give to the church of Ireland your most solemn and serious consideration. Do not, I entreat you, treat with scoffs, or levity, or disrespect, the fears, perhaps the too just fears, of those who are alarmed and agitated for her safety. In the aristocracy of England the church of England has hitherto found her firmest guardians and supporters;

here let the church of Ireland find them too. On your care, and vigilance, and religion, let the united church of England and Ireland securely rest. Preserve her against the intrigues of the cunning, the lust of the avaricious, the violence of profligate and rebellious men. Preserve her inviolate against that day (a day which shall assuredly come), when Ireland shall, at last, be converted to a holier doctrine and a purer faith. Preserve her inviolate against that day, when the sons of Ireland, returning from a longer than Assyrian captivity, shall find that the temple of the Lord has been already built, and the foundations have been long since laid; and if ye shall do this, whatever may be the event of your deliberations, (as the event is assuredly in the hands of Providence,) still posterity shall say,—that posterity, of whose judgment we have been not unkindly or ungenerously reminded,—posterity will say, that the peers of England, when they admitted the lay members of the Catholic body into the communion of the legislature, still did not put God out of the question, but went about Sion, and marked well her bulwarks, that they might tell them that come after."

Rowland Hill.

BORN A. D. 1745.—DIED A. D. 1833.

ROWLAND HILL was born at Hawkstone, in Shropshire, August 23d, 1745. He was the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, Baronet. All that we know of his early childhood is, that he displayed that liveliness of disposition which in later life so strongly characterized him. It is worthy of remark, too, that he never learned to look upon this gaiety of spirit as a weakness or a fault, but to the end of life reverted with pleasure to the drolleries of his childhood.

There were six livings of considerable value in the gift of the Hill family, but so restricted that they could only be conferred on fellows of St John's college, Cambridge. As it was his father's wish that Rowland should enter the church, in which he fully acquiesced, he was sent to Cambridge, instead of Oxford, where most of his family were bred, in order to qualify him for presentation. He entered as a pensioner, but on a change of his designs, became a fellow-commoner, a class of students, who, from their superior rank and situation, are not eligible to fellowships.

One of the earliest acquaintance of Rowland Hill at Cambridge, was Berridge, the well-known itinerant clergyman, who, though he had a stated parish, and a private fortune, preached for many years in fields and farm-yards, through the counties of Cambridge, Essex, Hartford, Bedford, and Huntingdon. He rented houses and barns, maintained lay-preachers, and travelled at his own expense. Under his influence, Rowland Hill began to manifest a zeal which, though sincere, was too erratic to escape official censure. In addition to his labours among the students, some of whom ascribed their conversion to his instrumentality, and among the sick and prisoners, he began to preach in Cambridge and the adjoining villages. In the midst of these personal exertions at Cambridge, he maintained a correspondence with such as were like-minded in the sister university. There, the opposition was

more violent than at Cambridge, and resulted in the expulsion of six young men on various grounds, but chiefly on that of Methodism, and the connexion with such men as Newton, Venn, and Fletcher. This event gave rise to a public controversy, and affected Rowland Hill most sensibly. It did not, however, interrupt his course at Cambridge, where, in spite of bitter foes and cautious friends, he still pursued his bold career. It is a remarkable fact, that during this whole period his academical studies were by no means slighted, so that when he took his first degree in 1769, his name appeared upon the list of honours, an unusual thing in those days for a fellow-commoner. Nor was his religious zeal at all tintured with moroseness. His constitutional vivacity continued unimpaired, and he was exceeded by no person, either at school or college, in athletic exercises, with the sole exception of his brother Robert. In riding, skating, and swimming, he especially excelled. His favourite branch of study seems to have been mathematics in its application to natural philosophy, a preference which he entertained through life.

On leaving the university, Rowland Hill was placed in a predicament extremely mortifying, but which might have been foreseen. Unwilling to forsake the church of England, yet reluctant to promise strict obedience to her rules, he was met upon the threshold of the ministry by a severe repulse. No less than six bishops successively refused to give him ordination. His impatience to take orders was increased by a presentiment that his life would be a short one! In 1771, Mr Hill preached in Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and Wiltshire, cheered and directed by occasional letters from Mr Berridge, in one of which we find these characteristic sentences: "God sends you out to thrash the mountains, and a glorious thrashing it is." "If you meet with success, as I trust you will, expect clamour and threats from the world, and a little venom now and then from the children. These bitter herbs make good sauce for a young recruiting sergeant, whose heart would be lifted up with pride, if it was not kept down by these pressures." The extracts from Hill's diary, at this period, show that he met with that variety of treatment in his public ministrations which Wesley and Whitefield had experienced before him. Sometimes he was pelted with stones and rotten eggs, sometimes silenced by the din of pans and shovels, horns and bells. In other cases he was heard with breathless interest, and deep respect; and on one occasion three hundred people came from a neighbouring town and took him home to preach. In the midst of these vicissitudes, we find him saying, "I am more than ever convinced that itinerant preaching does a world of good, and that God blesses it continually." "I am fully satisfied as to field-preaching. I know the Lord puts honour upon it."

The winter was spent by Mr Hill at home, where he was received more kindly than he had expected. In the spring of 1772, he returned to Bristol, where he had preached before, and there renewed his labours. In the summer he came forth at London, as in some sort the successor of Whitefield, and preached to vast assemblies in the Tabernacle, and Tottenham Court chapel. The effect of his discourses is described as very great, though in multitudes of cases it was not revealed for years. He had afterwards the rich reward of being told of many, who ascribed, upon their deathbed, their conversion to his preaching. While he was

in London, he was represented in the west by Captain Joss, a pious seaman, who reported progress, ever and anon, with a profusion of marine metaphor. Another assistant in the same field was a grazier and butcher by the name of Hogg. In the summer of 1772, Mr Hill proceeded to his second degree in the arts, after which he preached in London, Kent, and Surrey, retiring, as the winter approached, to his father's seat in Shropshire. At the close of his second chapter, Mr Sidney gives an extract from a letter in relation to the doctrines preached by Mr Hill, who there complains of Wesley's gross injustice, in branding Calvinists as Antinomians, and appeals to the constancy with which they denounced iniquity and preached the necessity of personal and universal holiness. "I have often known it to be a fact, that when some of those good people connected with him (Mr W.) have ventured to break through his command, to hear what dreadful doctrines we Antinomians have to advance, they have been as much astonished at what they have heard in favour of holiness, as if they had been sitting on enchanted ground."

Early in the year 1773 Mr Hill opened a negotiation, through his brother-in-law Mr Tudway, with the bishop of Bath and Wells. The necessity of regular ordination, as a means of greater usefulness, was so apparent, that he prevailed upon himself to exercise great caution for the purpose of securing it. It is curious to observe the effect of these restraints upon a man of such erratic temper and habits. In a letter to a friend he gave particular directions, with respect to the inducements and considerations to be laid before the bishop, and in order to avoid "giving immediate disgust," consented to withdraw from public labours for a time. It would be unjust, however, not to add, that he refused to pledge himself, in one way or another, with respect to proceedings after ordination. For some weeks he confined himself to an inactive state at home, but near the end of March set out upon a journey. We are amused with the result. His diary informs us, that, on the evening of the first day, he preached "to a small congregation; notice not having been given, in the Baptist meeting-house" at Coventry. Two days afterwards, March 26th, he "hastened to Northampton and preached in the late Dr Doddridge's meeting-house, to a large assembly;" "in the evening to a still larger congregation;" the next morning, "in the same place, excessively crowded;" on the 28th, at Olney, and as no meeting-house would hold them, he preached out of doors. At Woburn he preached with much appearance of success; but was admonished, by a letter, of his great imprudence in sacrificing future usefulness to immediate action. In his answer he exclaims with some bitterness of spirit, "O that I were at liberty to labour for my God!" And even when, to his surprise and pleasure, he was informed that his overtures had been well-received by Bishop Wills, it was with great reluctance that he took the necessary step of withdrawing for a time from public view. This reluctance indeed could not be expressed more strongly than in his private record of his actual retreat. "There being," says his journal, "a considerable prospect of my ordination, retired into Shropshire, and preached a few sermons at Hardwick, Marchamley," &c. Well may his biographer say that preaching was his element; and well might Mrs Hill, in later life, express her dread of his becoming

unable to preach, as the greatest misfortune that could befall him: Through the mercy of God he did preach to the last.

On the 23d of May, 1773, he was married in London to the sister of his brother-in-law, Mr Tudway, and on the 6th of June he was ordained deacon by the bishop of Bath and Wells, "without any promise or condition whatever," and, as he says himself, "through the kind and unexpected interposition of Providence." The aged prelate, Dr Wills, had already shown a favourable feeling towards the Methodists in his proceedings with respect to Mr Roquet, who was one of them, and in whose church, at Bristol, Mr Hill preached his first regular sermon, June 8th, 1773.

Mr Hill was ordained to serve the parish of Kingston, in Somersetshire, with an annual stipend of forty pounds. On taking possession of it he began to preach almost daily in the surrounding villages. He was shortly after arrested by a violent bilious complaint, but as soon as he recovered fell to work again. He was pelted, lampooned, threatened, burnt in effigy; but his spirits never flagged. Old Berridge was in ecstasies. "Dear Sir,—I mean my dear Rowly," thus he writes, "your letter was long in coming, but it brought good tidings." "I was afraid lest orders would cure you of rambling, but my fears were groundless, and all is well." "Study not to be a fine preacher. Jerichos are blown down with rams' horns." "Avoid all controversy in preaching, talking, or writing. Preach nothing down but the devil, and nothing up but Jesus Christ." It appears from Mr Hill's own statement, that he had received a promise of priest's orders from the bishop of Carlisle, provided some one else would give him the first degree. This is certainly odd policy in a successor of the apostles; but the promise, strange as it was, was never kept. Mr Hill presented himself to his lordship of Carlisle with a letter dismissory from him of Bath and Wells; but the first named dignitary gave him to understand that his archbishop had forbidden him to redeem his pledge. Here ended his hopes of 'full orders,' and here began his new career of 'public labours.'

The close of the year 1773 was spent by Mr Hill in active labour about London. He was at this time the most popular preacher in the metropolis, and was therefore often called upon for charity-sermons, both by churchmen and dissenters. The natural simplicity and ardour of his preaching was as charming in public as his affectionate hilarity in private life. Mr Sidney gives the testimony of two distinguished men to the power of his discourses. The one was Sheridan, who used to say, "I go to hear Rowland Hill, because his ideas come red-hot from the heart." The other was Dean Milner, who said to him, after one of his sermons, "Mr Hill, Mr Hill, I felt to-day. It is this slap-dash preaching, say what they will, that does all the good." In the same connection Mr Sidney, who is not very methodical in his remarks, takes occasion to observe, that Mr Hill was always exquisitely pleased on being asked to preach in a church,¹ and proportionally mortified when not allowed to do so. On the same principle he indignantly disclaimed the title of dissenter. "The church turned me off,

¹ Some of our readers may forget that, in England, the very name 'church' is monopolized by the established sect.

not I her. I confess I like a little more liberty than she allows; and, thank God, I can ask great Dr Chalmers, and great Dr Morrison, and others, when they come to London, to preach in Surrey chapel. I suppose they would not let St Paul, if he was to come upon earth now, preach in his own cathedral."

As the personal habits of such men are worth recording, we add from this same chapter, that even after preaching four times, with great exertion of voice, he would entertain his friends with lively conversation until late at night, and then retire, saying, "It is time for Methodist preachers to be in bed, I am sure," but only to renew his labours at the dawn of day.

In 1775 Rowland and Richard Hill took part in the controversy between Toplady and Hervey on the one side, and the Wesleys on the other. It has often been said that the asperity was all upon the Calvinistic side,² a statement which Mr Sidney contradicts, not denying that there was unnecessary acrimony, but alleging that it was common to both parties. During this year Hill preached in Kent and Gloucestershire, his head quarters being at Wotton, where he had built a house and a chapel, called the Tabernacle, in a delightful situation. The latter part of the year he divided between London and Bristol. In the former city he organized a 'societas evangelica,' to aid settled ministers in itinerating near their homes. The death of Toplady in 1778 was deeply felt by Hill. Mr Sidney gives a letter from Mr Matthews, father of the celebrated actor, containing an account of Toplady's last hours, while he was in attendance. This sufficiently refutes the rumours current at the time, which cast a shade over Toplady's departure, and which were attributed by some to Wesley. Richard Hill made two attempts, by letter, to obtain a disavowal from Wesley, but without effect, and a personal application by two of Toplady's friends was equally unsuccessful.

Rowland Hill preached often in St George's Fields. During the riots in 1780 he addressed assemblies of near twenty thousand people. Several men of wealth who had been converted through his preaching, and were anxious to save others, formed the plan of erecting a chapel in some neglected and depraved quarter of London, of which Hill should be the minister, with liberty to travel in the summer, and to invite men of all denominations to the pulpit. The site selected was St George's Fields, and the name of the building, Surrey chapel. On laying the foundation-stone of Surrey chapel, in June, 1782, Mr Hill preached a sermon, a pretended copy of which was given to the world soon after. The forgery annoyed him not a little, and induced him to adopt the precautionary measure of publishing, himself, the sermon which he preached at the opening of the chapel in the summer of 1783. The control of the chapel was vested in trustees, among whom were Mr Hill and his eldest brother, now Sir Richard Hill. The direction of the pulpit was committed to the minister alone, "so long as he should preach agreeably to the doctrinal standards of the church of England, and not give the use of the pulpit to any one who was known to preach other-

² "Never," says Southey, "were any writings more thoroughly saturated with the ESSENTIAL ACID OF CALVINISM than those of the predestination champions."—*Life of Wesley*.

wise." The liturgy was strictly adhered to in the public services, and the chapel became famous for its music, which attracted many hearers. Benevolent institutions soon sprang up in connection with the chapel, among which were thirteen Sunday-schools, containing above three thousand children.³ Prayer meetings were zealously encouraged, but kept entirely subject to the minister's control. At this time he described himself as "rector of Surrey chapel, vicar of Wotton-under-edge, and curate of all the fields and commons throughout England and Wales." He continued his itinerant labours from time to time, and frequently exchanged with clergymen of congenial sentiments.

In 1795 Mr Hill took an active part in the formation of the London Missionary society, to which he was always devotedly attached. In 1796 he visited Ireland, and in 1798 Scotland. At Edinburgh he preached in the circus, till it was no longer able to contain the audience, when he exchanged it for a platform on the Calton hill. After paying a visit to the west of Scotland, he returned to Edinburgh, where his congregation soon arose to twenty thousand, and many persons were supposed to be converted. The General Assembly published a pastoral letter, warning the people against extravagance and censuring itinerants. This led to a controversy between the Assembly and Rowland Hill. The charge against him was, that 'he rode upon the backs of order and decorum,' to which he replied, that he should like to ride such order and decorum to death. He afterwards named two of his horses Order and Decorum, by way of perpetuating the jest. In 1799 Mr Hill assisted in the formation of the Religious Tract society. He was the chairman of its first committee, and always took a lively interest in its affairs. About the year 1800 he conceived the plan of his 'Village Dialogues,' a work which has passed through thirty editions, and been translated into several languages. Some of his friends were of opinion that it contained too sweeping an attack upon the clergy, and others were doubtful as to the copious admixture of the humorous with its serious contents. The book, however, has undoubtedly received the seal of rich success.⁴ His 'Sale of Curates,' was published in opposition to the wishes of his most judicious friends, and the urgent entreaties even of dissenters. The consequence was, that he was forthwith excluded from the pulpits of the establishment, to which he had been admitted, and expressed a wish himself that his ill-judged publication could be recalled.

In 1808 he lost his beloved brother Richard, who left him a handsome addition to his income, which enabled him to multiply his charities. In the same year he laid the foundation of a chapel in Cheltenham, on the plan of his own in London. Here he often preached in the winter of 1810-11. Mr Hill took an active part in a contested election. This drew upon him much animadversion, and he resolved to repeat the experiment no more. The laurels won by his gallant nephews in the peninsular war, were a source of much delight to Rowland. In the public manifestations of respect to Lord Hill on his return to England,

³ Mr Sidney states that Mr Hill has the honour of being the first to introduce Sunday-schools into London.

⁴ Most of the dialogues were written on separate slips of paper, after Mrs Hill had retired for the night; and Mr Hill said that after writing some of the pathetic passages, when he read them over, he used to "burst out a crying."

the old man took the liveliest interest. He attended at Guildhall when a sword was presented to his lordship by the city corporation. At the close of the ceremony, when Rowland Hill came out, the populace cried out, "Here comes the good old uncle!" and followed him with huzzas as he departed. He could not help contrasting these expressions of respect with the contempt and obloquy he had once experienced.

In 1816 Mr Hill was much perplexed and agitated by an attempt to assess his chapel to the parish rates, an affair which, interesting as it was to him, is nothing to our readers. About the same time he obtained a valuable assistant, in the person of Theophilus Jones, a Welshman, by trade a cabinet-maker, but endowed with unusual preaching gifts. Mr Hill himself, though more than seventy years old, preached always, at least four times in the week, while in London, and five at Wotton, besides other public services. Nay, he actually performed at this advanced age, a missionary tour in Wales, and preached twenty-one sermons in a single week. Such was the force of habit, and such his attachment to his office, that he was always disconcerted on coming to a place where he could not have the opportunity of preaching. To friendly invitations, he would frequently reply, "I will come if you can find me a place to preach in."

Mr Hill was an active member of the Village Itinerancy society, founded in 1796, and designed to furnish religious instruction to destitute or neglected districts. Since 1803 there has been a theological school in connection with it. Another object of Christian benevolence, in which Mr Hill felt a lively interest, was the moral improvement of seamen. He was among the first promoters of a floating place of worship, and took much delight in preaching to the sailors, among whom he was a favourite.

As we pursue the history of Rowland Hill, our astonishment at his activity increases. He was already in the seventy-eighth year of his age, when he undertook a journey of more than four hundred miles for the London Missionary society, during which he preached every day with much success. Nothing can evince more clearly the original strength of his constitution, than the fact that in 1822, he again broke one of his ribs, without permanent injury, or a long suspension of his labours. Nay, his vigour seems to have increased as he grew older, for in 1823, his seventy-ninth year, he performed another long and arduous missionary tour; and in the following spring revisited Scotland, preaching daily to overflowing congregations.

Outward circumstances were extremely favourable to the comfort and usefulness of Rowland Hill in his declining years. From temporal cares he was entirely exempt, and his happiness was much enhanced by the affectionate attentions of Lord Hill, now resident in London, as commander of the forces. The places of the friends whom he had followed to the grave, were filled by a new generation of devoted Christians. His regard to one of these, Mr Broadley Wilson, he expressed by wishing that he might be long kept out of heaven, he was so much wanted on earth. We must not forget to add, that his buoyancy of spirits still continued unimpaired; and still contributed to the enjoyment of the public. His appearance at a meeting was greeted with delight, crowds pressing forward to hand him from his carriage, and assist him to the platform. On these occasions, Mr Sidney tells us, all seemed equally

delighted, save the coachman, now and then, when he was pointed out and stared at, as the celebrated highwayman whom Rowland Hill was said to have taken into his service. When told of this, his master used to laugh and say, "What swallows people must have, to believe such stories."

The wild speculation about prophecy, which at this time became rife, met with little favour at the hands of Rowland Hill. Those who were afflicted with this monomania he beheld with great compassion, wondering especially that some of them, who were not without understanding, "should prefer to have such wind-mills whisking about their heads." At a later date he wrote to Mr Sidney:—"What a number have got addle-headed about the personal reign of Christ." "— may keep his maggots, and fine flourishing style to himself. I like Paul's plain style best." "May you and I never be the retailers of such whipt-syllabub divinity." "Good brown-bread preaching is the best after all."

On his eighty-fifth birth-day he preached at Wotton, from the text, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.' He was under a strong impression that his years were numbered; and from Mr Sidney's statement, this interesting exercise must have been full of solemn grandeur. Some of his old parishioners were touched with grief at their anticipated loss, and one said, with the simple pathos that belongs to humble life, "I wish we could put him back about forty years." During a journey which he made this year in Gloucestershire, he experienced the heavenly joy of hearing from the lips of many, that his own ministrations in years long past had been the means of their conversion unto God. This was indeed a solace for declining age. The only indication of decline yet visible, was increasing dimness of sight, in consequence of which he was obliged to employ an amanuensis. Notwithstanding this infirmity, his labours were continued with relentless ardour. In the spring of 1830, with a bad cold upon him, he set out for Kent, and after preaching for a fortnight, returned in better health than when he went. Soon after he attended the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible society, where, as soon as he appeared, he was unanimously greeted with enthusiastic plaudits. As he was getting into his carriage after one of the anniversaries, he struck his leg against the step. This at first merely smarted a little, but resulted in a violent inflammation. Still he continued to preach, until disabled and subjected to considerable suffering. As soon as it was possible, he resumed his labours and again relapsed. Yet strange to tell, he returned to London in the winter, wholly free from any symptoms of his recent illness. He began, however, to exhibit premonitions of decay, though his mind retained its vigour unimpaired.

On the 7th of May, 1832, Mr Hill left London and repaired to Wotton, where, though weaker than at any former time, he preached repeatedly, and always with apparent benefit. To Mr Sidney, who was with him on a visit, he said, "I wish your church rules would let you preach for me this evening." "Sir," said he, "I am content to obey them as they are." "Ah," cried Hill, "good Berridge used to give notice, Mr Gwinnapp," one of his lay assistants, "will preach upon my horse-block this evening. I wish I could ask him to preach in the church." One of Mr Hill's last acts was to publish an exhortation to

the due observance of the Sabbath, a religious duty upon which he laid much stress. In the beginning of 1833, debility compelled him to relinquish all his labours, excepting one sermon on the Lord's day. This he would not forego, being resolved, as he himself expressed it, "to die harnessed." On the 31st of March he preached, for the last time, on 1 Cor. ii. 7, 8. and felt so well that he engaged to preach to the Sunday-school teachers of Southwark on the following Tuesday. On that day, however, he was so languid that another took his place, but no sooner was the sermon ended, than he ascended the pulpit and pronounced an affectionate and fervent valedictory address. He died in the evening of April 11th, 1833, without a groan or sign of agony. His funeral was attended by a vast assembly. He was buried at his own request under the pulpit of Surrey chapel, and was followed to the grave both by clergymen and dissenting ministers.

Rowland Hill's personal appearance is well known to have been attractive and commanding in a high degree. In the prime of life his nobility of aspect won respect and admiration, and even at the age of eighty years his form remained unbent.

III.—LITERARY SERIES.

Hugh Macauley Boyd.

BORN A. D. 1746.—DIED A. D. 1794.

HUGH BOYD was the son of Alexander Macauley, Esq. M. P. for Thomaston, in Ireland, and the intimate friend of Dean Swift. He was born in Ship street, Dublin, on the 10th of April, 1746. His father was extremely attentive to the education of his children; his son used to say that he was put very young to school, and soon became much attached to books. He was educated by the Rev. William Ball, whose school, among other distinguished scholars and characters, sent forth Lord Clare and Henry Grattan, who being nearly of the same age, were of the same class with our author. He was received as a fellow-commoner into the university of Dublin, by the name of Hugh Macauley, on the 8th of July, 1761. Here he is said, by his biographer, to have pursued his favourite studies with assiduity and success. He obtained his B. A. degree in 1765, after which he remained for some time in suspense about the choice of a profession. He inclined to prefer the army to the bar; as his eldest brother Alexander had already entered himself of the Temple; but after some consideration, he determined to follow the profession of his father. In the meantime, owing to his passion for play, and habits of dissipation, he became involved in pecuniary difficulties at the age of nineteen.

With all those embarrassments and habits, he came to London, before the decease of his father, in order to prosecute the study of the law. But his propensities carried him as often to St Stephen's chapel as to

Westminster hall. He used frequently to retire from a long debate to the Grecian coffee-house, where he met his fellow-templars, and would sometimes astonish them by a seemingly perfect recital of the leading speech of the night. He is at this time described by another lawyer who knew him personally, "as a good-natured lively man, famous for repeating parliamentary speeches, and always bustling about something or another."

The genteel address and insinuating manners of Macauley, easily introduced him to fashionable life and literary society. He became intimate with Richard Burke, whose principles and habits are said to have been similar to his own, also with Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many of the members of the Literary club. In 1767 he married Miss Frances Morphy, a lady of elegance and some fortune. Towards the latter end of the year 1768, we are told that he began to be extremely sedulous in collecting political information of every kind. In 1775 he engaged in a very arduous task, namely, to persuade the world that Robert and Daniel Perreau were innocent of the felonious charge of forging the bond of William Adair, with a design to defraud Robert and Henry Drummond. The forgery was detected in March, 1775; and bills of indictment were found against these parties on the 25th of April. They were tried not long after; when Robert Perreau read a defence, of uncommon ability, elegance, and pathos, which much affected those who were nevertheless constrained by the evidence to find him guilty. Daniel Perreau was also found guilty; and notwithstanding every endeavour to save them, they were both executed on the 17th of January, 1776.

After the fate of these men was decided, our author appeared in the north of Ireland. Whatever other motive carried him thither, his attention was drawn to it by the sound of an election for the county of Antrim. Assuming the familiar appellation of a 'freeholder,' he addressed a dozen letters to the independent electors of Antrim; in order to gain their votes for "a constitutional candidate," one James Wilson, an obscure adventurer. These letters, however, mainly contributed to the raising that popular feeling which carried Wilson's election triumphantly. From Belfast our patriotic freeholder went to Dublin, where he was called to the bar in Easter term, 1776. His embarrassments forced him to put on the gown, while his dissipation induced him to cast it off as an incumbrance to his pursuits; and he soon returned to London, which had attractions for him two powerful for his interest, and two seductive for his happiness. "We have," says the author from whom the chief facts of this account are taken, "in Macauley Boyd the example of a man, who, with every material quality in him of a great lawyer, facility of apprehension, strength of intellect, retentiveness of memory, confidence of address, could only busy himself in writing anarchical essays, although he was goaded by distress, and assailed by the cries of a family."

How he was employed during the years 1777 and 1778, is unknown. But he began to write a series of political papers in 1779, which ended in March, 1780. The 'London Courant' was the vehicle of those papers, which were entitled 'The Whig.' In these papers the style of Janius is seen by some; but at this period many imitators of that writer had appeared in the diurnal journals.

At length a new prospect opened on Boyd. By the influence of Mr Lawrence Sullivan, who afterwards filled the chair of the India house, he was allowed to go to Madras in Lord Macartney's suite. He arrived in India early in 1781, and devoting his leisure hours very sedulously to oriental politics, the time soon arrived when his talents, address, and knowledge of oriental politics, were brought into action. In January, 1782, he arrived with Sir Edward Hughes on board the *Superbe*, on the expedition against Trincomalee. The fort was hardly taken when he was despatched on an embassy to the king of Candy, a narrative of which is printed in his works. He was not successful, however, as a negotiator. At the end of two months he returned to Trincomalee, where he hired a small vessel to carry him to Madras. It was taken by the French, and carried to the Mauritius; from which place he was sent to the Isle of Bourbon. Here his captivity was alleviated by the hospitality of the governor; and, after awhile, he was, by the liberality of the same officer, allowed to return on his parole to Madras. During the Mysore war he conducted a newspaper, entitled '*The Courier*.'

In June, 1793, he first conceived the idea of publishing periodical essays on Indian affairs, and in August made known to the public his plan for the '*Indian Observer*,' which he resolved to publish through the channel of a weekly newspaper. The first number, which was entitled '*The Hircarrah*,' appeared on the 9th of September, 1793. The '*Indian Observer*' went the length of fifty-three numbers, and was closed on the 16th of September, 1794. In February, 1794, he advertised proposals for publishing by subscription, an account of his embassy to Candy, with particulars of that country, and of the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, in two volumes octavo. The progress of this work was soon interrupted by bad health. His death happened on the 19th of October, 1794, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

"I knew Mr Boyd," says one of his friends, "from his early life; but the difference in our ages rendered for several years our intimacy not so perfect as it afterwards became. I had quitted school, the university, and the temple, successively before him, so that from my own knowledge, I cannot say any thing of his studies or attainments; but I have always understood that he distinguished himself over most of his contemporaries. He was a very good Greek and Latin scholar, and was well-acquainted with different branches of the mathematics. He did not, as I believe, study our laws with a view to the profession; he was, it is true, called to the Irish bar, but did not continue to practice there; he was never at the English bar. He was fond of what is called polite literature, and excelled in it. He was not much attached to other studies."

Mr Almon and some others have keenly argued for the identity of Boyd and the masked Junius. The following argument on this point seems to us to establish very clearly that this theory is erroneous. "The first fact adduced by Mr Almon," says a Cambridge correspondent of the '*Monthly Magazine*,' "is the similarity of the hand-writing of Boyd to that of Junius; but surely the very casual observation of the manuscript which Mr Almon had in his power to make, was not sufficient to enable him to decide the point with sufficient accuracy. It appears that Boyd had been accustomed to disguise his hand; and

Mr Almon must have had therefore the singular felicity to discover in the outlines of a disguised writing the same characteristic marks which distinguished the genuine manuscript of Boyd. It is of no importance to say, that the acknowledged writing of Boyd which was seen by Mr Almon, may have been likewise disguised, since it is utterly improbable that Boyd should disguise his writing to facilitate deceit; and yet that he should allow this disguised hand to be seen by Mr Almon,—that he should use a mask for the purpose of concealment, and yet wear it in the company of his friends. The change of colour in Boyd's countenance upon the question of Mr Almon, may be sufficiently accounted for from surprise, or modesty, without supposing it to have arisen from his confusion at the discovery. Any man taxed with the writing of a paper, would behave in the same manner, though the accusation may be totally groundless. Although Boyd, perhaps, after cool deliberation, might have had no objection to be considered as Junius, yet the first disclosure of such a suspicion might naturally confound him. So much likewise depends upon the manner of hinting such a conjecture, that it would be totally impossible to draw any inference from the behaviour of Boyd, whatever it may have been, unless we knew the exact words in which Mr Almon addressed him. The political attachment of Boyd to Lord Shelburne's party is of little consequence to the argument, since the same reasoning might equally apply to all the followers of that party. The effect of the application to Mr Grattan seems likewise to contradict many of Mr Almon's inferences; and it has not yet been explained, even allowing to Boyd an extraordinary attachment to the Shelburne party, what motive of zeal or ambition could excite him to an attack so bold and virulent, which nothing but personal resentment could excite, nor personal injury excuse. With regard to the similarity of the writings of Boyd to that of Junius, they appear to me to possess all the singularities of that writer, without any of his beauties. Junius is arch, witty, and malignant: his style, though often incorrect, and sometimes feeble, is always smooth, elegant, and pointed. His wit is that of the courtier and the gentleman: it has all the sharpness of satire, without any of its coarseness; and directs the smile or the indignation of its reader, without exciting his hatred or disgust against its author. We sometimes wonder at its boldness, and are sometimes surprised by the weakness of his arguments; but we always respect him as one whose wit and talents might excuse greater improprieties, and do honour to a better cause. But the writings of Boyd are remarkable for stiffness of diction, and severity of sentiment, except in those passages which are copied from Junius; there is nothing playful, nothing poignant. He appears as a plain country-gentleman, whose vanity had incited him to imitate the manners and diction of a courtier. What he quotes from his master is totally disfigured. Out of the many plagiarisms from Junius, there is not one which does not disgrace the original by some awkward transposition of the words, or some superfluous amplification of the thought. In those passages where he has trusted to his own powers, his reasoning is without grace, and his wit without delicacy. It is impossible to suppose that Junius could disguise himself in such a manner, or that his powers could have declined with so much rapidity. If we allow Boyd not to be Junius, every difficulty will be explained. We shall then perceive that he proposed that writer for his model,

without being able to attain his elegance of style, or his perspicuity of thought. There is one circumstance mentioned by Mr. Almon, which may give room for some suspicion that Boyd sometimes assumed the character of Junius, or at least of the friend of Junius. He informed his wife that Junius was the writer of the 'Epistle to Sir William Chambers.' This assertion Mr Almon has asserted to be false; and it must therefore be allowed that Boyd wished to assume an honour to which he had no claim, or that he knew nothing of the matter. With regard to the assertion, that a clergyman now alive is the writer of the 'Epistle to Sir William Chambers,' I am inclined to believe that Mr Almon was mistaken or deceived. It is extremely probable that he knew nothing of the author, and that the clergyman that he mentions was only intrusted with the MS. of his friend. However this may be, I know that Mr Mason frequently alluded to several expressions in the Heroic Epistle before its appearance, and that after his death the rude draught was found among his papers."

Charles Fearné.

BORN A. D. 1749.—DIED A. D. 1794.

CHARLES FEARNE was the eldest son of Mr Fearné, judge-advocate of the admiralty, a very noble and learned man. At a proper age he was sent to Westminster school, where he soon began to distinguish himself in classical and mathematical knowledge. His natural reservedness, his slight figure, and the superiority which he early acquired over boys of his age and standing, at first subjected him to some insults; but young Fearné soon settled this, by calling out one of the biggest boys of his form, and giving him a hearty thrashing. In after life Fearné occasionally showed a spirit, both in his writings and opinions, which feared nothing that trenched on the character of his dignity and independence.

Being designed for the law, as soon as he had finished his education at Westminster school, he was entered of the Inner temple. He had at this time no fixed resolution to become a barrister; but whilst he was in this fluctuation of mind his father died; and his fortune, which turned out very inconsiderable, was equally partitioned between Charles and his two elder children. On this occasion Charles exhibited that generosity and independence that distinguished him through the greater part of his life; his father had given him on his entrance into the Inner temple, a few hundred pounds to purchase chambers and books; and as he had likewise given him a superior education to his younger brother, he nobly resolved on accepting this as a full equivalent for his share in his father's fortune. His brother and sister resisted this proposition for a while; but he was immovable. "My father," said he, "by taking such uncommon pains with my education, no doubt meant it should be my whole dependence; and if that won't bring me through, a few hundred pounds will be a matter of no consequence."

Our young philosopher had now the world before him, with no other means of support than his talents and education. His first scheme was a singular one. It appears that the mariqueoniers in the Levant, so called

from their dressing the skin of the goat named the maroquin, keep secret the ingredients which they put into the liquor to give it a fine red colour. This secret Fearne thought he had discovered, and like most projectors immediately saw great profits arising from the discovery. Full of this project he sold his books, which brought him about one hundred pounds, and with another hundred pounds he had by him, (which was his all,) he thought he could lay the foundation of his future fortune. When he came to inquire more minutely into the business, he found the sum insufficient. This did not, however, check the spirit of his enterprise; he communicated his scheme to a friend, who, sanguine as himself, joined him as a partner, and vats and tan-pits were immediately hired in order to commence business. The scheme, as might have been expected, did not succeed. He now again took chambers in the Inner temple, and sat down to the study of the law with unremitting diligence.

He had not been long in chambers, when his habits of study, diligence, and sobriety, were observed by an eminent attorney who wanted an abstract to be made of a voluminous body of papers, so as to bring the matter clearly before counsel. The papers were so intricate, and of such various references, that they required a very clear head, and a man not much taken up with other business to arrange them. Fearne answered the last description very well; and, on trial, was found to answer the other also; the papers were sent, and Fearne gave them all his consideration: in short, from a large mass of very indigested documents, he in less than a fortnight's time produced an abstract so legally clear and precise as astonished his employer, who rewarded him handsomely, and from that time gave him a considerable part of his business.

He now felt himself a little established; and having more leisure to emerge from the mere drudgery of the desk, he published his '*Legigraphical Chart of landed property*;' a little work, by which at a *coup d'œil*, is discovered all that principally bears on this very important subject. This gained him reputation; and, being now known in the temple for a young man of very considerable legal erudition, his business began to increase, so as to enable him to give up his chambers and take a house in Breame-buildings, Chancery-lane. Here he laid himself out for giving opinions upon the various cases of law which were brought him, and acted entirely in the capacity of what is commonly called a Chamber Counsel,—a situation which, from his very great professional abilities, his domestic turn of life, and unremitting love of study, he was eminently qualified for. It was his rule to number his cases regularly as he received them, with their dates, &c., and every one had their turn regularly; nor was one case ever dismissed till it had undergone a most accurate revisal and examination; his opinions in consequence were conclusive, and his judgment as a barrister became so weighty, that few cases of any consequence were thought well-supported without the revision of Mr Fearne.

In the midst of this rising reputation he published a short '*Essay on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises*.' The clear and masterly manner in which Mr Fearne sketched this treatise—which he gave to the world without his name—engaged the attention of the whole bar: every body saw the great utility of such a work, and every body praised it as being executed in a very able and satisfactory manner: the judges of the several courts honoured it with their approbation, and

that great luminary of the law, Earl Mansfield, often quoted it from the bench.

A reputation thus acquired, *sub silentio*, was highly gratifying to the author. It satisfied his diffidence that there could be no risk in putting his name to the next edition. He accordingly prepared a new and large edition of his work, which he enriched with a number of apposite cases and decisions. The celebrity which this publication gave him, placed his character in the very first rank of legal abilities. Fearne, however, was above drudgery, and very much above avarice. He therefore divided his time between law, the practical study of natural philosophy and mechanics, and a few intervening visits to his friends. He kept a little box at Hampstead, whither he retired occasionally, partly to balance the confinements of study, and partly to amuse himself with some little mechanical or philosophical processes. Here he made some optical glasses upon a new construction, which were reckoned improvements; he likewise constructed a machine for transposing the keys in music, and threw out many useful hints in the dyeing of cottons. These he called his "dissipations;" and with some degree of truth, as they often broke in upon his professional engagements.

Whilst Mr Fearne was dividing his time between the pursuits of his profession and his philosophical amusements at Hampstead, an occasion presented itself which called out his talents in a new way: Lord Mansfield, when solicitor-general in the year 1747, having given an opinion in the state of a case on the will of William Williams, (afterwards the subject of the celebrated case of *Perrin v. Blake*,) which Mr Fearne, on the authority of the late James Booth, Esq. of Lincoln's inn, quoted in his first edition of the 'Essay on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises.' His lordship afterwards disavowed that opinion on the bench, insinuating at the same time that Mr Fearne was under some mistake in reporting it. Fearne, who was all alive to the delicacy of his character, and who knew the strong ground he proceeded upon, took this opportunity to publish a brochure, entitled 'Copies of Opinions ascribed to Eminent Council on the will which was the subject of the case of *Perrin v. Blake*, before the Court of King's bench, 1769; addressed to the Right Hon. William, Earl of Mansfield.'

In the beginning of his letter he says; "Had I, my lord, presumed to make the allusions I have done to your lordship's name respecting that opinion upon grounds that did not wear the strongest marks of authenticity, I should have held myself guilty of an unwarrantable freedom; I cannot therefore but think it incumbent on me to avail myself of the means in my power of satisfying your lordship and the public, that the motives which induced me to think the opinion alluded to was not erroneously ascribed to your lordship, were of a strong and almost irresistible complexion." He then states that he had copied that opinion from the manuscript reports of Mr Booth, one of the most ingenious and accurate lawyers of his time, who, at the same time that he inserted Lord Mansfield's opinion, likewise inserted the opinion of Sir Dudley Ryder, then attorney-general, and Mr Beversham Filmer on the same case. So that, as he says, "to suspect them in the gross was absolutely impossible; and, as no ground of distinction appeared in their respective authenticities, the combined credit of the whole equally extended to, and embraced them every one; but," continues he, in a vein of af-

fect submission to his lordship's assertion, "I think it greatly to be regretted, my lord, that my much respected friend Mr Booth, whom I have often heard commemorate the honour he experienced of your lordship's intimacy and friendship during a course of several years antecedent and subsequent to the period which is said to have produced the opinion published by me, did not live to see his mistake corrected,—a mistake that appears to have stood so many years recorded in those books, which were the constant resort of that gentleman's professional practice. A mistake, I am confident, it must have been; for Mr Booth, I appeal to your lordship's own knowledge of that gentleman, never would have let me commit such copy to the press, and have admitted the dedication to himself of the book containing it, if he had thought its genuineness or accuracy in any degree questionable." This letter was written about the year 1780, and is said to have nettled Lord Mansfield much; but with his usual prudence he made no reply.

He now began to attach himself more to the country than the town; for, beside his little cottage at Hampstead, he used frequently to make excursions to obscure watering-places, or little towns on the sea-side, where, with his wife and some familiar friend, he would employ himself in sailing or fishing. Of course all business was hung up during these rambles, and the clerk he left behind him in town had particular directions "not to know where his master was—how he was—or when he would be in town." It was easy to see how this would end. The high reputation of Mr Fearne, however, and perhaps some little indulgence to the oddities of such a character, preserved him his business for some time. For a time his clients were contented to wait his return to town, and get the opinion of such a man on his own terms. They had nothing to complain of but delay; for his opinions to the last were as creditable to his research and understanding, as at any period of his life. But, says the proverb, "delays are dangerous;" and the law's delay was fatal to him. His business gradually fell away, until he was necessitated to accept pecuniary aid from his friends. The continual agitation of mind under which he now laboured brought on a nervous fever, which obliged him to retire to the neighbourhood of Croydon. There he lingered till the 21st of January, 1794, when he expired at the premature age of forty-five.

David Allan.

BORN A. D. 1744.—DIED A. D. 1796.

THERE seems to have been a taste for painting in Scotland in the reign of James V. There are still extant several portraits of that prince, which are exhibited in a good style. When Lord Seton went ambassador to the Spanish Netherlands, during the regency of Mary of Guise, he became acquainted with the celebrated Sir Anthony More of Utrecht, who was so delighted with the good taste of this nobleman, that he begged to accompany him in his return to Scotland; and during his stay there he did a family-piece for Lord Seton, on pannel. This was so valuable a painting, that when Charles I. was in Scotland, and at Seton-house, his majesty, during the time of dinner, had his eyes con-

stantly fixed on that picture, which the earl of Winton observing, offered it in a present to the king; but he declined accepting it, saying, that he would never rob the family of so inestimable a jewel. This picture is still extant in Scotland. There are many original pictures of the unfortunate Mary, but they are thought to have been done while she was in France. There are said to be portraits of James VI. done before he went to England: but we may look upon Jamieson as the first great genius that appeared in that reign. In 1633, when Charles I. held a parliament at Edinburgh, and—as was then the custom—was about to ride in procession from the palace to the parliament-house, the magistrates of Edinburgh, desirous to pay a compliment to the king's taste in painting, begged of Jamieson to allow them the use of as many portraits done by him as could be gathered together. These were hung up on each side of the Netherbow-port, the gate through which the cavalcade was to pass. The exhibition so attracted the king's attention, that he stopped his horse for a considerable time, and expressed his admiration of them, and sending for the painter, rewarded him with a diamond-ring. This was a lucky circumstance for Jamieson; for the king, while at Edinburgh, sat to a full length picture; and having heard that Jamieson had been accustomed to wear his hat while at work, by reason of a complaint in his head, his majesty very humanely ordered him to be covered, which privilege Jamieson ever after thought himself entitled to, in whatever company he might be. Jamieson's colouring is admirable, and his style soft and agreeable, but short of the strength of Vandyke. He had few or no disciples, excepting one of the name of Alexander, who drew a picture of Sir George M'Kenzie, king's advocate, at full length in his gown.

The painter most in repute in Scotland in Charles the Second's time, was the Elder Scougal, who imitated Sir Peter Lely in his drapery. He was very successful in hitting the likeness; and there are portraits by him in the possession of almost every old family in Scotland. He had a son, George, whom he bred a painter, and who is known by the name of the younger Scougal, but he was as an artist greatly inferior to the father. There was a foreigner called Coirudes at this time in Scotland, who did many pictures in a good style; and James duke of York, afterwards James II. when the palace of Holyrood was finished, engaged De Witt, a Flemish painter, to come to Scotland to ornament the gallery of that palace,—an extensive undertaking, for there are in it no fewer than 120 portraits, 19 of which are full lengths! This painter must have had a fertile imagination, as well as ready pencil; for the heads must have been, most of them, ideal. The story goes, that whenever the painter found a proper subject, he made him sit; but the later kings are copies of originals, or taken from descriptions given of them by our historians. He also painted the ceilings and chimney-pieces of several of the apartments of that palace. There are likewise many of his works at Glamis, at Castle-Lyon, and at Clerkington in Mid-Lothian. De Witt was well employed till the Revolution in 1688; but was then dismissed from the public service, without receiving complete payment, it is said, for his works; he, however, remained in Scotland till his death.

For some time after the Revolution painters were few. The younger Scougal was the only one; and his great run of business seems to have

brought him into an incorrect and slovenly manner, totally void of expression. His carelessness occasioned many complaints amongst his employers; but his contemptuous answer was, that they might seek others; well knowing there was none to be found at that time in Scotland.

The next painter who appeared in Scotland was Nicolas Hude, a native of France, who had been in great repute at Paris, and one of the directors of the French academy; but on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, 1685, was banished and took up his residence in London. Neither his sufferings on account of religion, however, nor the compliments he paid to King William, availed him, till William, first duke of Queensberry, brought him to Scotland, and employed him about the palace of Drumlanrig. His genius led to history rather than to portrait painting; but he was forced to practise the latter for a livelihood. Had his natural turn been favoured with an easy fortune, he would have excelled any that had gone before him in Scotland. His invention was good, his drawing correct, and manner agreeable; the portraits done by him were out of the common style, and set off by touches of historical composition.

About 1703 some of the Scots nobility met with Jean Baptiste Medina, a native of Brussels residing in London, whom they invited to come to Scotland, and in a few years thereafter he was knighted by the duke of Queensberry, commissioner to the parliament. Sir John applied himself first to historical compositions; but finding small encouragement that way, he turned to portrait painting, and succeeded so well that he equalled any of his predecessors. His manner is free, easy, and bold, a style which succeeds better in men's than in women's portraits. He must have wrought with great facility and expedition, for he filled the country with portraits in the short period of six or seven years, having died in 1710. Mr Paton, a miniature drawer in black and white deserves to be remembered in the foregoing period. He drew a great number of small pictures from life, and also copies from portraits, which are remarkable for their likeness and a lively expression. The ornaments, such as the hair, wigs, cravats, and necklaces, are finished with minute exactness.

Shortly after the death of Sir John Medina, Mr William Aikman returned from Italy, and was much employed in Scotland. He improved greatly by practice; at first his manner was cold, but it afterwards became soft and easy; he was particularly lucky in giving graceful airs and genteel likenesses to his ladies. His patron, John Duke of Argyle, persuaded him to leave Scotland and go to London, where he further improved his colouring by the study of Sir Godfrey Kneller's works. Mr Aikman's taste and performances introduced him to the acquaintance of the duke of Devonshire and Lord Burlington; and had not death cut him off in the prime of life, in the year 1733, he might have attained to the reputation of one of the first-rate painters that had appeared in Britain. The duke of Tuscany made a collection of the portraits of painters done by their own hands; among these is to be found that of Aikman, in the gallery at Florence.

From 1708 to 1722, Richard Wait, a scholar of the younger Scougal, professed portrait painting in Scotland; but his genius led him to the painting pieces of still life, in which he greatly excelled. He used to copy from nature with surprising ease and freedom, so that he

may justly be thought to have surpassed any of his brethren who had gone before him in Britain. Cotemporary with Wait was George Marshal, also a scholar of Scougal, and thereafter of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who is remarkable for good colouring, though there is a flatness in his pictures which displeases. After a long practice in Scotland he went to Italy, but his travels produced no visible improvement on his works. He died about 1732.

John Alexander, a descendant of the celebrated Jamieson, spent his younger days in Italy, mostly at Florence, about the court of Cosmo de Medici. Upon his return to Scotland he executed several poetical and historical ornaments at Gordon-castle, and professed portrait painting. He made drawings of some of Raphael's paintings in the Vatican, and published prints of them. This painter's favourite subject was Mary Queen of Scots; and, towards the latter part of his life, he began a historical landscape of the escape of that unfortunate and injured princess from her confinement at Lochleven. The landscape of the lake, castle, and adjacent hills, was done from nature,—a fine subject. Had Alexander lived to finish this picture, it would have acquired him the name of a historical painter.

Gavin Hamilton, descended from an ancient Scotch family, and born at Lanark about the year 1740, after having received a liberal education, went to Rome, where he pursued the study of historical painting under Augustine Massuchi. With the exception of a few visits to Scotland, he passed the principal part of his life in the Roman capital, and died there in 1797. Modern art is indebted to him for a valuable publication, entitled '*Schola Italica Picturæ*,' in which is traced the progress of its styles from Leonardo da Vinci to the successors of the Caracci. Fuseli said of him, "He had not perhaps the genius of an inventor; but the advantages of a liberal education, and of a classic taste in the choice of his subjects; and the style at which he always, and often successfully, aimed, made him at least equal to his most celebrated contemporaries. Some of the subjects which he painted from the *Iliad* bear ample evidence of this. Achilles grasping the body of Patroclus, and rejecting the consolation of the Grecian chiefs, and Hector tied to his chariot, have something of Homeric sublimity and pathos: the moment chosen is the crisis of the fact, and the test of the hero's character. But in this last he is not always happy, as in Achilles dismissing Briseis, where the gesticulation of an actor supplants the expression of the man. Of his women, the Briseis, in the same subject, is the most attractive. Neither his Andromache mourning over Hector, nor the Helen, in the same, nor the scene with Paris, reach our ideas of the former's dignity and anguish, or the form and graces of the latter. Indeed, what idea can be supposed to reach that beauty, which, in the confession of age itself, deserved the ten years' struggle of two nations? And yet, in the subject of Paris, those graces and that form are to be subordinate to the superior ones of Venus. He would rank with the first names in arts who, from such a combination, should escape without having provoked the indignation, contempt, or pity, of disappointed expectation. Though he was familiar with the antique, the forms of Hamilton have neither its correctness nor characteristic purity: something of the modern scholastic principle prevails in his works, and his composition is, not seldom, as much beholden to common-place ornamental conceits and habits as to propriety."

David Allan, the more immediate subject of this memoir, was born on the 13th of February, 1744, at Alloa, in Stirlingshire, where his father held the place of shoremaster. He first displayed his taste for drawing in a caricature of his schoolmaster, which procured him a sound thrashing. When his father admonished him for having ridiculed his preceptor, he replied; "I could nae help it, he looked sae queer; I made it like him, and a' for fun." It was determined, however, that his predilection for the art should be encouraged; and he was accordingly, in February, 1755, placed at Foulis academy, where he was initiated in drawing, painting, and engraving. In 1764 the liberality of some noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Alloa, enabled him to proceed to Rome, where among other honours he obtained the gold medal of the academy of St Luke, for the best historical composition. The subject was 'The Origin of Painting.' Wilkie is said to have pronounced it one of the best told stories that colour and canvass ever united to relate. Whilst at Rome, he painted 'The Prodigal Son,' 'Hercules and Omphale,' &c.; but his four sketches of 'The Carnival at Rome,' and which, with a few others gained him the name of the Scottish Hogarth, chiefly deserve to be mentioned.

Few particulars of Allan's life are known for some years after he left Scotland for Italy. He appears to have been in London in 1777, and in 1786 his reputation had become so great, that he was elected master of the Academy of arts at Edinburgh. About the same time he commenced a series of illustrations for Allan Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd,' of which he published an edition in quarto, accompanied by his engravings. His skill lay principally in rustic subjects, and upon these he continued to employ his pencil until within a short period of his death, which took place on the 6th of August, 1796. Burns, some of whose subjects he illustrated, said, that himself and Allan were the only genuine and real painters of Scottish costume in the world.

John Tweddell.

BORN A. D. 1769.—DIED A. D. 1799.

THE name of John Tweddell holds a distinguished place in the melancholy list of those scholars whose untimely fate has disappointed high expectations founded on premature excellence. He was born on the first of June, 1769, at Threepwood, near Hexham, in the county of Northumberland, and was the son of a very respectable country gentleman in that district. His earliest years were passed under the care of a pious and affectionate mother, whose love was rewarded in the dutiful obedience and constant attachment of her son. At the age of nine years he was sent to Hartforth school, near Richmond, then kept by the Reverend Mr Raine. From thence he was taken to Cambridge, after having spent some time under the tuition of the celebrated Dr Parr. His academical career was uncommonly brilliant. He received in succession all the honours which it was possible for him to contend for. His 'Prolusiones Juveniles,' being a collection of his prize exercises, which he published in 1793, obtained the very flattering approbation of the illustrious Heynê, who was pleased to say in refer-

ence to Tweddell, in a letter to Bishop Bruges,—“*eruditionem ejus exquisitam ex prolusionibus juvenilibus perspexi.*”

In 1792 he was elected fellow of Trinity college, and soon after, in compliance with his father's wishes rather than from any predilection of his own, he entered himself a student of the Middle temple. He seems, however, to have conceived an aversion for the law, which he was never able to surmount. It has been justly observed with respect to legal studies, “that the inextricable maze of technicalities,—the chief use of which is to perplex the heads of the younger members of the profession, and to swell the purses of the elder,—is well-calculated to disgust the classical mind, which has hitherto contemplated the principles of jurisprudence only in the polished and harmonious periods of the great pleaders of antiquity.” Finding himself unfitted for the pursuit of the profession of his father's choice, he resolved to qualify himself for a diplomatic station, towards which his wishes greatly inclined; and with this view he determined to pass some time in acquiring an intimate knowledge of the leading continental languages. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1795 he went to Hamburgh, and, after remaining sometime there, visited most of the principal towns in Germany. During his residence in that country he made acquaintance with the celebrated Klopstock, the Abbé Montesquieu, Madame Genlis, and the Polignac family. From Germany he proceeded to Switzerland, then in the hands of the French, whose government of the unhappy Swiss he pronounced to be “the ne plus ultra of barbarous despotism, rioting in the consciousness of impunity, and the lust of evil.” He examined this interesting country with great diligence, and gained the friendship of several distinguished residents, amongst whom were Professor Wyttenbach, M. Fellenbrug, Count Rumford, the ex-minister Nechar, and his accomplished daughter Madame de Stael. From Switzerland he returned to Vienna, whence he pursued his tour through the north of Europe, some districts of Asia, and the provinces of Greece. After visiting several of the islands of the Archipelago, he fixed his residence at Athens, and here, on a spot teeming with so many glorious classical associations, the feelings of young Tweddell may be better imagined than described. His emotions were of the most intense kind, and he had already spent four months in exploring with restless ardour the interesting remains with which he was surrounded, when the hand of a wise but mysterious Providence suddenly arrested his career on the 25th of July, 1799. He appears to have fallen a sacrifice to an aguish complaint acting upon a weak chest, and stimulated by the imprudent use of antimonial powers. M. Fauvel, the French consul at Athens, obtained liberty to bury him in the temple of Theseus, where a plain marble, with an elegant inscription in Greek verse, from the classic pen of the Rev. Robert Walpole, marks his grave.

“Mr Tweddell,” says the editor of his ‘*Life and Remains*,’ “in his person was of the middle stature; of a handsome and well-proportioned figure. His eye was remarkably soft and intelligent. The profile or frontispiece to the volume gives a correct and lively representation of the original; though it is not in the power of any outline to shadow out the fine expression of his animated and interesting countenance. His address was polished, affable, and prepossessing in a high degree; and there was in his whole appearance an air of dignified benevolence,

which portrayed at once the suavity and the independence of his mind. In conversation he had a talent so peculiarly his own, as to form a very distinguishing feature in his character. A chastised and ingenious wit, which could seize on an incident in the happiest manner,—a lively fancy which could clothe the choicest ideas in the best language,—these, supported by large acquaintance with men and books, together with the farther advantages of a melodious voice, and a playfulness of manner singularly sweet and engaging, rendered him the delight of every company; his power of attracting friendships was indeed remarkable, and in securing them he was equally happy. Accomplished and admired as he was, his modesty was conspicuous, and his whole deportment devoid of affectation or pretension. Qualified eminently to shine in society, and actually sharing its applause, he found his chief enjoyment in the retired circle of select friends; in whose literary leisure, and in the amenities of female converse, which for him had the highest charms, he sought the purest and the most refined recreation."

Gilbert Wakefield.

BORN A. D. 1756.—DIED A. D. 1801.

MR WAKEFIELD, in 'Memoirs of his own Life,' published in 1792, has informed the world of all the circumstances attending his education and passage through life down to that period, with a minuteness and frankness which renders his work a very curious and entertaining piece of autobiography. He was born on the 22d February, 1756, at Nottingham, of which town his father was one of the parochial clergy. An uncommon solidity and seriousness of disposition marked him from infancy, together with a power of application and thirst after knowledge which rapidly accelerated his progress in juvenile studies. In 1772 he was entered of Jesus-college, Cambridge. During the first years of his residence his attention was chiefly directed to classical studies; and he was excited only by emulation and academical requisitions to aim at that proficiency in mathematical knowledge which bears so high a value at Cambridge. In 1776 he took his degree of B. A., on which occasion he was ranked second among seventy-five candidates; soon after, he was elected to a fellowship of his college. In the same year he published a small collection of Latin poems, with a few critical notes on Homer. If not highly excellent, these publications were sufficient to establish the claim of a young man to more than ordinary acquaintance with the elegancies of literature.

About this time some of his most esteemed academical friends manifested their dissatisfaction with the articles of the church of England by a conscientious refusal of subscription; and it cannot be doubted that scruples on this point had already taken possession of his own mind; so far, indeed, had his convictions proceeded that he has stigmatized his compliance with the forms necessary for obtaining deacon's orders, which he received in 1778, as "the most disingenuous action of his life."

Mr Wakefield left college after ordination, and engaged in a curacy

at Stockport, in Cheshire, whence he subsequently removed to a similar situation in Liverpool; but he soon afterwards received an invitation to undertake the post of classical tutor in the Unitarian academy at Warrington, with which he complied. He now began his career as a theological controversialist, and, it must be confessed, with an acrimony of style which was lamented by his friends, and which laid him open to the reproach of his enemies; but the real and substantial kindness of Mr Wakefield's temper, and the benevolence of his heart, were such, that this apparent contradiction must be solved by his warmth of zeal in what he thought the cause of truth, and perhaps by a familiarity with scholastic debates, which rendered him in some measure callous to the use, or rather abuse, of vituperative expressions from the press. In disputations by word of mouth no man was more calm and gentle, more patient in hearing, or more placid in replying; and if, in his writings, he has without hesitation or delicacy bestowed his censures, he has been equally liberal and decided in his praise. His applauses evidently came from the heart, free and unstinted, for envy did not possess a single particle in his composition; nor has he withheld them when he thought them deserved by particular laudable qualities, even in characters which he could not regard with approbation. A sentence which, in his *Memoirs*, he has quoted from Asgill, expresses, as it was probably meant to do, the spirit with which he wrote: "A blunt author in pursuit of truth, knows no man after the flesh, till his chase is over. For a man to think what he writes, may bespeak his prudence: but to write what he thinks, best opens his principles."

The most important of his theological labours was 'A New Translation of the First Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Thessalonians,' printed in 1781. It was followed in the next year by 'A New Translation of St Matthew, with Notes, Critical, Philological, and Explanatory,' 4to, a work which at least displayed the extent of his reading, and the facility with which his memory called up its repositied stores for the purpose of illustration or parallelism. At this time he likewise augmented his fund for scripture interpretation by the acquisition of various Oriental dialects.

After quitting Warrington, at the dissolution of the academy, he took up his residence successively at Bramcote in Nottinghamshire, at Richmond, and at Nottingham, upon the plan of taking a few pupils, and pursuing at his leisure those studies to which he became continually more attached. While in the first of these situations, he published the first volume of 'An Enquiry into the Opinions of the Christian Writers of the three First Centuries, concerning the person of Jesus Christ,' a learned and elaborate performance. A painful disorder in his left shoulder, with which he was attacked in 1786, and which harassed him for two years, interrupted the course of his employments; but he amused himself with drawing up some remarks upon the *Georgics* of Virgil, and the poems of Gray, which he published with editions of those delightful compositions. As his health returned his theological pursuits were resumed, and he again engaged in the field of controversy. He also, in 1789, made a commencement of a work, which he designed to be "a union of theological and classical learning, illustrating the scriptures by light borrowed from the philosophy of Greece and Rome."

Under the title of '*Silva Critica*,' three parts of this performance issued from the university press of Cambridge.

On the formation of a dissenting college at Hackney, Mr Wakefield was invited to undertake the classical professorship. With this he thought proper to comply, and accordingly, in 1790, he quitted his residence at Nottingham, and removed to Hackney, upon the plan of joining with public tuition the instruction of private pupils. He has himself informed the public that "both of these anchors failed him, and left his little bark again afloat on the ocean of life." On this subject his friend Aikin—whose memoir we follow in this notice—makes the following remarks: "Mr Wakefield was a person who derived his opinions entirely from the source of his own reason and reflection, and it will not be easy to name a man who stood more single and insulated in this respect through life than he. Although his principles had induced him to renounce the church of England, and he had become a dissenter from her doctrine and worship, yet he was far from uniting with any particular class of those who are usually denominated dissenters. He had an insuperable repugnance to their mode of performing divine service, and he held in no high estimation the theological and philosophical knowledge which it has been the principal object of their seminaries of education to communicate. It has already been observed, that the basis of his own divinity was philology. Classical literature, therefore, as containing the true rudiments of all other science, was that on which he thought the greatest stress should be laid in a system of liberal education. This point he inculcated with an earnestness which probably appeared somewhat dictatorial to the conductors of the institution. Further, in the progress of his speculations he had been led to form notions concerning the expediency and propriety of public worship, extremely different from those of every body of Christians, whether in sects or establishments; and as he was incapable of thinking one thing and practising another, he had sufficiently made known his sentiments on this subject, as well in conversation as by abstaining from attendance upon every place of religious assembly. They who were well acquainted with him, knew that in his own breast piety was one of the most predominant affections; but the assembly for social worship had for so many ages been regarded as the most powerful instrument for the support of general religion, that to discourage it was considered as of dangerous example, especially in a person engaged in the education of youth. Notwithstanding, therefore, his classical instructions in the college were received by the students almost with enthusiastical admiration, and conferred high credit on the institution, a dissolution of his connection with it took place in the summer of 1791."

The subsequent publication of his pamphlet on Public Worship deprived him of the only two private pupils he expected. From that period he continued to reside at Hackney, in the capacity of a retired man of letters, employing his time partly in the education of his own children, and partly in composition. His '*Translation of the New Testament with Notes*,' 3 vols. 8vo. appeared towards the close of 1791, and was respectably patronized. A long list might be given of his succeeding labours, but we shall only particularize some of the most considerable. He printed—but no longer at the Cambridge

press—two more parts of his ‘*Silva Critica*.’ He gave a new edition, much corrected, of his ‘*Translation of the New Testament*,’ and proved his zeal for Christianity by enlarging a former work ‘*On the Evidences of the Christian Religion*,’ and by replying to Thomas Paine’s attack upon it in the ‘*Age of Reason*.’

To the works of Pope, as our most cultivated English poet, and the most perfect example of that splendour and felicity of diction which is not attained without much study of the poetic art, Mr Wakefield paid particular attention. It was his design to have published a complete edition of his works; but after he had printed the first volume, the scheme was rendered abortive by Dr Warton’s edition. He, however, printed a second volume, entitled, ‘*Notes on Pope*,’ and also gave a new edition of Pope’s ‘*Iliad and Odyssey*.’ In these publications he displayed all that variety of comparison and illustration, that power of tracing a poetical thought through different authors, with its successive shades and improvements, and that exquisite feeling of particular beauties, which distinguish him as an annotator of the writers of Greece and Rome. As a classical editor he appeared in a selection from the Greek tragedians, in editions of Horace, Virgil, Bion, and Moschus, and, finally, in his Lucretius,—a vast performance, which alone might seem the labour of many industrious years. Of his character as a man of letters, an able judge, the Rev. E. Cogan, of Cheshunt, has made the following estimate: “In extent of erudition,—particularly if an acquaintance with the oriental languages be taken into account,—he was perhaps inferior to no man of the present age; and they who have been considered as having had the advantage over him in some of the less important minutiae of Greek literature, have probably limited their attention to fewer objects, and certainly commenced their literary course with a more advantageous preparation. In conjectural criticism he exhibits much of the character of Bentley and Markland,—men whom he esteemed according to their high deserts in that species of learning to which his own mind was peculiarly directed. Like these illustrious scholars, he is always learned, sometimes bold, and frequently happy. Like them he had a mind which disdained to be held in servile subjection to authority; and in defiance of established readings, which too often substitute the dreams of transcribers for the gems of antiquity, he followed without fear wherever reason and probability seemed to lead the way. In his earlier critical works he exhibited, amidst some errors which his riper judgment discarded, the promise of his future greatness; and even his faults were the infirmities of genius, they flowed from that ardour and enthusiasm which does not always wait for the slow decisions of cool inquiry. They were faults which, though they afforded a small consolation to dull malignity, did not diminish his praise in the estimation of one solid and impartial judge. His favourite study was poetry, and in an extensive acquaintance with the ancient poets, both Greek and Roman, few men since the revival of letters have equalled him, and no one ever surpassed him in the perception of their beauties. When he applies to them the hand of conjecture, he rarely fails to give new spirit and animation by the touch; and where we are obliged to dissent from his corrections, we are sometimes sorry for the credit of the poet, that he does not appear to have written what the critic has suggested. He was peculiarly fond of trac-

ing an elegance of poetical expression through the various modifications which it assumed in the hands of different writers, and in the illustration of ancient phraseology he did not overlook the poets of his own country, with many of whom he was very familiar. His great work is undoubtedly his edition of Lucretius,—a work which ignorance may despise, at which malice may carp, and hireling scribblers may rail, but which will rank with the labours of Heinsius, Gronovius, Burman, and Heyne, as long as literature itself shall live. Besides its critical merit, it exhibits the richest display of the flowers of poetry that ever was presented to the world, and will amply reward the perusal of every man who has sensibility to relish the finest touches of human genius. Mr Wakefield, even before this immortal specimen of his talents, was deservedly held in the highest estimation by the literati of Germany; and if his honours at home have not equalled his reputation abroad, the candid mind will easily find the explanation of this phenomenon in the violence of political party, and the mean jealousy which has too often disgraced the scholars of Great Britain. The name of Bentley is connected with proof enough of the justice of this insinuation."

The French revolution was an event calculated to call forth all his ardour in the cause. His sanguine temper led him to consider it as the undoubted harbinger of a better order of things, in which rational liberty, equitable policy, and pure religion, would finally become triumphant. He watched its progress with incredible interest, excused its unhappy deviation, and abhorred the combination of arbitrary power which threatened its destruction. It was impossible that he should refrain from employing his pen on that occasion, or that he should do it with a "cold and unperforming hand." In his 'Remarks on the General Orders of the Duke of York,' he had arraigned the justice of the war with France in terms which are supposed to have exercised the utmost forbearance of the ministry. But in his 'Reply to some parts of the bishop of Landaff's address,' he passed those limits. "From that systematic progress in restraining the free communication of political opinions which may be traced in the acts of the late ministry," says Mr Aikin, "it is not unreasonable to conclude, that a victim of the liberty of the press, of name and character sufficient to inspire a wide alarm, was really desired. Yet, as the attorney-general solemnly protested that his prosecution of this pamphlet was spontaneous, and solely dictated to him by the heinous and dangerous nature of its contents, it would be uncandid to call his assertion in question. A man of sense, however, may be allowed to smile at the notion of real danger to supreme power, supported as well by public opinion, as by every active energy of the state, from a private writer, arguing upon principles so little applicable to the practice of the world, as those of the gospel. Further, a man of a truly liberal and generous mind will perhaps view, not without indignation, the thunders of the law hurled upon a head distinguished for virtue and learning, without any humane allowance for well-intentioned, if misguided, zeal. The attack commenced, not against the principal, who boldly and honestly came forward to avow himself, but against the agents; and the purport of it was sufficiently declared by the superior severity with which a bookseller was treated, who was not the editor, but only a casual vender of the work; but who had long been obnoxious as a distinguished publisher of books of free

inquiry. Mr Wakefield himself next underwent prosecution; and his sentence, upon conviction, was two years' imprisonment in Dorchester gaol. There exists no other measure of punishment in such a case than comparison, and perhaps, upon the application of this rule, it will not be found inordinately severe. Two years' abode in a prison is, however, a most serious infliction; it is cutting off so much from desirable existence. Mr Wakefield, notwithstanding his natural fortitude, felt it as such. Though, from the habits of sobriety and seclusion, he had little to resign in respect of the ordinary pleasures of the world, his habits of pedestrian exercise, and his enjoyment of family comfort, were essentially infringed by confinement. He likewise found all his plans of study so deranged, by the want of his library, and the many incommodities of his situation, that he was less able to employ that resource against tedium and melancholy than might have been expected. One powerful consolation, however, in addition to that of a good conscience, attended him. A set of warm and generous friends employed themselves in raising a contribution which should not only indemnify him for any pecuniary loss consequent upon his prosecution, but should alleviate his cares for the future support of his family. The purpose was effected; and it is to be hoped that Englishmen will ever retain spirit enough to take under their protection men who have faithfully, though perhaps not with due prudence and consideration, maintained the noble cause of mankind against the frowns of authority. At length the tedious period elapsed, and the last day of May in this year, 1801, restored him to liberty. He was received by his friends, many of whom had visited him in prison, with the most cordial welcome. He was endeared to them by his sufferings, and his character was generally thought to have received a meliorating tinge of mildness and moderation from the reflections which had passed through his mind. He formed extensive plans for future literary labours, and seemed fully capable of enjoying and benefiting that world to which he was returned. When—oh what is man!—a fever, probably occasioned by his anxious exertions to fix himself in a new habitation, cut short all his prospects. From the first attack he persuaded himself that the termination would be fatal, and this conviction materially opposed every attempt of medicine in his favour. He surveyed death without terror, and prepared for it by tender offices to the survivors."

James Hurdis.

BORN A. D. 1763.—DIED A. D. 1801.

THE REV. JAMES HURDIS was born at Bishopstone in the county of Sussex, in the year 1763. He was the only son of James Hurdis, Gent. by his second wife. His father died while his son was yet a child, leaving his mother in no affluent circumstances, with seven children. He was sent to school in the city of Chichester, at the age of eight years, first under the tuition of the Rev. Richard Tireman, and afterwards under the Rev. John Atkinson. Being of a delicate frame and constitution, young Hurdis seldom partook in the juvenile sports of his school-companions; but generally employed his hours of leisure in read-

ing such books as are attractive to a youth who has an early passion for literature. His inclination to poetry soon manifested itself in many poetical compositions; among which was a tragedy in five acts, entitled 'Panthea,' founded on the story in Xenophon's *Cyropædia*. This was afterwards transformed into a poem. Music was the only amusement which could induce him to relax from study; the love of that enchanting science seems to have been naturally united with his disposition, even from an infant. As he advanced in life, he became a proficient upon almost every musical instrument, but the organ appears to have been his favourite; and during the time of his being at school, he nearly completed the building of a small one,—a work interrupted by his quitting school for Oxford.

In 1780 he was entered a commoner of St Mary-hall, Oxford; and at the election in 1782, he was chosen a demy of Magdalen college. Finding himself freed from the restrictions of a school-boy, and a more ample field opening to the encouragement of his poetical taste, his application to books and poesy became almost unlimited. At the commencement of every vacation, he returned to his mother at Bishopstone, and devoted this interval of relaxation from his own studies, to the assiduous instruction of his four younger sisters in those branches of literature which he thought might be most beneficial to them.

About the year 1784 he went to Stanmer in Sussex, where he resided for some considerable time, as tutor to the earl of Chichester's youngest son, Mr George Pelham. In May, 1785, having obtained the degree of B. A., he retired to the curacy of Burwash, in Sussex; his rector being the Rev. John Courtail, archdeacon of Lewes. In this situation he resided six years.

In 1786 he was elected probationer-fellow of Magdalen college, and the following year took his degree of M. A. Finding himself sufficiently enabled to assist his mother in the support of her family, he now hired a small house, and took three of his sisters to reside with him. It was about this period that our author first appeared before the public as a poet. In 1788 he published his 'Village Curate,' the reception of which far exceeded his expectations; a second edition being called for the following year, and afterwards a third, and a fourth; which last he considerably improved.

His production was a poem entitled 'Adriano; or, the First of June,' which was followed in a short time by three other poems, 'Panthea,' 'Elmer and Ophelia,' and the 'Orphan Twins.' In 1791, through the interest of the earl of Chichester, he was appointed to the living of Bishopstone; in this year he wrote the 'Tragedy of Sir Thomas More;' and his 'Select Critical Remarks upon the English Version of the first Ten Chapters of Genesis.'

In 1792 he was deprived by death of his favourite sister Catherine, who is so frequently portrayed in his works, under the different appellations of Margaret and Isabel. On this affliction he quitted his curacy, and with his two sisters returned to Bishopstone. About this period he had the pleasing satisfaction of meeting and becoming personally known to Cowper, author of 'The Task,' with whom he had maintained a confidential correspondence for some years. In 1792 he published his 'Cursory Remarks upon the Arrangement of the Plays of Shakspeare, occasioned by reading Mr Malone's Essay on the Chrono-

logical Order of those celebrated Pieces.' Mr Cowper, in a letter to the author, speaks of the above publication as follows: "I have read your Cursory Remarks, and am much pleased both with the style and the argument. Whether the latter be new or not, I am not competent to judge; if it be, you are entitled to much praise for the invention of it. Where other data are wanting to ascertain the time when an author of many pieces wrote each in particular, there can be no better criterion by which to determine the point, than the more or less proficiency manifested in the composition. Of this proficiency where it appears, and of those plays in which it appears not, you seem to me to have judged well and truly; and consequently I approve of your arrangement."

In April, 1793, he went to Oxford, and, with two of his sisters, resided in a small house at Temple Cowley. In November of the same year he was elected professor of poetry in that university; and in the year following took the degree of bachelor in divinity. On being elected professor, he published a 'Specimen of some intended lectures on English Poetry.' And it was in this year that he wrote his 'Tears of Affection,' a poem occasioned by the lingering regret he still experienced from the death of his favourite sister. In 1797 he took the degree of D.D., and in 1797 he married Harriet, daughter of Hughes Minet, Esq. of Fulham, Middlesex.

In 1800 he printed at his own private press, his 'Favourite Village,' and the same year he published his 'Twelve Dissertations on the Nature and Occasion of Psalm and Prophecy.'

This amiable and accomplished man died in his 38th year. He was tall, but well-proportioned; his countenance serene and lively, of a fair complexion, with flaxen hair. His disposition was meek, affectionate, benevolent, and cheerful, yet occasionally irritable and impatient. With his intimate friends he was affable, polite, and familiar; but in mixed company generally reserved. A small marble table is erected to his memory in Bishopstone church, with the following epitaph by his friend William Hayley:

"Hurd! ingenuous poet and divine!
A tender sanctity of thought was thine;
To thee no sculptured tomb could prove so dear,
As the fend tribute of a sister's tear;
For Earth, who shelters in her vast embrace
The sleeping myriads of the mortal race,
No heart in all that multitude has known,
Whose love fraternal could surpass thine own."

George Romney.

BORN A. D. 1734.—DIED A. D. 1802.

GEORGE, the second son of John Romney, was born at Beckside, near Dalton in Furness, in the county of Lancaster, on the 15th of December, 1734, O. S. His father was a man of great worth and exemplary piety. He followed the occupation of a cabinet-maker; but having a genius far above the generality of artisans of that description, and being full of projects in mechanics, engineering, architecture, and, amongst

the rest, in agriculture, he worked not only in wood, but in iron, erected steam-engines, designed plans for houses, built and furnished them, and was the first that introduced the method of manuring land with sea-shells, &c. He resided on a small patrimonial freehold, called Cockan, near Furness abbey, in the aforesaid parish of Dalton, and farmed his lands. He had ten sons and one daughter by his wife; and as school-education in those parts and at that time was cheap, he sent George, of whom we are speaking, to Dendron, a village distant about four miles from his house, to a school kept by Mr Fell, who educated scholars at the moderate charge of five shillings a quarter.

It appears that the worthy father of our painter had more irons in the fire than always turned to profit; his excursive genius drew him into various undertakings; and, though he continued to live in credit and esteem with his neighbours, he was an easy creditor, a careless accountant, and did not take measures to accumulate property. In the year 1745, when George was in his eleventh year, his father, upon the discouraging aspect of business in that melancholy period when the Rebellion was raging, took him from school, and bound him to his own trade. There is reason to believe he had made very little progress in school learning when he laid aside his copy-book, and took up the cabinet-maker's tools in the humble prosecution of his father's craft. Yet even then the hand that was destined to illuminate the painter's canvass was not idle, for his fancy was at work, and his genius struggled for emancipation. In this occupation he persisted for the space of ten years; for in 1755 we find him still in the workshop. He now began to employ his invention upon designs for carvings and embellishments from models that existed only in his own imagination, the construction of all which did not add one corner-cupboard to his father's stock, and brought in only visionary custom and employ for palaces and castles in the air. Smitten also with an embryo passion for the concord of sweet sounds—which he had probably never heard but in his dreams—he conceived the idea of transplanting the arts of Cremonæ to his native town of Dalton, and began a manufactory of violins, which he disposed of to the rural amateurs, who were perhaps as little instructed in the use of those instruments as he had been in the formation of them. The worst amongst them, however, made a noise that we may suppose amused the children, and sounded forth the fame of the operator through the neighbouring cottages; they served, likewise, the further and better purpose of putting a little money into the pocket of the needy and ingenious projector. He did not, however, whilst thus providing instruments of melody for others, forget himself; for whilst he was practising the art of making fiddles, he was studying that of performing on them; and having finished one of superior workmanship, he kept it by him as a chef-d'œuvre to the day of his death. Upon this violin the writer of these memoirs has heard the maker of it perform in a room hung round with pictures of his own painting; which is rather a coincidence of arts in the person of one man. The tones of this instrument seemed to be extremely good, and there was some light carved work that spread from the setting in of the neck over part of the back, very curiously executed.

When Mr Romney has been asked how he first conceived the ambition of becoming a painter, when he had never had the opportunity of contemplating the picture of any thing in creation beyond that of the

Red Lion at Dalton—a specimen not very much to the honour either of the artist or the animal—he explained himself by ascribing his impulses to the opportunities that were thrown in his way by the favour of one Samuel Knight, a working-man, who boarded with his father. This unconscious patron of the arts, and founder, as he may be called, of the fortunes of our painter, being luckily a man of more than common curiosity, put himself to the expense of taking in a monthly magazine, which, besides all the treasures of information and amusement which its miscellanies contained, was enriched with prints explanatory of the topics which were handled in the work; and when Samuel Knight had satisfied his hunger and thirst after knowledge, he was in the custom of lending his magazine to his eager inmate George, who, neglecting all baser matters of births, marriages, and burials, fell to the more attractive work of copying the engravings. Upon these humble models he wrought with such success, as soon encouraged him to alter and improve upon them, and in process of time to strike out subjects of his own, executed so as not only to extort applause from his communicative friend, the owner of the magazine, but in the end to recommend him to the notice of a neighbouring gentleman, Mr Lewthwaite, of Broad-gate, Millum, in Cumberland, who advised the father of the young emerging artist to accommodate him in his passion, and put him out to some professor or practitioner, at least, who might instruct and train him in his favourite art. This gentleman is entitled to be considered as one of the patrons of our painter's genius at a period when it was most in need of assistance and encouragement. The advice of Mr Lewthwaite prevailed with the father, who probably was not less disposed to listen to it, forasmuch as he was, by this time, very thoroughly convinced, that his trade of cabinet-making would not be much advanced by his son George's violins and carvings, and less by his paintings and drawings, which now began to display themselves on the walls of the workshop and the doors of the barn,—not in the shapes of chairs and chests of drawers, but in the likenesses of men and women, sketched in chalk, and so ingeniously done, as drew a crowd, not of customers, but of idlers, to admire them.

This happened in the year 1755, an era not favourable to the painter's art, when the capital of the kingdom furnished nothing but the school, if such it may be called, of Hudson, and the vicinage of Dalton, no master for our hero George, but an itinerant artist of the name of Steele, vulgarly called 'Count Steele.' This distinguished personage passed his time in travelling from town to town with the tools of his art, confining his excursions within the northern borders, and never approaching nearer to the sun than the city of York. As the town of Kendal was one of his stations, he took Dalton in his route; and, being just then in need of a supply, was tempted to accept a small premium from the father of our painter, and bound him his apprentice at the age of nineteen.

Under the auspices of Steele, our newly initiated disciple entered on his career of fame and fortune, and sat down, after a time, in the city of York, a novice in the art and mystery of a painter. A genius like Romney's could not be long in discovering the want of it in his master. Laurence Sterne was then living in York, and having seen some paintings of the apprentice very different from those of the master, imme-

diate pronounced upon their merit, and took the rising artist into his favour and protection. The praise bestowed by Sterne was a passport that laid open all the barriers that might else have retarded our adventurer in his efforts, and lifted him into notice and celebrity at once. There were now found numbers that echoed the opinion of Sterne, and prognosticated, at second-hand, what he had originally discovered from intuition. A preference so marked, soon roused the jealousy of Count Steele, and in the place of lessons, altercations ensued between the master and his apprentice, and ultimately created such a disagreement that they proceeded to a separation; Mr Romney having, from time to time, made small disbursements in the course of business for the count, though not to the amount of any considerable sum, the debt was cancelled, and the indentures given up.

Romney had married during his apprenticeship, and left his wife at Kendal. His marriage took place in October, 1756; the object of his affection was in the same rank of life with his father, and respectably connected. In answer to the rebuke of his parents on the occasion, Romney wrote;—"If you consider every thing deliberately, you will find it to be the best affair that ever happened to me; because, if I have fortune, I shall make a better painter than I should otherwise have done; as it will be a spur to my application, and my thoughts being now still, and not obstructed by youthful follies, I can practise with more diligence and success than ever." Being now at liberty he returned to his wife, and continued at Kendal till the year 1761, pursuing his studies with the most unremitting assiduity, but without any further aid or instruction from masters, and without any opportunity of resorting to pictures, models, or statues, for none such were within his reach, but purely '*ex proprio suo Marte*;' and yet here he laid the foundation of his future eminence, and conceived and executed a composition on an extended scale, taking for his subject the death of Rizzio. This picture has not been seen by the writer of these memoirs,¹ but it is reported to him as a most extraordinary performance; and he remembers to have heard Mr Romney refer to it in warmer terms of self-approbation than he was apt to employ when speaking of his own productions. The attitude of the queen in the act of protecting Rizzio from his assassins, and the expression of her countenance in that distressful and alarming moment, are said to have been most happily conceived. Whether this picture still exists, and where, no account has been obtained.² Here also, Mr Romney, not forgetting his friend and protector at York, painted several scenes from the '*Tristram Shandy*' of Sterne, and sold them by raffle sometimes, and sometimes by auction as he found occasion. The paintings also are said to have been very characteristic, and considerably added to his fame. There is one of these still in the possession of Sir Alan Chambie, where Doctor Slop is introduced to the father of Tristram and Uncle Toby. This picture the writer of these memoirs has seen. The several characters are so admirably conceived, and executed with such comic force and spirit that it is well-worthy an engraving; and without considering it as the work of a man who had seen so little,

¹ The present article of biography was penned by Mr R. Cumberland, and appeared in the '*European Magazine*' soon after the artist's death. We have adopted it with a few alterations and corrections.

² The artist himself destroyed it.

it is in itself a composition that would do honour to the genius of an established artist. There is also a comic composition of a 'Country Apothecary with Assistants in the act of drawing a Tooth;' a toping 'Party over a Jug of Ale;' and, in the serious style, a 'King Lear with Cordelia;' and 'King Lear in the storm;' with three or four figures all painted at Kendal. The object of his most anxious wishes was, to get up to London; and for this purpose he laboured incessantly, not sparing himself time for any amusement, except that of practising now and then on his violin, together with his intimate friend Mr Walker. He continued to paint at Kendal, and occasionally at Lancaster, not only fancy pieces from Sterne, but portraits, charging two guineas for a three-quarters, and six for whole lengths, of a reduced size.

By these means having got a little money together, he put his much-wished-for project to the trial, and in the year 1762 arrived in London, without introduction to, or acquaintance with, any person, except his friends Mr Greene, and Mr Braithwaite, of the post-office. The latter gentleman received him into his protection, and procured him lodgings in Bearbinder lane, where he first began to paint after his arrival in the capital.

The 'Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences' at that time offered premiums to the first and second artist whose historical compositions should be adjudged the best. Mr Romney, then totally unknown to the painters in London, exhibited his picture of the 'Death of General Wolfe.' To this picture the committee decreed the second premium, but not without some dissension, as it was apprehended to be the production of an old artist, for some years retired into the country, and who was accordingly censured for what was considered as an attempt to impose on the society. A short time, however, cleared up this mistake; and the committee being summoned to a second sitting, the judges who had decreed the second prize to the painter of the 'Death of Wolfe,' found their adjudication in danger of being reversed by the objections which were started by the friends of the rival candidate, not to the merit of the picture, but to the propriety of its being considered as an historical composition, when, in fact, no historian had then recorded the event on which it was founded. Other criticisms, even more ridiculously minute and frivolous than the above, were offered against it,—as, that the officers and soldiers were not all in their proper regimentals,—that Wolfe himself had on a handsome pair of silk stockings, contrary to the costume of a general on the field of battle,—and some objected to the deadly paleness of his countenance. Upon these grounds the decree was reversed, and poor Romney, friendless and unknown, was set aside in favour of a rival better supported; a hardship so obvious, and a partiality so glaring, that the committee could not face the transaction, but voted him a premium extraordinary, nearly, if not quite, to the amount of the prize he had been deprived of. Hayley says, Romney acknowledged the justness of the decision; but the language of his son on the occasion intimates the reverse. His filial biographer ascribes the decision to Reynolds's jealousy of his father. However this may be, Reynolds and Romney were never friends; and the former had certainly no high opinion of the works of the latter. Garrick, one day, speaking of Cumberland to the president, said, "He hates you, Sir Joshua, because you do not admire the painter whom he

considers as a second Corregio." "Who is that?" replied Reynolds. "Why, his Corregio," answered Garrick, "is Romney." This picture was purchased, and exported to the East Indies, where it is now preserved in the council chamber at Culcutta. The exhibition of the picture, and the discussion it gave rise to, brought our painter's name before the public; and, as his friends, Greene and Braithwaite, were unwearied in their exertions to serve him, they procured him chambers in Gray's inn, and a judge to sit to him. Here he drew the portraits of Sir Joshua Yates in his robes, as one of the judges of the king's bench, of Mr Secondary Barnes, and various other eminent lawyers, whose likenesses were so happily taken that he became particularly successful amongst the gentlemen of that learned profession.

After continuing about two years in Gray's inn, he removed to lodgings in Newport street. Here he painted on a more extended scale, and increased his business very considerably. "He had a fine studio," says Allan Cunningham, "and a well-replenished house; the success of his pencil became visible throughout all his establishment; and London rang from side to side of the prodigy, who, in historical works, promised to equal the great masters of Italy; while, in portrait, he seemed to be in a fair way of rivalling Sir Joshua himself. One fortunate work contributed largely to this blaze of success; a picture of Sir George Warren and his lady, with a little girl caressing a bulfinch, was so full of nature and tenderness, that all who saw it went away admiring, and spread the praise of the artist far and near." He was not, however, so much occupied upon portraits as not to indulge his passion for the higher order of historical composition. He exhibited in the spring of 1765, a painting on the 'Death of King Edmund,' which gained the second prize. He painted a 'Madona and Child' for the late Major Pearson, then in the service of the East India company; and also that 'Officer in Conversation with a Bramin,' a very brilliant composition, and finely coloured. '*L'Allegro*' and '*La Penserosa*' full lengths, the size of life, both in the possession of Lord Bolton, and both exhibited, are very highly to his credit. Here also he drew the great actress Mrs Yates, in the character of the 'Tragic Muse,' this picture is well known.

In September, 1764, he went to Paris, in company with his friend Mr Greenè; he took his passage to Dunkirk, and from thence proceeded to Lisle, and in a day or two afterwards to Paris, Versailles, and other places. He obtained an introduction to Vernet, at his apartments in the Louvre, and was very kindly received; through his means he had free access to the Orleans gallery, where he passed much of his time, being greatly pleased with the pictures of Le Sueur. He attended some exhibitions, visited the Luxemburgh, Versailles, Marly, St Cloud, and the churches, wherever the works of the great masters were to be seen; and having passed six weeks in this manner, returned to London. In 1767 he revisited Kendal for a few months, and there, and at Lancaster, painted several portraits. Upon his return to London, he concerted with his friend Mr Ozias Humphrey, a journey to Rome; for which capital of the arts these ingenious companions accordingly set out, and there our painter prosecuted his studies with an ardour and diligence that knew no intermission. Two pictures which he painted here deserve to be mentioned: a naked

female, in the character of a 'Wood-nymph,' and 'Providence brooding over Chaos.' Romney, through life, was in the habit of frugality, and he had now every call upon him so to manage his limited finances as not to curtail his enjoyment of the great opportunity before him. He protracted his stay for a considerable time, and upon his return was, after much persuasion, prevailed upon by his friends to take the house and painting-rooms of Mr Coates, then lately deceased, in Cavendish square, where he finally established himself.

Of his portraits it would be an endless task to speak. They are everywhere to be found. They speak sufficiently to his fame, and would have subscribed much more effectually to his fortune, had he not suffered his unfinished pictures to accumulate and lie upon his hands to a most unparalleled extent. Many thousand pounds were thus lost in the course of his business from want of method, which all the remonstrances of his friends could never induce him to adopt. There is, probably, no instance in the art of so much canvass covered, and so much labour wasted, as his magazine of unfinished paintings constantly and painfully exhibited; whilst all the while no artist living had fewer avocations, or more unwearied industry; and though he worked with wonderful facility, yet he would suffer many of his best pictures to remain wanting only a few touches to their draperies or back grounds, too indolent to put his own hand to what he felt as the drudgery of his art, and too conscientious to suffer other hands to finish for him. His historical and fancied pictures are extremely numerous; those that were finished, and sent into the world, bear a small proportion to his sketches and unfinished designs.

Though he associated very little with gentlemen of his own profession, and declined exhibiting at the Royal academy, he had a select set of acquaintance amongst men of talents, who respected his genius and delighted in his company. Amongst these were Mr Hayley; and from his poem entitled 'Triumph of Temper,' Mr Romney made four several compositions, in which 'Serena' the heroine is most engagingly portrayed: one of these he disposed of to the marchioness of Stafford; another to Lord Thurlow, who honoured him with his particular notice; and two to John Christian Curwen, Esq. who had taste to appreciate his merit, and liberality to encourage and reward it. A 'Saint Cecilia' was purchased by Mr Montague Burgoyne. Sir William Hamilton carried to Naples with him a beautiful 'Bacchante,' designed and coloured to a charm. The 'Sempstress,' and the 'Cercyone,' were painted for Admiral Vernon. The 'Spinning Woman,' and a 'Bacchante Dancing,' are in the collection of Mr Curwen. 'Henderson in Macbeth,' addressing the witches, a capital composition in his very best style, and a striking likeness of that excellent actor, was worthily possessed by his friend Mr Long, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, who had also a 'Cupid and Psyche' of the same master. His composition, in which the infant Shakspeare is represented nursed by Tragedy and Comedy is well known. He painted for the Shakspeare gallery, 'The Tempest Scene,' 'The Birth of the Poet,' attended by the passions personified, and 'Cassandra' in the act of striking the Trojan horse. Mr Beckford of Fonthill has 'The Indian Woman' contemplating a

* The reader will recollect that we are now quoting the words of Mr Richard Cumberland, in 1803.

ship at sea, and imitating the action of the sails as distended by the wind : the image is caught from Shakspeare, and the character, scenery, and execution, are beautiful. Mr Whitbread possesses his admirable and sublime composition of 'Milton dictating to his Daughters.' A 'Calypso' modelled after Lady Hamilton before her marriage, and a 'Magdalene' from the same, are in the collection of the prince of Wales. Amongst his larger portraits, historically grouped, is that of Flaxman modelling the 'Bust of Hayley,' and another, in which he has introduced himself, thrown into the back-ground, and in shade, an interesting groupe; the duke of Marlborough's 'Family Piece;' the daughters of the marquess of Stafford; Colonel Johnes's family; Mrs Bosanquet and children; a full length of Lord Thurlow, painted for the late Lord Kenyon; a head of the celebrated Wortley Montague in his Turkish habit; the Beaumont family; and many others. Amongst the unpurchased works that have devolved to his son, the Rev. Mr Romney, there is his famous composition of 'Sir Isaac Newton making experiments on the Prism' with two attendant female figures, of the size of life; the features of the philosopher are copied from the original mask taken from his face, from which Roubillac modelled his inimitable statue now in the anti-chapel of Trinity college, Cambridge. There are also the 'Miss Wallace in the characters of Mirth and Melancholy;' 'Miss Cumberland as Celia and Rosalind;' 'Ophelia' in the act of dropping from the willow into the stream beneath; 'King Lear in the Storm,' with Edgar, Gloucester, and others, a large Bolognese half length; several exquisite compositions for the display of female beauty in melancholy and affecting attitudes and situations, with a great mass of unfinished designs and sketches for compositions, which, to a professor and a lover of the art, would be invaluable.

The death of Reynolds in 1792 still more excited the ambition of Romney, who now struck out some magnificent designs, many of which, however, the growing decay both of his mental and bodily faculties prevented him from finishing. The state of his mind at this time will be best understood from a letter which he wrote to Hayley, in February, 1794: "I had formed a plan," he says, "of painting the Seven Ages, and also of the Visions of Adam with the Angel, to bring in the flood and the opening of the ark, which would make six large pictures. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I have made designs for all the pictures, and very grand subjects they are. My plan is, if I live, and retain my senses and sight, to paint six other subjects from Milton; three where Satan is the hero, and three from Adam and Eve,—perhaps six of each. I have ideas of them all, and, I may say, sketches; but alas! I cannot give them for a year or two; and if my name was mentioned, I should hear nothing but abuse, and that I cannot bear. Fear has always been my enemy; my nerves are too weak for supporting any thing in public."

In 1799 this eminent painter, then in a declining state of health, returned to Kendal, and resigned himself to solitude, under the tender care of an indulgent and attentive wife, where he languished till the 15th of November, 1802, on which day he departed this life, and on the 19th was interred at Dalton, the place of his nativity.

"Mr Romney," says Mr Cumberland, "was the maker of his own fortune; and in as much as he allowed himself not sufficient leisure to

execute many great designs, which the fertility of his genius conceived, may be said so far to have been more attentive to that than to his fame. Whilst his mind was pregnant with magnificent ideas, and his rooms and passages loaded with unfinished portraits, he had not resolution to turn away a new-comer, though he might come with a countenance that would have chilled the genius of a Michael Angelo. If, therefore, it was the love of gain that operated upon him on these occasions, it was a principle that counteracted its own object; but there was also a weakness in his nature that could never make a stand against importunity of any sort; he was a man of a most gentle temper, with most irritable nerves. He was constantly projecting great undertakings for the honour of his art, and at the same time involving himself in new engagements to render them impracticable. When in company with his intimates—and, indeed, few others were admitted to his privacy—he would sit for a length of time absorbed in thought, and absent from the matter in discourse, till on a sudden, starting from his seat, he would give vent to the effusions of his fancy, and harangue in the most animated manner upon the subject of his art, with a sublimity of idea, and a peculiarity of expressive language, that was entirely his own, and in which education or reading had no share. These sallies of natural genius, clothed in natural eloquence, were perfectly original, very highly edifying, and entertaining in the extreme. They were uttered in a hurried accent, an elevated tone, and very commonly accompanied with tears to which he was by constitution prone. A noble sentiment, either recited from a book by the reader, or springing from the heart of the speaker, never failed to make his eyes overflow, and his voice tremble, whilst he applauded it. He was on these occasions like a man possessed, and his friends became studious not to agitate him too often, or too much, with topics of this sort. He was a rapturous advocate for nature, and a close copyist, abhorring from his heart every distortion, or unseemly violation, of her pure and legitimate forms and proportions. An inflamed and meretricious style of colouring he could never endure; and the contemplation of bad painting sensibly affected his spirits, and shook his nerves."

Though he generally declined the society of his brother-artists, he was not fastidious, nor was he slow to admire where admiration was due; and where it was not, he was uniformly silent. To young artists he was particularly encouraging and indulgent. He was one of the first to perceive the dawning genius of Flaxman. "I always remember," says that eminent sculptor, "Mr Romney's notice of my boyish years and productions with gratitude; his original and striking conversation, his masterly, grand, and feeling compositions, are continually before me; and I still feel the benefits of his acquaintance and recommendations." To the distinguished merits of his great contemporary, Sir Joshua Reynolds, he gave most unequivocal testimony; but he declined to visit him, from the shyness of his nature, and because it was a house of great resort. He could not be at his ease, and he was never in the habit of visiting, or being visited, but by his intimates; and they certainly did not resort to him for the delicacies of his table, as nothing could be worse administered; for of those things he had no care, and for himself a little broth or tea would suffice, though he worked at his easel from early morning till the sun went down.

Abstemious by habit, and conscious of his deficiency in point of education, he was never seen at any of the tables of the great, Lord Thurlow's excepted, who, being truly great, knew his merits well, and appreciated them worthily.

As an artist, Romney, according to Flaxman, is the first of all painters for poetic dignity of conception. Fuseli accounts for his success, by saying, that "he was made for the times, and the times for him;" whilst another critic observes, that "he was made for better times than those in which he lived." Upon the whole, he seems to merit the eulogium of Flaxman: "Few painters," says he, "have left so many examples in their works of the tender and delicate affections; and several of his pictures breathe a kindred spirit with the Sigismunda of Corregio. His cartoons, some of which have unfortunately perished, were examples of the sublime and terrible; at that time perfectly new in English art. As Romney was gifted with peculiar powers for historical and ideal painting, it was his delight by day and study by night; and for this his food and rest were often neglected. His compositions, like those of the ancient pictures and basso-relievos, told their story by a single group of pictures in the front; whilst the back-ground is made the simplest possible, rejecting all unnecessary episode and trivial ornaments either of secondary groups, or architectural division. In his compositions, the beholder was forcibly struck by the sentiment at the first glance; the gradations and varieties of which he traced through several characters, all conceived in an elevated spirit of dignity and beauty, with a lively expression of nature in all the parts. His heads were various:—the male was decided and grand, the female lovely: his figures resembled the antique,—the limbs were elegant and finely formed; his drapery was well understood, either forming the figure into a mass with one or two deep folds only, or, by its adhesion and transparency, discovering the form of the figure, the lines of which were finely varied with the union or expansion of spiral or cascade folds, composing with, or contrasting the outline and *chiaroscuro*. Few artists, since the fifteenth century, have been able to do so much in so many different branches; for, besides his beautiful compositions and pictures, which have added to the knowledge and celebrity of the English school, he modelled like a sculptor; carved ornaments in wood with great delicacy; and could make an architectural design in a fine taste, as well as construct every part of the building."

William Jackson.

BORN A. D. 1730.—DIED A. D. 1803.

DR BUSBY furnished a memoir of this eminent composer to the pages of the 'Monthly Magazine,' of which the following is an abstract:—"William Jackson was born at Exeter in May, 1730. His father gave him a liberal education, with a view to one of the learned professions; but the youth soon discovering a particular genius for the harmonic science, he was induced to indulge the bent of nature, and placed him under the tuition of Mr Travers, organist of the cathedral church of St Peter, with whom he remained two years. Mr Jackson,

after leaving Mr Travers of Exeter, went to London, where, about the year 1748, he became a pupil of the celebrated Mr Travers, author of 'Haste my Nannette,' and other much-admired two and three-part songs; and at that time organist of the King's chapel, and St Paul's, Covent-garden. Under this master he studied two years, after which he returned to his native city, where he for many years practised as a composer, performer, and teacher, with considerable profit and reputation.

His compositions, chiefly vocal, were numerous, and of such singular merit as in private to command the most flattering approbation of the best judges, both in the country and the metropolis, and quickly elevated him to a respectable rank in his profession. Indeed they, for the most part, exhibited a chasteness of conception, ingenuity of construction, and truth of expression, which not only evinced much native genius, but a taste and knowledge of the higher principles of harmony that could only result from great acuteness of observation, and close and elaborate study; yet notwithstanding his great and acknowledged merit, he did not obtain any settled benefice until Michaelmas, 1777, when he succeeded Mr Richard Langdon, as sub-chanter, organist, lay-vicar, and master of the choristers, in the cathedral of Exeter.

In the year 1755 Mr Jackson's fine talents in musical composition first became known to the public. About that time, after amusing his friends with a variety of ingenious literary productions in prose and verse, and giving proofs, by many excellent specimens in landscape-painting, of a real genius for that art, he printed a book of twelve songs, of which 'The heavy hours are almost past,' 'Ah why must words my flame reveal,' 'Twas when the seas were roaring,' and 'Lanthe the lovely, the joy of her swain,' were so simple, yet elegant, and so original and striking as speedily to become popular, and at once gave him a station among the first English composers of that day. These were followed by six accompanied sonatas for the harpsichord, in which perhaps his genius did not display itself with equal advantage; but his third work, consisting of six three-part elegies, preceded by an invocation, gave such evidence of taste, feeling, and judgment, as to establish his reputation as a vocal composer. His next publication was a second collection of twelve songs, of which 'Go gentle gales,' 'Let me approach my sleeping love,' and 'With Delia ever could I stray,' long delighted every cultivated ear; and justly added to the fame he had already so well-earned. Mr Jackson's fourth appeal to the public opinion was in an anthem selected from the Psalms, and Pope's celebrated 'Ode of a dying Christian to his soul;' the preface to which he concludes by saying, that both in the anthem and ode, he has aimed more at style than composition; and that "there is intended to be contrivance enough to engage without perplexing the attention." The fact, however, is, that the style is poor, the contrivance stiff, if not bald, and the expression, especially in the ode, cold and weak. This work was succeeded by a book of twelve hymns in three parts, with adaptations for a single voice, in the preface to which are some very judicious and useful hints respecting the proper style of this species of church composition; but it is easier to point out than to perform, to judge than to execute; and Mr Jackson, we must say, after allowing much praise to his work, has not uniformly given to his hymns that "rational and expressive music" he so earnestly recom-

mends. But prefatory strictures are dangerous; even Dryden's examples cannot always stand the test of his own precepts. Mr Jackson's next publication, consisting of a third collection of songs, though distinguished by many of the attractions peculiar to his compositions, did not present that aggregate of excellence which characterized his former collections; nor was any single air calculated so far to fascinate the common ear as to become popular. His eighth and greatest work was an 'Ode to Fancy,' the words from Warton. In this production he has necessarily adopted a kind of oratorical style, which, with all his merit in the lighter kinds of composition, was, it is evident, beyond his compass. Dignity of expression, majesty of movement, bold contrivance, and grand construction, are all indispensable to the great ode; and these were not among the general characteristics of Mr Jackson's style, consequently he has not always reached the sentiments of the poet, nor given to the whole that force and importance of effect expected from this higher species of composition: the eight sonatas for the harpsichord by which this work was succeeded, were written with much taste and spirit, and possessed many passages which at that time were perfectly new. His Opera nine, consisted of twelve canzonets for two voices; the first of which is his charming and so justly admired composition, 'Time has not thinned my flowing hair,' and which is also enriched with his two beautiful duets, 'From the plains, the woodlands, and groves,' and 'Ah! where does my Phillida stray.' To these were afterwards added six quartetts, consisting of harmonizations of old favourite airs, chiefly taken from Dr Arne; in the disposition of the parts of which he has displayed much ingenuity and knowledge in effect; a collection of twelve canzonets for two voices, in which will be found that elegant and sweetly affecting duet, 'Love in thine eyes for ever plays;' two operas comprising much tasteful and expressive music, and a book of epigrams.

But the catalogue of his musical productions would be very incomplete without naming his manuscript services and anthems, which have been repeatedly performed, at Exeter cathedral, to the delight of all who have heard them. These indeed rank among the best of his works; every real judge must confess that the inspiration of the poet and musician are in perfect union; and that the connection is productive of an effect the most solemn and devotional. A piece called the 'Fairy Fantasies,' Milton's 'May Morning,' 'Lycidas,' an elegy and other vocal works of Mr Jackson's in manuscript, are spoken of with high commendation.

In the year 1782 Mr Jackson appeared as a literary author, when he published in two volumes small octavo, his 'Thirty Letters on various Subjects,' forming a miscellaneous collection on literature and science, replete with useful information, and elegant and classical in their diction. On poetry, music, and painting, his opinions are frequently singular, yet generally just in themselves, as well as clearly and neatly conveyed.

In the year 1798 Mr Jackson added another volume to his Letters, under the title of "The Four Ages; with Essays on various Subjects." In this work he considers the four mythological ages as descriptive of so many distinct periods of the world, but in a different order from that in which the poets have placed them. Among the essays there is a

most curious and entertaining one, on the character of Gainsborough the painter.

His time was devoted to music, painting, and literature; and it is difficult to say which of the three had the greatest share of his attention. But that his music derived much aid from his literary judgment will be universally allowed. Indeed, the taste he constantly manifested in the selection of his words forms an elegant and distinguishing trait in his professional character. The native ease of Shenstone, and the tender sentiment of Hammond furnished many of his subjects; and the address with which he has reduced the heroic lines of the latter to lyric measure is a merit that ought not to be omitted, when we are collecting the evidences of his ingenuity. The subjects on which he chiefly delighted to employ his pencil were those of landscapes; in the colouring of which he was particularly strong and bold. Morning and evening were his favourite seasons; because in the scenery of these he could indulge his love of partial lights and striking effects; his cattle were well drawn, and the disposition of his figures was judicious and happy: but his pictures on the whole had more of effect than finish, and rather displayed a clear masterly mind, than the refined touches of an elaborate hand.

His music, taken in the aggregate, speaks great justness of conception, much beauty and novelty of idea, considerable powers of expression, a resource in combination and adjustment ranking far above mediocrity, and a matured judgment in general effect. But his melodies are not always free from that mechanical quaintness and rustic inelegance, which, perhaps, only an almost constant residence in the metropolis can wholly surmount; nor are his accompaniments of that artificial and delicate texture, which gives new grace to the air; perpetually embellishing that beauty it ought never to conceal, and occasionally varying from, without deserting, the subject. His basses are not unfrequently chosen with but little art or design, and his elegies and choral scores sometimes betray a want of facility in the interior disposition of the harmony, as well as embarrassment in answering the points. When playing on the organ or harpsichord, he seemed lost to every thing around him. His performance was full, correct, and impassioned; and he had too just a taste, and was too much a devotee to the good old school, ever to destroy a single resident beauty in a composition, for the sake of unnecessary and surreptitious embellishment.

"His peculiar forte," says a writer in Ree's Cyclopædia, "consisted in giving an elegant and plaintive melody to elegiac poetry. In constituting harmony, without rendering the middle parts destitute of melody, Jackson stands unrivalled. This is no trivial praise, when it is known that, before his time, composers were, and are at present, very defective in this part of their art. It was, however, a defect in Jackson's music, that his melody would suit any species of plaintive lines: few of his compositions displayed the art of mingling expression with melody, and preserving the latter in its purity."

Jacob Bryant.

BORN A. D. 1718.—DIED A. D. 1804.

THIS learned but visionary scholar was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He proceeded master of arts in 1744; after which he attended the young duke of Marlborough, and his brother Lord Charles Spenser, as their private tutor while at Eton. He afterwards became private secretary to his grace. In this capacity he accompanied the duke of Marlborough to the continent, and attended him during the campaign in which he had the command of the British forces; and upon the duke's being appointed master-general of the ordnance, he promoted Bryant to the office of secretary, a post which was said to be worth about £1400 per annum.

The general habits of the latter period of the life of Mr Bryant were sedentary; and, during the last ten years of it, he frequently complained of pains in his chest, the concomitants of close application and a recumbent posture. In his younger days spent at Eton he excelled in various athletic exercises, and by his skill in swimming, was the happy instrument in saving the life of Dr Barnard, afterwards provost of Eton college. The doctor gratefully acknowledged this essential service by embracing the first opportunity that occurred to present the nephew of his preserver with the living of Wootton-Courtney, near Minehead, Somersetshire,—a presentation belonging to the provost of Eton in right of his office.

With respect to the domestic habits of Mr Bryant, little is known. He was never married. Blessed with every comfort that could be derived from celebrity and fortune, the days of Mr Bryant seem to have glided smoothly on to the period of a long-extended existence; he might be truly said to have enjoyed health, peace, and competence; the first of these he derived from temperance, the second from an evenness of disposition, and the latter from two sources, his own family, and his munificent patron, the duke of Marlborough, who, after the decease of his father, settled on him an annuity of £600, which he continued to receive till his death. Beside the pecuniary expression of esteem already mentioned, the duke of Marlborough assigned two rooms to his use at Blenheim, over the doors of which his name was inscribed; and he was the only person to whom the keys of the choice and magnificent library were presented.

In his retreat at Cypenham, near Windsor, he expired on the 13th of November, 1804, of a mortification in his leg, originating in the seemingly slight circumstance of a rasure against a chair, in the act of reaching a book from a shelf.

He had presented many of his most valuable books to the king; his editions of Virgil, &c. by Caxton, he had also given to the marquess of Blandford; the remainder of his curious collection he bequeathed to the library of King's college, Cambridge, where he had been educated.

The first work Mr Bryant published was in 1767, entitled 'Observations and Inquiries relating to various Parts of Ancient History, containing Dissertations on the Wind Euroclydon; and on the Island

Melite, together with an Account of Egypt in its most early State, and of the Shepherd Kings.' His grand work, called 'A New System, or an Analysis of Ancient Mythology,' was the next. This was published in quarto; vols. i. and ii. in 1774, and vol. iii. in 1776. In 1775 he published 'A Vindication of the Apamean Medal, and of the Inscription *NOE*; together with an Illustration of another Coin struck at the same Place in Honour of the Emperor Severus.' This appeared in the fourth volume of the *Archæologia*, and also as a quarto pamphlet. To these we must add 'An Address to Dr Priestley on the Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.' 1780. A pamphlet 8vo. 'Vindiciæ Flavianæ; or a Vindication of the Testimony given by Josephus concerning our Saviour Jesus Christ.' A pamphlet 8vo. 1780. 'Observations on the Poems of Thomas Rowley, in which the Authenticity of these Poems is ascertained.' 'Collections on the Zingara, or Gipsy Language.' *Archæologia*, vol. vii. 'Gemmarum antiquarum delectos ex præstantioribus desumptus in Dactylothea Ducis Marlburgiensis;' two volumes, folio. 'A Treatise on the Authenticity of the Scriptures, and the Truth of the Christian Religion;' octavo, 1792. 'Observations on the Plagues inflicted on the Egyptians; in which is shown the Peculiarity of those Judgments and their Correspondence with the Rites and Idolatry of that People; with a Prefatory Discourse concerning the Grecian Colonies from Egypt;' octavo, 1794. 'Observations upon a Treatise entitled, Description of the Plain of Troy, by Mons. le Chevalier;' quarto, 1795. 'A Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, and the Expedition of the Grecians, as described by Homer; showing that no such Expedition was ever Undertaken, and that no such City in Phrygia ever existed;' quarto, 1796. This last was a bold but less successful attempt to controvert and overthrow long established opinions, and to raise a literary Trojan war. It was remarked on by Mr Falkoner; answered most rudely by Mr Gilbert Wakefield; and extracted a Vindication of Homer from J. B. S. Morritt, Esq. of Rokeby Park, near Greta-bridge; whose more polished manners induced Mr Bryant to reply to him. In addition to these works Mr Bryant was the author of two other volumes entitled: 'The Sentiments of Philo-Judæus, concerning the Logos, or Word of God; together with large Extracts from his Writings, compared with the Scriptures on many other essential Doctrines of the Christian Religion;' octavo, 1797. And 'Dissertations on Balaam, Samson, and Jonah;' also 'Observations on famous controverted Passages in Josephus and Justin Martyr.'

Mr Bryant's mythological views may be gathered from the following extract from his 'Analysis': "I cannot acquiesce in the stale legends of Deucalion of Thessaly, of Inachus of Argos, and Ægialcus of Sicyon, nor in the long line of princes that are derived from them. The supposed heroes of the first ages in every country are equally fabulous. No such conquests were ever achieved as are ascribed to Osiris, Dionusus, and Sesostris. The histories of Hercules and Persius are equally void of truth. I am convinced, and I hope I shall satisfactorily prove, that Cadmus never brought letters to Greece, and that no such person existed as the Grecians have described. What I have said about Sesostris and Osiris will be repeated about Ninus and Semiramis, two personages as ideal as the former. There never were such expeditions undertaken or conquests made, as are attributed to those princes: nor

were any such empires constituted as are supposed to have been established by them. I make as little account of the histories of Saturn, Janus, Pelops, Atlas, Dardanus, Minos of Crete, and Zoroaster of Bactria: yet something mysterious and of moment is concealed under these various characters, and the investigation of this latent truth will be the principal part of my inquiry. In respect to Greece, I can afford credence to very few events which were antecedent to the Olympiads. I cannot give the least assent to the story of Phryxus and the golden fleece. It seems to be plain, beyond doubt, that there were no such persons as the Grecian Argonauts, and that the expedition of Jason to Colchis was a fable."

George Morland.

BORN A. D. 1763.—DIED A. D. 1804.

GEORGE MORLAND was the son of an artist whose talents, though respectable, were not of the first order in his profession. "Whether," says a writer in the 'Monthly Magazine,' "George showed, in the earliest part of his life, that inclination for the art which frequently indicates genius, or whether the practice was forced upon him by his father, who might feel that it was the only art in which he could educate him, I know not; but I do know, that in the exhibitions of the original society of artists, to which the father belonged, were shown drawings by George Morland, at the age of four, five, and six years, which would have done credit to youths who were learning the art as their profession; and from this time his father forced him to study, unremittingly, the practice of every department of the art, till he entered the world upon his own account. In this manner passed the first seventeen years of the life of George Morland, and to this he is indebted for the immense power he had over the implements of his art; for it is notorious, that whether it was the pencils and palette, or the crayon he was called upon to use, no one had more command of his materials than this eminent artist.

Morland's first original compositions were dictated by his father. They were small pictures, of two or three figures, taken from the common ballads of the day, such as 'Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,' &c. These his father put into frames, and sold at different prices, from one guinea to three, according to the pockets of his customers. Though infinitely inferior to Morland's subsequent works, they were admired as the production of a youth, and got into the hands of engravers, and the prints that were made from them first brought Morland into notice.

A gentleman, who was going to spend the summer at Margate, advised the father to send his son thither to paint small portraits. The plan was a good one, and adopted. Company flocked round him; his portraits pleased, and a very great number were commissioned: but his unfortunate *mauvaise honté* rendered the undertaking unprofitable. The pig races, and such elegant amusements as are projected for the lower order of visitors to Margate, obtained all his attention; and the portraits which a careful man would have finished on the spot, and got paid for

before the parties had quitted the place, were left to be completed in town. So that instead of returning home with his pockets full of money, he brought only a large cargo of unfinished canvasses. On his return from Margate, he had taken lodgings at Kensal Green, near Harrow; but shortly afterwards, marrying Miss Ward, the sister of the painter, who, about the same time, became the husband of Morland's sister, they agreed to take a house together in High-street, Marylebone. Disagreements, however, between the parties soon led to a separation. For Mr I. R. Smith, who dealt largely in prints, he painted many pictures of subjects from the familiar scenes of life. The subjects were known to, and the sentiments they conveyed were felt by all, and the prints which Mr Smith made from them had a sale rapid beyond example, and spread the fame of Morland all over the continent as well as the kingdom. His peculiar talent, as it now burst forth in full splendour, was landscape, such as exists in sequestered situations, with appropriate animals and figures. He was fond of visiting the isle of Wight in the summer-season, and there is scarcely an object to be met with along the shore, at the back of the island, that his pencil has not delineated. His best pictures are replete with scenes drawn from this spot. A fine rocky shore, with fishermen mending their nets, careening their boats, or sending off their fish to the neighbouring market-towns, were scenes he most delighted in, when he attempted sea-shore pieces. He was once recognised at a place called Freshwater gate, in a low public-house, known by the name of 'The Cabin.' A number of fishermen, a few sailors, and three or four rustics, formed the homely group; Morland was in the midst of them, contributing his joke, and partaking of their noisy merriment, when his friend called him aside. Morland, with some reluctance, left his company in the Cabin; on his friend's remonstrating with him the next day for keeping such company, he drew from his pocket a sketch which his remembrance had supplied, after leaving the house, which he afterwards wrought up into one of his best pictures; a proof that his mind was still intent on its favourite pursuit—that of nature in her homeliest attire—though his manners at the moment betrayed nothing farther than an eagerness to partake in vulgar sensualities. He kept a collection of guinea-pigs, dogs, rabbits, and squirrels; and, at one time, was owner of eight horses, at an inn called The White Lion, of which he painted the sign. In fine, says Hassell, "he heaped folly upon folly with such dire rapidity, that a fortune of £10,000 per annum would have proved insufficient for the support of his waste and prodigality."

The consequences however of his dissipated habits were frequent distress, the spunging-house, and the jail; except when he had the good fortune to escape into a retirement unknown to all but some trusty dealer, who for the time took all his works, and paid him a stipulated sum for his support. On one occasion he was found in a lodging in Somer's town, in the following most extraordinary circumstances: his infant child, that had been dead nearly three weeks, lay in its coffin in the one corner of the room; an ass and foal stood munching barley-straw out of the cradle; a sow and pigs were solacing themselves in the recess of an old cupboard; and himself whistling over a beautiful picture that he was finishing at his easel, with a bottle of gin hung up on one side, and a live mouse sitting for its portrait on the other!

It was common for him to have four guineas per day and his drink—an object of no small consequence, as he began to drink before he began to paint, and continued to do both alternately, till he had painted as much as he pleased, or till the liquor completely got the better of him, when he claimed his money, and business was at an end for the day. This laid his employer under the necessity of passing his whole time with him, to keep him in a state fit for work; and to carry off the day's work when it was done. By this conduct he ruined his constitution, diminished his powers, and sunk himself into general contempt. He had no society but the lowest of those beings whose only enjoyment is gin and ribaldry. It was from company of this description that he was carried off by a marshalsea writ, for a small sum of money. When taken to a place of confinement, he drank a large quantity of spirits, and was soon afterwards taken ill. The man in whose custody he was, alarmed at his situation, applied to several of his friends for relief; but that relief, if it was afforded, came too late: the powers of life were exhausted, and he died before he had attained the age of forty years. His wife, whose life had been like his own, died a day or two after him.

“Thus perished George Morland; whose best works will command esteem so long as any taste for his art remains; whose ordinary productions will please, so long as any liking for a just representation of what is natural can be found; and whose talents would have insured him a life of happiness, in the most brilliant station he could desire, if his entrance into life had been guided by those who were able and willing to caution him against those snares that are continually preparing, by knaves and fools, for inexperienced youth. His command over every implement of his art was so great, that the use of them seemed to be nearly as natural to him as the use of their native language to other men. Pictures flowed from his pencil, as words from the lips of other men. His pictures from ballads, &c. are trifling, considered as works of art; but curious, as the productions of a youth designing from the ideas of others. In his picture of Garrick, he seized the true character of every object he copied, and produced a picture of considerable merit—all circumstances considered—though not an exact copy of the original. What few portraits he painted, had the merit of strong resemblance; and there is no doubt that, if he had followed that branch of the art, he would have attained to great eminence in it. His pictures of familiar subjects had considerable merit in point of composition; and he painted all his figures from nature; but, as these figures were taken from one or two women and children who were much about him, they have too much similarity. But he shines forth in all his glory in picturesque landscape. For about seven years that he painted such subjects, he was in his prime; and while the figures he introduced were of the lower order, they were still in keeping with the scenes, and had nothing to give disgust; but when his increasing irregularity led him from the wood-side to the ale-house, his subject assumed a meaner cast; for he still painted only what he saw. Stage-coachmen, postillions, and drovers, were honoured by his pencil; his sheep were changed for pigs; and, at last, with the true feeling of a disciple of Circe, he forsook the picturesque cottage and the wood-side, and never seemed happy but in a pig-stye. The horse too he has given with much effect, when old,

ragged, and miserable; but a beautiful horse he never could draw as it would be drawn by Gilpin, Stubbs, or any artist of that school."

"He sometimes," says another contemporary critic, "leaves the truth unfinished, but never violated. He affected none of those whimsies that are for ever setting amateurs by the ears, about warm colouring and cold colouring, and forcible lights, and forcible shadows, and subordinations, that, to illustrate one object or action, would sacrifice nine-tenths of a picture in a waste of senseless obscurity. He saw none of these violent partialities in nature; and he scorned to please a depraved imagination by fantastic pretences of surpassing that which, as it is, no man can equal. His characters affect no graces nor anti-graces that do not belong to them. His lights and shadows are mild, moderate, and diffusive. The whole together rests easy upon the eye, and pleases a correct taste as much as it would had it surprised a vicious one more. His choice is always good; for he chooses that in which there is nothing essential to reject. He never gives us too much of a thing. His piece is but a cantlet of picturesque nature, neatly cut out, and transferred into a picture-frame. The character of Morland, therefore, as a painter, appears to be remarkably equal and consistent. Gainsborough, sometimes dull, was oftener capricious, and still oftener careless; and the character of Wilson's landscape, seldom purely English, was sometimes mixed, and sometimes absolutely indeterminate; but Morland we are always sure of,—his pictures never make a mistake,—never insult by falsehood, disgust by affectation, disappoint by error, or tease by mystery. Such was the illustrious English artist, George Morland; whose moral character was, at the same time, so notoriously depraved, that, in the course of twenty years that I have been among arts and artists, and anxious as I ever felt to esteem the possessor of such splendid talents, I never heard him mentioned but with some concomitant sentiment of reluctant disgust. Eccentric as his conduct was, beyond all calculation and all powers of description, it did not afford even the melancholy palliation of insanity; for the vigour of his genius, and the soundness of his judgment, never forsook him in a picture, though they scarcely ever accompanied him in any other employment, action, or sentiment of his life. The only character likely to bear a parallel with Morland's seems to be that of Adrian Brauwer, a Flemish painter, of great and deserved celebrity, who lived, I think, in the sixteenth century. The principal differences seem to be, that the Fleming's subjects were as generally nauseous as the Englishman's were decent and pleasing; and that Brauwer was more elaborate, and coloured more richly, though, perhaps, not with greater truth. The latter, therefore, may possibly be surer of pleasing the eye, however he affects the taste or the understanding. The death of Brauwer, at the age of twenty-eight, appears to have been brought on by the same causes, of which accident, or a stronger constitution, protracted the effects in Morland twelve years longer."

Joseph Priestley.

BORN A. D. 1733.—DIED A. D. 1804.

THE following notice of this celebrated man is principally from the pen of his able and intimate friend Dr John Aikin.

Joseph Priestley, LL.D., F.R.S. and member of many foreign literary societies, was born on March 13th, old style, 1733, at Field-head, in the parish of Birstall, in the west-riding of Yorkshire.* His father was engaged in the clothing manufacture, and both parents were persons of respectability among the Calvinistic dissenters. Joseph was from an early period brought up in the house of Mr Joseph Keighley, who had married his aunt. A fondness for reading was one of the first passions he displayed; and it probably induced his friends to change their intentions of educating him for trade, and destine him for a learned profession. He was sent to a school at Batley, the master of which possessed no common share of erudition. Besides the Latin and Greek languages, he was capable of giving instructions in the Hebrew; and his pupil carried with him the knowledge of all the three to the academy of Daventry, at which he was entered in his 19th year as a student of divinity. This academy was the successor of that kept by Dr Doddridge at Northampton, and was conducted by Dr Ashworth, whose first pupil Mr Priestley is said to have been.

When about the age of twenty-two, he was chosen as an assistant-minister to the Independent congregation of Needham-market, in Suffolk. He had at this time begun to imbibe theological opinions different from those of the school in which he had been educated. He had likewise become a student and admirer of the metaphysical philosophy of Hartley, of which during life he was the zealous advocate, and the acute elucidator. After an abode of three years at Needham, he accepted an invitation to be pastor of a small flock at Namptwich, in Cheshire. There he opened a day-school, in the conduct of which he exhibited that turn for ingenious research, and that spirit of improvement which were to be his distinguishing characteristics. He enlarged the minds of his pupils by philosophical experiments, and he drew up an English Grammar upon an improved plan, which was his earliest publication. His reputation as a man of uncommon talents and active inquiry, soon extended itself among his professional brethren; and when upon the death of the Rev. Dr Taylor, the tutor of divinity at Warrington academy, Dr Aiken was chosen to supply his place, Mr Priestley was invited to undertake the vacant department of belles-lettres. It was in 1761 that he removed to a situation happily accommodated to his personal improvement, by the free society of men of large intellectual attainments, and to the display of his own various powers of mind. He soon after made a matrimonial connection with Mary, daughter to Mr Wilkinson of Bersham-Foundry near Wrexham; a lady of an excellent heart, and a strong understanding, and his faithful partner in all the vicissitudes of his life.

At Warrington properly commenced the literary career of this eminent person, and a variety of publications soon announced to the world

the extent and originality of his pursuits. One of the first was a 'Chart of Biography,' in which he ingeniously contrived to present an ocular image both of the proportional duration of existence, and of the chronological period and synchronism of all the most eminent persons of all ages and countries, in the great departments of science, art, and public life. This was very favourably received, and suggested a second 'Chart of History,' in like manner offering to the view the extent, time, and duration of states and empires. Subjects of history and general politics at this time engaged much of his attention. He delivered lectures upon them, of which the substance was given to the world in various useful publications. His notions of government were founded on those principles of the original and indefeasible rights of man which are the sole basis of all political freedom. He was an ardent admirer of the British constitution, according to his conceptions of it, and ably illustrated it in his lectures. With respect to his proper academical department of the belles-lettres, he displayed the enlargement of his views in a set of lectures on the theory and history of language, and on the principles of oratory and criticism; in the latter of which he successfully applied the Hartleian theory of association to objects of taste. Although his graver pursuits did not allow him to cultivate the agreeable parts of literature as a practitioner, he sufficiently showed, by some light and playful efforts, that he would have been capable of excelling in this walk, had he given his attention to it. But he was too intent upon things to expend his regards upon words, and he remained contented with a style of writing accommodated to the great business of instruction, of which the characteristics were accuracy and perspicuity.

Fully as his time might seem occupied by the academical and literary employments above enumerated, he found means, by perpetual activity and indefatigable industry, to accomplish the first great work in natural philosophy which laid a solid foundation for his fame in that department of human knowledge. Having long amused himself with an electrical machine, and taken an interest in the progress of discovery in that branch of physics, he was induced to undertake a 'History of Electricity,' with an account of its present state. As the science was of late date, and all its facts and theories lay within a moderate compass of reading, he thought it a task not beyond his powers to effect completely what he proposed; although his plan included an extensive course of experiment of his own, to verify what had been done by others, and to clear up remaining doubts and obscurities. It appears from his preface, that while engaged in this design, he had enjoyed the advantage of personal intercourse with some eminent philosophers, among whom he acknowledges as coadjutors, Drs Watson and Franklin, and Mr Canton. The work first appeared at Warrington in 1767, 4to. and so well was it received, that it underwent a fifth edition in 4to. 1794. It is indeed an admirable model of scientific history; full without superfluity; clear, methodical, candid and unaffected. Its original experiments are highly ingenious, and gave a foretaste of that fertility of contrivance and sagacity of observation which afterwards so much distinguished the author.

His connexion with the Warrington academy ceased in 1768, when he accepted an invitation to officiate as pastor to a large and respectable congregation of dissenters at Leeds. Considering himself now as

more especially devoted to theology, he suffered that, which had always been his favourite object, to take the lead amid his intellectual pursuits, though not to the exclusion of others. From infancy his mind had been strongly impressed with devotional sentiments; and although he had widely deviated from the doctrinal opinions which he had first imbibed, yet all the pious ardour and religious zeal of the sect among whom he was educated remained undiminished. He likewise retained in full force the principles of a dissenter from the establishment, and those ideas of congregational discipline which had become obsolete among many of the richer and more relaxed of the separatists. Numerous publications relative to these points soon marked his new residence. His 'Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion' gave, in a popular and concise form, his system of divinity with its evidences. His 'View of the Principles and Conduct of the Protestant Dissenters' exhibited his notions of the grounds of dissent and the proper character and policy of a religious sect; and a variety of controversial and polemic writings presented to the world his views of the Christian dispensation. As a divine, if possible, still more than as a philosopher, truth was his sole aim, which he pursued with a more exalted ardour, in proportion to the greater importance of the subject. Naturally sanguine, and embracing the conclusions of his reason with a plenitude of conviction that excluded every particle of doubt, he inculcated his tenets with an earnestness limited by nothing but a sacred regard to the rights of private judgment in others as well as himself.

The favourable reception of the 'History of Electricity' had induced Dr Priestley to adopt the grand design of pursuing the rise and progress of the other sciences, in a historical form; and much of his time at Leeds was occupied in his second work upon this plan, entitled 'The History and Present State of Discoveries relating to Vision, Light, and Colours,' which appeared in 2 vols. 4to. 1772. This is allowed to be a performance of great merit; possessing a lucid arrangement, and that clear perspicuous view of his subject which it was the author's peculiar talent to afford. It failed, however, of attaining the popularity of his 'History of Electricity,' chiefly because it was impossible to give adequate notions of many parts of the theory of optics without a more accurate acquaintance with mathematics than common readers can be supposed to possess. Perhaps too, the writer himself was scarcely competent to explain the abstruser parts of this science. It proved to be the termination of his plan; but science was no loser by the circumstance, for the activity of his mind was turned from the consideration of the discoveries of others, to the attempt of making discoveries of his own, and nothing could be more brilliant than his success. We find that at this period he had begun those experiments upon air which have given the greatest celebrity to his name as a natural philosopher.

In 1770, Dr Priestley quitted Leeds for a situation as different as could well be imagined. His philosophical writings, and the recommendation of his friend Dr Price, had made him so favourably known to the Earl of Shelburne that this nobleman made him such advantageous proposals for residence with him, that regard to his family would not permit them to be rejected. It was merely in the capacity of his lordship's librarian, or rather his literary and philosophical companion, in the hours that could be devoted to such pursuits, that Dr Priestley

became an inmate with him. The domestic tuition of Lord Shelburne's sons was already committed to a man of merit, and they received from Dr Priestley no other instruction than that of some courses of experimental philosophy. During this period his family resided at Calne, in Wiltshire, adjacent to Bow-wood, the country-seat of Lord Shelburne. Dr Priestley frequently accompanied his noble patron to London, and mixed at his house with several of the eminent characters of the time, by whom he was treated with the respect due to his talents and virtues. He also attended his lordship in a visit to Paris, where he saw many of the most celebrated men of science and letters in that country, and astonished them by his assertion of a firm belief in revealed religion, which they thought no man of sense could hesitate in rejecting as an idle fable.

Whilst he was enjoying the advantages of this situation, in every assistance from books and a noble apparatus for the pursuit of experimental inquiry, he also appeared in the height of his fame as an acute metaphysician. In 1775 he published his 'Examination of Dr Reid on the Human Mind; Dr Beattie on the Nature and Immutability of Truth; and Dr Oswald's Appeal to Common Sense.' The purpose of this volume was to refute the new doctrine of common sense employed as the criterion of truth by the metaphysicians of Scotland, and to prepare the way for the reception of the Hartleian theory of the human mind, which he was then engaged in presenting under a more popular and intelligible form. In his publication of Hartley's theory he had expressed some doubts as to the common hypothesis that man possesses a soul, or immaterial substance, totally distinct from his body. For this opinion he had undergone obloquy as a favourer of Atheism; but he did not scruple, in 1777, to publish 'Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit,' in which he gave a history of the philosophical doctrine concerning the soul, and openly supported the material system, which makes it homogeneous with the body. Perhaps, of all Dr Priestley's deviations from received opinions, this has subjected him to the greatest odium, and has most startled the true friends of reason and free inquiry, on account of its supposed consequences. The natural proofs of a future state appear to be so much invalidated by the rejection of a separate principle, the seat of thought, which may escape from the perishing body to which it is temporarily united, that he seemed to have been employed in demolishing one of the great pillars upon which religion is founded. It is enough here to observe, that in Dr Priestley's mind, the deficiency of these natural proofs only operated as an additional argument in favour of revelation; the necessity of which, to support the most important point of human belief, was thereby rendered more strikingly apparent. It may be added, that as he materialized spirit, so he in some measure spiritualized matter, by assigning to it penetrability and other subtle qualities.¹ At this time he also appeared in great force as the champion of the doctrine of philosophical necessity.

¹ Dr Priestley's system of materialism has failed in much abler hands than his. That the human soul is an immaterial principle distinct from matter, and from the organized system, through which it acts, is the only theory that will account at all satisfactorily for the phenomena of mind.

Such was the wonderful compass and versatility of his mind, that at this very period he was carrying on that course of discovery concerning aëriform bodies, which has rendered his name so illustrious among philosophical chemists.² In the 'Philosophical transactions' for 1773, we find a paper containing 'Observations on different Kinds of Air,' by Dr Priestley; which obtained the honorary prize of Copley's medals. These were reprinted, with many important additions, in the first volume of his 'Experiments and Observations on different Kinds of Air,' 8vo. 1774. A second volume of this work was published in 1775, and a third in 1777. To give the slightest view of the original matter in these volumes, would occupy more time and space than this sketch permits; but it may with justice be affirmed, that they added a greater mass of fact to the history of aëriform fluids than the united labours of all others employed upon the same subject. Some of the most striking of his discoveries were those of nitrous, and dephlogisticated, or pure air,—of the restoration of vitiated air by vegetation,—of the influence of light on vegetables,—and of the effects of respiration upon the blood. In these volumes he did not attempt theory or systematic arrangement, thinking that the knowledge of facts was not sufficiently advanced for that purpose. But the name of Priestley was by these publications spread through all the enlightened countries of Europe, and honours from scientific bodies in various parts were accumulated upon him. The votaries of physical science now, doubtless, flattered themselves, that the ardour of his powerful mind was durably fixed upon the advancement of natural philosophy and chemistry; but an intimation at the close of the last volume, of his intention to intermit those pursuits in order to engage in other speculative topics, sufficiently proved to all who knew him, that experimental inquiries could occupy only a secondary place in his mind. These other and more favourite topics were the metaphysical theories which have been already mentioned, and the theological discussions which he resumed with fresh zeal and industry. The continuation of his 'Institutes of Religion;' his 'Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever;' his 'Harmony of the Evangelists;' and various tracts on moral and religious topics, marked his return to his former studies.

The term of his engagement with Lord Shelburne having expired, Dr Priestley, with a pension for life of £150 per annum, was at liberty to choose a new situation. He gave the preference to the neighbourhood of the populous town of Birmingham, chiefly induced by the advantages it afforded, from the nature of its manufactures to the pursuits of chemical experiments. It was also the residence of several men of science; among whom the names of Watt, Withering, Bolton, and

² "Few persons, I believe," he says in his autobiography, "have met with so much unexpected good success as myself, in the course of my philosophical pursuits. My narrative will show that the first hints, at least, of almost everything that I have discovered of much importance, have occurred to me in this way; in looking for one thing, I have generally found another, and sometimes a thing of much more value than that which I was in quest of. But none of these expected discoveries appear to me to have been so extraordinary as that I am about to relate, viz. the spontaneous emission of dephlogisticated air from water containing green vegetating matter; and it may serve to admonish all persons who are engaged in similar pursuits, not to overlook any circumstance relating to an experiment, but to keep their eyes open to every new appearance, and to give due attention to it, however inconsiderable it may seem."

Keir, are well known to the public. With these he was soon upon terms of friendly reciprocation of knowledge and mutual aid in research : and their Lunarian Club presented a constellation of talent which would not easily have been assembled even in the metropolis.

He had not long occupied his new habitation, before he was invited to undertake the office of pastor to a congregation of Unitarian dissenters in Birmingham, upon which he entered towards the close of 1780. Some of the most important of his theological works soon issued from the Birmingham press. Of these were his 'Letters to Bishop Newcome, on the Duration of Christ's Ministry;' and his 'History of the Corruptions of Christianity;' afterwards followed by his 'History of Early Opinions.' Controversies upon theological topics multiplied around him, to all of which he paid the attention they seemed to require. The warm disputes which took place on occasion of the applications of the dissenters for relief from the disabilities and penalties of the corporation and test acts, supplied a new subject of contest, into which he could not forbear to enter, both as a friend to toleration in general, and as one of the body aggrieved. His hostility to the establishment became more decided, and he appealed to the people on the points of difference, in his 'Familiar Letters to the Inhabitants of Birmingham,' written with much force, but with his usual disregard of caution.

Little has hitherto been said of the political exertions of Dr Priestley, which, indeed, form no conspicuous part of his literary life. He had displayed his attachment to freedom by his 'Essay on the First Principles of Government,' and by an anonymous pamphlet on the state of public liberty in this country; and had shown a warm interest in the cause of America at the time of its unfortunate quarrel with the mother country. The French Revolution was an event which could scarcely fail of being contemplated by him with satisfaction. His sanguine hopes saw in it the dawn of light and liberty over Europe; and he particularly expected from it the eventual downfall of all establishments inimical to the spread of truth. Such expectations he was at no pains to conceal; and as parties now began to take their decided stations, and to be inspired with all the usual rancour of opponents in civil contests, he was naturally rendered a prominent mark of party hatred. In this state of mutual exasperation, the celebration of the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, by a public dinner, on July 14th, 1791, at which Dr Priestley was not present, gave the signal of those savage riots which have thrown lasting disgrace on the town of Birmingham, and in some degree on the national character. Amid the conflagration of houses of worship and private dwellings, Dr Priestley was the great object of popular rage; his house, library, manuscripts, and apparatus, were made a prey to the flames; he was hunted like a proclaimed criminal, and experienced not only the furious outrages of a mob, but the most unhandsome treatment from some who ought to have sustained the parts of gentlemen, and friends of peace and order. It would be painful to dwell upon these scenes; suffice it to say, that he was driven for ever from his favourite residence; that his losses were very inadequately compensated; and that he passed some time as a wanderer, till an invitation to succeed Dr Price, in a congregation at Hackney, gave him a new settlement. This was rendered more interesting to him by a

connection with the new dissenting-college established at that place. His mind, by its native elasticity, recovered from the shock of his cruel losses, and he resumed his usual labours.

This was, however, far from being a season of tranquillity. Parties ran high, and events were daily taking place calculated to agitate the mind, and inspire varied emotions of tumultuous expectation. Dr Priestley, however he might be regarded by the friends of government, had no reason to entertain apprehensions for his personal safety on the part of authority; but he was conscious that he lay under a load of public odium and suspicion, and he was perpetually harassed by the petty malignity of bigotry. Having so lately been the victim of a paroxysm of popular rage, he could not be perfectly easy in the vicinity of a vast metropolis, where any sudden impulse given to the tumultuous mass might bring irresistible destruction upon the heads of those who should be pointed out as objects of vengeance. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that he looked towards an asylum in a country to which he had always shown a friendly attachment, and which was in possession of all the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Some family-reasons also enforced this choice of a new situation. He took leave of his native country in 1794, and embarked for North America. He carried with him the sincere regrets of a great number of venerating and affectionate friends and admirers; and his departure, while celebrated as a triumph by unfeeling bigots, was lamented by the moderate and impartial as a kind of stigma on the country, which, by its ill treatment, had expelled a citizen whom it might enrol among its proudest boasts.

Northumberland, a town in the inland parts of the state of Pennsylvania, was the place in which he fixed his residence. It was selected on account of the purchase of landed property in its neighbourhood; otherwise, its remoteness from the sea-ports,—its want of many of the comforts of civilized life, and of all the helps to studious and scientific pursuit,—rendered it a peculiarly undesirable abode for one of Dr Priestley's habits and employments. In America he was received, if not with the ardour of sympathy and admiration, yet with general respect; nor were the angry contests of party able lastingly to deprive him of the esteem due to his character. If he had any sanguine hopes of diffusing his religious principles over the new continent; or if his friends expected that the brilliancy of his philosophical reputation should place him in a highly conspicuous light among a people yet in the infancy of mental culture, such expectations were certainly disappointed. He was, however, heard as a preacher by some of the most distinguished members of congress; and he was offered, but declined, the place of chemical professor at Philadelphia. It became his great object to enable himself in his retirement at Northumberland to renew that course of philosophical experiment, and especially that train of theological writing, which had occupied so many of the best years of his life. By indefatigable pains he got together a valuable apparatus and well-furnished library, and cheerfully returned to his former employments. By many new experiments on the constitution of airs, he became more and more fixed in his belief of the phlogistic theory, and in his opposition to the new French chemical system of which he lived to be the sole opponent of note. The results of several of his inquiries on these topics were given, both in separate publications, and in the American 'Philosophical

transactions.' The liberal contributions of his friends in England enabled him to commence the printing of two extensive works, on which he was zealously bent,—a Church History, and an Exposition of the Scriptures; and through the progress of his final decline he unremittingly urged their completion. He died on the 6th of February, 1804.

"In Dr Priestley's mental constitution," says his friend Aikin, "were united ardour and vivacity of intellect, with placidity and mildness of temper. With a zeal for the propagation of truth, that would have carried him through fire and water, he joined a calm patience, an unruffled serenity, which rendered him proof against all obstructions and disappointments. It has been suggested, that a man so much in earnest, and so vigorous in controversial warfare, could not fail of being a persecutor, should his party gain the superiority; but this was an erroneous supposition. Not only were the rights of private judgment rendered sacred to him by every principle of his understanding, but his heart would not have suffered him to have injured his bitterest enemy. He was naturally disposed to cheerfulness, and when his mind was not occupied with serious thoughts, could unbend, with even playful ease and negligence, in the private circle of friends. In large and mixed companies he usually spoke little. In the domestic relations of life he was uniformly kind and affectionate. His parental feelings—alas! how keenly were they excited!—were those of the tenderest and best of fathers. Not malice itself could ever fix a stain on his private conduct, or impeach his integrity. Such was the man who adds one more imperishable name to the illustrious dead of his country."

Professor Playfair has, we think, furnished a very judicious estimate of Dr Priestley's intellectual character in the following words: "On the whole," says Mr Playfair, "from Dr Priestley's conversation, and from his writings, one is not much disposed to consider him as a person of first-rate abilities. The activity, rather than the force, of his genius, is the object of admiration. He is indefatigable in making experiments, and he compensates, by the number of them, for the unskilfulness with which they are often contrived. Though little skilled in mathematics, he has written on optics with tolerable success; and though but moderately versed in chemistry, he has done very considerable service to that science. If we view him as a critic, a metaphysician and a divine, we must confine ourselves to a more scanty praise. In his controversy with Dr Reid, though he has said many things that are true, he has shown himself wholly incapable of understanding the principal point in debate: and when he has affirmed that the vague and unsatisfactory speculations of Hartley have thrown as much light on the nature of man, as the reasonings of Sir Isaac Newton did on the nature of body, he can hardly be allowed to understand in what true philosophy consists. As to his theology, it is enough to say that he denies the immateriality of the soul, though he contends for its immortality, and ranges himself on the side of Christianity. These inconsistencies and absurdities will, perhaps, deprive him of the name of a philosopher, but he will still merit the name of a useful and diligent experimenter."

Patrick Russell.

BORN A. D. 1726.—DIED A. D. 1805.

PATRICK RUSSELL, M. D. was a younger son of John Russell, Esq. of Braidshaw, in Mid Lothian, by his third wife, Mary, daughter of the Reverend Mr Anderson, minister at West Calder. He was born at Edinburgh on the 6th of February, 1726. He received the rudiments of his classical education at the High-school of that city, and studied at the university there several years.

Dr Alexander Russell, an elder brother, had been for a considerable time in Turkey, as physician to the English factory at Aleppo. Patrick joined him there in 1750, and lived with him for several years. During this time, he applied himself with great diligence, and with remarkable success, to the acquisition of the different languages of Syria. In 1775 Dr Alexander Russell left Aleppo on his return to Britain, and his brother Patrick succeeded him as physician to the British factory. In this situation his affable and engaging disposition soon rendered him as much beloved as his predecessor had been. It endeared him no less to the Turks than to the resident Europeans. Such was the esteem he was held in by the Bashaw of Aleppo, that he was honoured with the privilege of wearing a turban,—there considered as a signal mark of distinction to a European.

Dr Alexander Russell having in 1756 published his 'Natural History of Aleppo,' sent a copy to his successor, with an earnest request that he would collect and send home additional information. To Patrick's own predilection for such studies was thus superadded the powerful motive of gratifying a brother, to whom he was bound by ties of esteem and gratitude as well as of affection. For many years, therefore, did he continue regularly to correspond with his brother on scientific subjects connected with the history of Syria, and to collect and transmit authentic information on a great variety of topics, in the view of correcting and enlarging a second edition.

Aleppo, it is well known, is liable to that calamitous epidemic, the plague. When the first symptoms of that scourge of human nature at any time appeared, far from shutting himself up, as was customary with Europeans, Dr Russell remained calm and collected, and displayed a steady perseverance in the discharge of his duty, which could result only from the guidance of a beneficent, courageous, and well-regulated mind. After communicating to the English consul instructions in writing for the observance of those attached to the English factory, he used to take leave of all his friends, who, at his express desire, shut themselves up within the limits of the factory, and did not suffer the least intercourse to be had with them. At the most imminent risk did Dr Russell then apply himself to the treatment of the diseased. If he was not able to arrest the progress of the malady, he had thus at least the best opportunities of investigating its nature, watching its symptoms, and trying the effects of various powerful medicines, and different modes of treatment. The correct and extensive information which he acquired by experience in this most hazardous manner, during several suc-

cessive visitations of the plague in 1760, 61, and 62, qualified him in a peculiar manner for writing a history of that direful distemper,—an advantage of which he happily survived long after to avail himself.

After a residence of about twenty years at Aleppo, he resolved to revisit his native country. He travelled chiefly over land; and he rendered his journey through Italy and France interesting and useful, not only to himself, but eventually to his countrymen, by minutely examining all the principal lazarettos in those countries, and inquiring into their regulations and general management. Soon after his return to England in 1772 he went to Edinburgh, where he remained some time, having views of settling as a physician in that city. Afterward, however, by the advice of the late Dr Fothergill, he removed to London, on account of the wider sphere it offered for professional exertions.

He remained in London till the latter end of the year 1781, when affection for his brother, Mr Claud Russell, whose precarious state of health at that time required constant and particular attention, induced him to sacrifice his flattering prospects in the capital, and accompany his brother to the East Indies. There he resided principally at Vizagapatam, his brother having been appointed to the highest office in that settlement. His time and attention were, in a great measure, devoted to the natural history of that country, which had been hitherto but little explored. Dr Koenig, indeed, had been for some years employed by the East India company in the botanical department: and Dr Russell has, in a proface which he wrote to the first fasciculus of 'Coromandel Plants,' borne ample testimony to the zeal and success of that botanist. On Dr Koenig's death at Jagrenatporum, in June, 1785, the governor of Madras communicated to Dr Russell, in very flattering terms, his wish that he should accept of the appointment of botanist or naturalist to the Company. Fortunately for science, the doctor accepted the offer, through the persuasion of his brother Mr Claud Russell. This was in November, 1785. During the three following years Dr Russell was indefatigable in his researches, turning to the best account the facilities afforded by his appointment, not confining his attention to the vegetable kingdom, but eagerly collecting, figuring, and describing the fishes and the serpents of the country.

While in India, Dr Russell occasionally employed himself in arranging the ample and valuable materials concerning the plague, which he had long before collected in Syria. In 1787 he sent home a fair copy of his labours, and solicited the friendly revisal of his eminent literary cotemporaries, Dr William Robertson, Dr Adam Ferguson, and Dr Adam Smith.

In January, 1789, Dr Russell embarked for England with his brother and family. He at this time deposited his collection of specimens of fishes, and his Indian herbarium, in the Company's museum at Madras.

In 1791 his 'Treatise on the Plague' appeared in two volumes quarto. In this valuable and beautiful work, he first gives an account of the plague at Aleppo in the years 1760, 1761, and 1762; then a medical account of the disease; this is followed by essays on pestilential contagion, on quarantines, and on lazarettos; with remarks on the police to be observed in the time of the plague: several interesting cases of patients labouring under the disease are given in detail; and a register of the weather during the pestilential season is subjoined.

It has been mentioned that Dr A. Russell had projected a new edition of his 'History of Aleppo,' and had applied to his brother for information on various topics. Alexander died in 1768 without having accomplished this intention, although he had collected a considerable quantity of new and valuable materials. "The prosecution of his brother's plan forcibly struck Dr Patrick Russell in the light of a debt due to friendship;" and on this delicate principle he declined to follow the advice of Dr Robertson, and some other eminent literary friends, who wished him to make a separate publication of his own observations in Syria. In 1794, therefore, he published, in two volumes quarto, 'The Natural History of Aleppo, by Alexander Russell, M.D. the second edition; revised, enlarged, and illustrated with notes, by Patrick Russell, M.D. F.R.S.' The truth however is, that the book was not only 'new modelled,' as mentioned by Dr Patrick himself, in the preface, but many emendations were made, and very large additions were introduced by him, under the modest title of 'editor.'

In 1799 the privy council of Great Britain, alarmed by reports that the plague had broke out in the Levant, resolved to adopt measures to prevent the infection being brought into this country. They appointed a committee to draw up quarantine regulations, and to report their opinion and advice as to the permanent measures of precaution which ought in future to be adopted. The celebrity of Dr Russell's 'Treatise on the Plague,' naturally led to his being asked to assist the committee. This he cheerfully agreed to; and in his attention to this piece of public business he was indefatigable. The regulations approved of by a majority of the committee did not, in Dr Russell's opinion, go far enough: he judged more strict and vigorous prophylactic measures to be necessary; and he was not singular in his opinion.

Dr Russell died in London on the 2d of July, 1805, after a short illness of three days. The reputation of Dr Russell, in the literary and scientific world, has been established by the various publications which have been mentioned. In zeal for the advancement of natural science he could not be surpassed.

Christopher Anstey.

BORN A. D. 1725.—DIED A. D. 1805.

THIS gentleman was educated at Eton and King's college, Cambridge. He was originally designed for the church, but having his degrees withheld from him, and being in the possession of a competent fortune, he retired into private life without seeking ordination. A speech which he made in the public schools, upon some offence that had been given him, beginning "*Doctores sine doctrinâ, magistri artium sine artibus, et baccalauri baculo potius quam lauro digni*," was the cause of his rustication from the university.

His first appearance as an author was in a monody on the death of the unfortunate marquess of Tavistock, who was killed by a fall from his horse. This was followed by the 'New Bath Guide,' which is in a great measure built on Smollett's novel of Humphrey Clinker. Indeed the characters of Aunt Tabby and Miss Prue, and the whole description

of Bath are copies from the *Tabitha Bramble* and *Lydia* of that celebrated romance. The *Bath Guide* was received with deserved and general applause. Its satire, which is poignant without grossness or personality, pleased all. Some years afterwards Mr Anstey published 'An Election Ball, in Poetical Letters from Mr Inkle at Bath, to his wife at Gloucester; with a poetical Address to John Miller, Esq. at Bath-Easton Villa;' which, though inferior to the former poem, presents a considerable degree of wit and humour. He was also author of 'The Priest Dissected, a Poem addressed to the Reverend Author of *Regulus*, *Toby*, *Cæsar*, and other pieces in the *Papers*, Canto I. 1774;' and a satire, entitled, 'Ad C. W. Bamfylde, *Epistola poetica familiaris in quâ continentur Tabulæ V. ab eo excogitatæ quæ Personas representant Poematis cujusdem Anglicani cui Titulus, an Election Ball, 1776*,' 4to. Besides these pieces, Anstey was the author of 'Speculation; or a Defence of Mankind, 1780,' 4to. In this work he complains that the poet had been treated by the world in a manner which his inoffensive reprehension of its vices did not entitle him to. He also wrote 'Liberality; or Memoirs of a decayed Macaroni, 1788,' 4to; 'The Farmer's Daughter, a poetical Tale founded on Fact,' published in 1795. His latest publication was an elegant Latin ode to Dr Jenner, written a very short time previous to his decease.

Arthur Murphy.

BORN A. D. 1733.—DIED A. D. 1805.

THIS well-known dramatic writer, and translator of Tacitus, was born in Ireland, and descended from a very respectable family in that country. He was sent very early in life to the college of St Omer's, where he remained till his eighteenth year, and was at the head of the Latin class when he quitted the school. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and very well acquainted with the Greek language, when he returned to his native country. Soon after his return to Ireland he was sent to England and placed under the protection of a near relation, a person high in the mercantile world. It was intended by this relation that Mr Murphy should engage in commercial pursuits, but literature and the stage soon drew his attention, and wholly absorbed his mind.

Mr Murphy was tempted to venture upon the theatrical boards, and made several attempts to acquire reputation as an actor; but though he always displayed judgment, he wanted those powers which are essential to the acquisition of fame and fortune in that arduous walk of life. He was, however, wholly undeserving of the brutal attack on his talents as an actor, which Churchill directed against him, chiefly from motives of party-prejudice. Murphy answered the scurrilities of that energetic but coarse and furious bard, in a very humorous ode addressed to the 'Naiads of Fleet Ditch,' and in a very spirited poem, entitled 'Expos-tulation,' in which he modestly but firmly vindicated his literary character against all the assaults of his various opponents. He, however, withdrew from the stage, and made two attempts to become a member of the Temple, and of Gray's-inn, but was rejected on the illiberal plea that he had been upon the stage. He found more liberal sentiments in

the members of Lincoly's-inn, and from them obtained admission to the bar. The dramatic muse, however, still so much engaged his attention, that the law was always a secondary consideration. In the course of his life he sent twenty pieces to the stage, most of which were successful, and several of which will certainly retain an established rank among what are called stock-pieces of the theatre. It should have been observed that he first started into the literary world with a series of essays in the manner of the *Spectator*, entitled 'The Gray's-inn Journal,' which displayed great observation and knowledge of life for so young an author. According to his own account, he was but twenty-one when, as he used to say, "he had the impudence to write a periodical paper during the time that Johnson was publishing his *Rambler*." At one period of his life Mr Murphy came forward as a political writer, though without putting his name to his productions. The works of this kind which were well-known to have been the issue of his pen, were 'The Test' and 'The Auditor,' by which he powerfully supported the operations of government at that time; and consequently exposed him to all the virulence of party defamation. He has shown his taste and elegance as a scholar, by a Latin version of 'The Temple of Fame,' and of Gray's celebrated 'Elegy,' as well as other admired English poems, and a masterly translation of the works of Tacitus. He was the author of the following pieces:—'The Apprentice,' a Farce, acted at Drury-lane, 1756; 'The Englishman returned from Paris,' ditto, 1757; 'The Upholsterer,' ditto, 1768; 'The Orphan of China, a Tragedy,' ditto, 1759; 'The Way to keep Him,' three acts, ditto, 1760—enlarged to five acts, 1761; 'All in the Wrong,' 1761; 'The Old Maid, a Farce,' ditto, 1761; 'The Citizen, a Farce,' acted at Covent Garden, 1763; 'No One's Enemy but his Own, a Comedy,' acted at Covent Garden, 1764; 'What We Must All Come To,' altered to 'Three Weeks after Marriage,' 1776; 'The Choice, a Farce,' acted at Drury-lane, 1765; 'The School for Guardians, a Comedy,' acted at Covent Garden, 1767; 'Zenobia, a Tragedy,' acted at Drury-lane, 1768; 'The Grecian Daughter,' ditto, 1772; 'Alzuma,' ditto, 1773; 'News from Parnassus, a Prelude,' ditto, 1776; 'Know Your Own Mind, a Comedy,' 1777; and 'The Rival Sisters, a Tragedy,' acted at the Opera House by the Drury-lane Company, 1793. His works have been collected in seven volumes octavo. His celebrity as a dramatist probably produced him business as an advocate. He was nominated a Commissioner of Bankrupts, in which office he continued to his death, which happened the 18th day of June, 1805.

Mungo Park.

BORN A. D. 1771.—DIED A. D. 1805?

THIS celebrated but ill-fated traveller was the son of a Scotch farmer near Selkirk. He was originally destined for the church, but ultimately studied medicine, and was introduced by Sir Joseph Banks to practice in the navy.

After having made a voyage in an East Indiaman, he offered his services to the African association, and having been engaged by this society, he sailed from Portsmouth on the 22d of May, 1795. Land-

ing at Illifree, he proceeded to Pisania on the Gambia river, whence he pursued his journey amid incredible hardships to the Niger, and to Sego the capital of Bambarra.

"The latter part of Park's first journey, and his return home, afford a narrative of peculiar interest, from two incidents, of a nature sufficiently dramatic, one of them indeed almost emulating the combinations of romance. Having encountered all the horrors of the rainy season, and being worn down by fatigue, his health had, at different times, been seriously affected. But, soon after his arrival at Kamalia, he fell into a severe and dangerous fit of sickness, by which he was closely confined for upwards of a month. His life was preserved by the hospitality and benevolence of Karfa Taura, a negro, who received him into his house, and whose family attended him with the kindest solicitude. The same excellent person, at the time of Park's last mission into Africa, hearing that a white man was travelling through the country, whom he imagined to be Park, took a journey of six days to meet him; and joining the caravan at Bambakoo, was highly gratified by the sight of his friend. There being still a space of five hundred miles to be traversed, (the greater part of it through a desert) before Park could reach any friendly country on the Gambia, he had no other resource but to wait with patience for the first caravan of slaves that might travel the same track. No such opportunity occurred till the latter end of April, 1797; when a coffle, or caravan, set out from Kamalia under the direction of Karfa Taura, in whose house he had continued during his long residence of more than seven months at that place. The coffle began its progress westwards on the 17th of April, and on the 4th of June reached the banks of the Gambia, after a journey of great labour and difficulty, which afforded Park the most painful opportunities of witnessing the miseries endured by a caravan of slaves in their transportation from the interior to the coast. On the 10th of the same month, Park arrived at Pisania, from whence he had set out eighteen months before; and was received by Dr Laidley (to use his own expression) as one risen from the grave. On the 15th of June he embarked in a slave ship bound to America, which was driven by stress of weather to the West Indies; and got with great difficulty, and under circumstances of considerable danger, into the island of Antigua. He sailed from thence on the 24th of November, and after a short, but tempestuous passage, arrived at Falmouth, on the 22d of the following month, having been absent nearly two years and seven months. Immediately on his landing he hastened to London, anxious in the greatest degree about his family and friends, of whom he had heard nothing for two years. He arrived in London before day-light on the morning of Christmas day, 1797, and it being too early an hour to go to his brother-in-law Mr Dickson, he wandered for some time about the streets in that quarter of the town where his house was. Finding one of the entrances into the gardens of the British Museum accidentally open, he went in and walked about there for some time. It happened that Mr Dickson, who had the care of those gardens, went there early that morning upon some trifling business. What must have been his emotions on beholding, at that extraordinary time and place, the vision, as it must at first have appeared, of his long-lost friend, the object of so many anxious reflections, and whom he had long numbered with the dead!"

In 1803 he was invited by government to undertake a second journey into the interior, and acceded to the invitation. He was at this time practising surgery in the neighbourhood of Peebles. But, says the writer of his life, "his journeys to visit distant patients—his long and solitary rides over 'cold and lonely heaths,' and 'gloomy hills assailed by the wintry tempest,' seem to have produced in him feelings of disgust and impatience, which he had perhaps rarely experienced in the deserts of Africa. His strong sense of the irksomeness of this way of life broke out from him upon many occasions; especially when, previously to his undertaking his second African mission, one of his nearest relations expostulated with him on the imprudence of again exposing himself to dangers which he had so very narrowly escaped, and perhaps even to new and still greater ones; he calmly replied, that a few inglorious winters of country practice at Peebles, was a risk as great, and would tend as effectually to shorten life, as the journey which he was about to undertake."

He sailed from England on the 30th of January, 1805, and reached Goree on the 28th of March. Thirty-five soldiers and a lieutenant volunteered to accompany him in his journey into the interior; and on the 26th of April, the day before he left the Gambia, we find him writing in high spirits to his friend Dickson: "Every thing at present," he says, "looks as favourable as I could wish; and if all things go well, this day six weeks I expect to drink all your healths in the water of the Niger. The soldiers are in good health and spirits. They are the most *dashing* men I ever saw; and if they preserve their health, we may keep ourselves perfectly secure from any hostile attempt on the part of the natives. I have little doubt but that I shall be able, with presents and fair words, to pass through the country to the Niger; and if once we are fairly afloat, the day is won.—Give my kind regards to Sir Joseph and Mr Greville; and if they should think that I have paid too little attention to natural objects, you may mention that I had forty men and forty-two asses to look after, besides the constant trouble of packing and weighing bundles, palavering with the negroes, and laying plans for our future success. I never was so busy in my life." Unfortunately his hopes were soon dashed by the death of all his companions except Lieutenant Martyn, and three of the soldiers. He however, determined to persevere in his enterprise, and embarked on the Niger in a crazy vessel which, principally by his own labour, he had constructed out of two old canoes, on the 17th of November, 1805. On that day he completed his journal up to that date, and wrote to the colonial secretary a letter, in which he says: "With the assistance of one of the soldiers, I have changed a large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and shall set sail to the east, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. I have heard nothing that I can depend on respecting the remote course of this mighty stream; but I am more and more inclined to think, that it can end no where but in the sea. My dear friend Mr Anderson, and likewise Mr Scott, are both dead; but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere; and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last die on the Niger. If I succeed in the object of my journey, I expect

to be in England in the month of May or June, by way of the West Indies. I request that your lordship will have the goodness to permit my friend Sir Joseph Banks to peruse the abridged account of my proceedings, and that it may be preserved, in case I should lose my papers." On the 19th he wrote to his wife: "We have already embarked all our things, and shall sail the moment I have finished this letter. I do not intend to stop or land any where, till we reach the coast; which I suppose will be some time in the end of January. We shall then embark in the first vessel for England. If we have to go round by the West Indies, the voyage will occupy three months longer; so that we expect to be in England on the first of May. The reason of our delay since we left the coast was the rainy season, which came on us during the journey; and almost all the soldiers became affected with the fever. I think it not unlikely but I shall be in England before you receive this.—You may be sure that I feel happy at turning my face towards home. We this morning have done with all intercourse with the natives; and the sails are now hoisting for our departure for the coast."

It is probable that he set sail immediately after writing these letters; but they are the last authentic tidings that have ever been received of this enterprising traveller. When rumours reached Senegal of his death, Governor Maxwell employed Isaaco, a native African of considerable intelligence, who had been despatched by Park with his papers and letters before he embarked on the Niger, to go in search of him. He was absent about twenty months, and returned in September, 1811, with a confirmation of the fatal intelligence, which he had received from Amadi Fatouma, the guide who accompanied Park from Sandanding, on his voyage on the Niger. Amadi says, in his journal, which has been published along with Isaaco's, "Next day (Saturday) Mr Park departed, and I (Amadi) slept in the village (Yaour). Next morning, I went to the king to pay my respects to him. On entering the house I found two men who came on horseback; they were sent by the chief of Yaour. They said to the king, 'we are sent by the chief of Yaour to let you know that the white men went away, without giving you or him (the chief) any thing; they have a great many things with them, and we have received nothing from them; and this Amadou Fatouma now before you is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you both.' The king immediately ordered me to be put in irons; which was accordingly done, and every thing I had taken from me; some were for killing me, and some for preserving my life. The next morning early, the king sent an army to a village called Boussa near the river side.—There is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river. One part of the rock is very high; there is a large opening in that rock in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through; the tide current is here very strong. This army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr Park came there after the army had posted itself; he nevertheless attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr Park defended himself for a long time; two of his slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed; they threw every thing they had in the canoe into the river, and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the

canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr Park took hold of one of the white men, and jumped into the water; Martyn did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons at the canoe without ceasing, stood up and said to them, 'Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me.' They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the king."

James Barry.

BORN A. D. 1741.—DIED A. D. 1806.

JAMES BARRY was a native of Cork, in Ireland, and born in the year 1741. In the same city he had the advantage of a classical education, and was originally designed for the profession of a Catholic priest. This plan was probably abandoned in consequence of his prepossession for that art in which he afterwards so much succeeded.

He is said to have covered the walls, floors, and furniture, with sketches in black and red chalk; and, on his being placed at school, sat up whole nights drawing, and spent all his pocket-money in pencils and candles. He was, at this early age, remarkable for his stubborn and solitary disposition, and for preferring the company of the old and educated to that of the young and gay. So early as in his nineteenth year, and unassisted by any direct instruction in the principles of painting, he planned and executed a picture which alone would have transmitted his name to posterity, and the fate of which was almost as remarkable as that of its author. The picture was founded on an old tradition relating to the arrival of St Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, on the sea-coast of Cashel. The fame of his preaching soon reached the ears of the sovereign of that district, who, having satisfied himself of the truth of Christianity, professed himself a disciple, and was admitted by St Patrick to baptism. Water being provided, the king steps before the priest, who, disengaging his hand from the crosier—which, according to the manner of the times, was armed at the lower extremity with a spear—in planting it to the ground, accidentally strikes the foot of his illustrious convert. St Patrick, absorbed in the duties of his holy office, and unconscious of what had happened, pours the water on his head. The monarch neither changes his posture, nor suffers the pain from the wound for a moment to interrupt the ceremony: the guards express their astonishment in gestures, and one of them is prepared with his lifted battle-axe to avenge the injury by slaying the priest, while he is restrained by another, who points to the unchanged aspect and demeanour of the sovereign; the female attendants are engaged, some kneeling in solemn admiration of the priest, and others alarmed, and trembling at the effusion of the royal blood. The moment of baptism is that which Mr Barry chose for the display of his art; and few stories, it is presumed, have been selected with greater felicity, or with greater scope for the skill and ingenuity of the artist. The heroic patience of the king,—the devotional abstraction of the saint,—and the mixed emotions of the

spectators, form a combined and comprehensive scene, and convey a suitable idea of the genius of one, who, self-instructed, and at nineteen, conceived the execution of so grand a design. Having embodied the story on canvass, he proceeded forthwith to Dublin, and arrived there on the eve of an exhibition of pictures in that capital by the society which was the parent of that afterwards established in this country, for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce. Without recommendation, and accompanied only by a friend and schoolfellow, he obtained leave to have his picture exhibited. The general notice and approbation which it received were in the highest degree grateful to the ears of Barry, who was himself in the midst of the spectators, though unknown; and in that moment he was repaid for all the labour of his performance. Curiosity succeeded to the idle gaze of admiration; but as no one was able to give a satisfactory answer to the inquiries so loudly repeated for the author, the subject might have remained for some time longer in impenetrable obscurity, had not Barry himself been impelled by an irresistible impulse publicly to proclaim his propriety in that picture. His pretensions, as might be expected, were treated with disdain, and Barry burst into tears of anger and vexation; but the insults which he received were the tribute due to the extraordinary merits of the painting, and must have proved an ample recompense to the author for his temporary mortification. Although no premium had been offered that year by advertisement, yet the Dublin society voted the young artist £20, as a testimony of his merit. The picture itself was purchased by some members of the Irish parliament, and by them presented to that honourable house, as a monument of genius. It was unhappily consumed by the fire which some years afterwards destroyed the parliament house in Dublin.

Only a few days after the exhibition of this picture, the following letter, written by Dr Sleight of Cork, to recommend the young painter, was delivered to Barry by a gentleman who proved to be no other than the celebrated Edmund Burke: "We do not know much of painting in this place; but we think Mr Barry's picture a work of genius, and even a fine production, independent of the disadvantages under which it was painted." The result of this interview was an intimate acquaintance between Burke and Barry. The following anecdote is related of one of their earlier conversations:—In a dispute upon taste, Barry quoted, by way of authority, the 'Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful,' which Burke playfully disparaged as a mean performance, and no authority at all. Upon this Barry—whose natural pertinacity was not likely to be unmoved by opposition on such a subject—burst into vehement expressions in favour of the Treatise. "What!" said he, "do you call that a slight and unsubstantial work which is conceived in the spirit of nature and truth,—is written with such elegance, and strewn all over with the richness of poetic fancy? I could not afford to buy the work, and transcribed it every word with my own hand!" Burke perceiving that the matter was likely to become more serious than he intended, replied, "I know the work—I wrote it myself." Whereupon the young artist sprung into his embrace, and then ran to a shelf and presented Burke with the copy which he had transcribed.

Burke saw the necessity of his friend's proceeding to London, and thence to Italy; and he soon meditated the accomplishment of both

these objects, to which the stern independence of Barry presented the strongest obstacle: for though he was himself eager to visit the metropolis, yet he curbed his impatience, until, by his own exertions, and the most servile drudgery in his profession, he had acquired a fund to defray the expenses of his journey. After the lapse of many months, he was at length prevailed upon to accompany Richard Burke, the brother of his friend, then on his way to London, who, it was added, would be able to render him some service in England. On his arrival in the metropolis, he was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who afterwards domesticated him in his own family, and extended every possible encouragement to his professional studies. It was at this time that he had also an opportunity of associating with Dr Johnson, Dr Goldsmith, and other celebrated characters. In cultivating the general principles of his art, and in the enjoyment of Burke's friendship and society—for he had then returned to England—Barry may be said to have passed some of the happiest hours of his existence; still months, and even years glided away, and the schools of Italy were left unexplored. This consideration was often present to the recollection of Burke, who no sooner came into administration along with the marquess of Rockingham, than he, together with Sir Joshua Reynolds, procured for Barry the means of travelling. In consequence of an arrangement equally honourable to all parties concerned, Barry proceeded to Italy, where he remained about five years,—a considerable portion of which period appears, from his correspondence with Burke, to have been passed in bickerings with his brother-artists. The works of Titian had the greatest share of his admiration, but he saw many defects, which none else saw, in Raphael and Michael Angelo; and declared that "Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Teniers, and Saalken, were without the pales of his church." Whilst at Rome, he is said to have been on the point of infidelity, when the perusal of Butler's 'Analogy of Religion' fixed his belief unalterably, though he remained a Catholic, and a bigotted one. He pursued no regular method of study, and painted only two original pictures whilst abroad; on his preparing to return to England, he appears to have felt some misgivings as to his future success. "Oh! I could be happy," he says, "on my going home, to find some corner where I could sit down, in the middle of my studies, books, and casts after the antique, to paint this work and others, where I might have models of nature when necessary, bread and soup, and a coat to cover me! I should not care what became of my work when it was done; but I reflect with horror upon such a fellow as I am, and with such a kind of art, in London, with house-rent to pay, duns to follow me, and employers to look for. Had I studied art in a manner more accommodated to this nation, there would be no dread of this."

Hitherto Barry's life had been more than usually prosperous; not only had his first unassisted effort in the profession been eminently successful, but he had also obtained the notice and protection of men whose patronage alone was honour. His first painting after his excursion to Italy was 'Venus rising from the Sea'; a production not inferior to any of the efforts of his pencil, and which by some judges has been pronounced to be his best. He afterwards painted 'Jupiter and Juno.' But not finding this style of composition meet with patronage, he took for his next subject 'The Death of Wolfe' at the battle of Quebec.

This would probably have obtained great applause, had not Barry's disdain of anything ordinary induced him to represent the combatants on both sides in a state of nudity. About a year afterwards he was acutely mortified at the refusal of the bishop of London to allow the introduction of paintings into St Paul's,—a matter which, he says, "he had long set his heart upon," and in which he was to have had a considerable share. The sentiments which he entertained upon this occasion gave rise to his 'Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstruction to the Progress of Art in England,' published in 1775, in which he successfully refutes the theory of Winkleman, that the climate of this country unfitted its inhabitants for attaining to high eminence in the arts, but denounces our antiquarians and connoisseurs with great virulence, and bitterly inveighs against the success of portrait-painters as inimical to the progress of historic art.

Barry now offered to adorn the great room of the Society of Arts with a series of historical paintings at his own expense. This magnificent offer being accepted by the society, he commenced his task in 1777, and finished it in 1783. The performance consisted of six pictures:—'The Story of Orpheus;' 'Harvest Home;' 'The Victors at Olympia;' 'Navigation, or the Triumph of the Thames;' 'The Distribution of Premiums by the Society of Arts;' and 'Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution.' These were, upon the whole, splendid compositions, and raised the artist's reputation to a very high pitch.

Two years after his return from Italy, he was elected Royal academician; and, in the year 1786, Professor of Painting to the Royal academy. This appointment, highly honourable in itself, and which might have been deemed the summit of his wishes, was, on the contrary, productive of nothing but unhappiness to him. Original, and in many respects extremely singular, in his opinions, he proposed changes and innovations which could not consistently be complied with, and by these means he often subjected himself to the pain of a refusal. His great object was to appropriate a fund accumulated from the receipts of exhibitions, to form a gallery of the old masters for the use of the pupils. In this, and in many other efforts which he made with the same view, he entirely failed; so that, by continual opposition, he at length rendered himself so obnoxious to his brethren, that early in March, 1799, a body of charges was received by the council at the Royal academy, against the Professor of Painting; upon which the following resolution was passed: "That the charges and information were sufficiently important to be laid before the whole body of academicians to be examined, and if they coincide in opinion, the heads of those charges to be then communicated to the Professor of Painting." This was intimated to Mr Barry by order of the council. On the 19th of March the academy received the minutes of the council respecting the charges, and referred them to a committee elected for the purpose. The academy met again on the 15th of April, to receive the report of the committee; when Mr Barry rose, and demanded to be furnished with a copy of the report. This being denied, he protested against the injustice of the whole proceeding, and withdrew, declaring in plain terms, that "if they acted in conjunction with his enemies, without giving him the opportunity of answering for himself, and refuting the charges alleged against him, he should be ashamed to belong to the academy." Having withdrawn,

he was removed by a vote from the professor's chair, and, by a subsequent vote, expelled the academy. The whole proceedings were then laid before his majesty, who was pleased to approve them, and Barry's name was accordingly struck off the roll of academicians. Upon the circumstances of this transaction we forbear to dilate: it was decisive as to his future prospects.

From the period of his expulsion from the academy, the life of Barry presents little variety of incident. He appears to have been absorbed in the proud independence of a mind yet unbroken and unsubdued. During his later years he resided alone; with his own hands supplying all his wants, and performing all domestic offices. Abstemious in his diet, frugal in his habits, and negligent in his person, there was little in his appearance to attract the observation of congenial minds; nevertheless he still numbered among his friends, some who, through all its disguises, could recognise the flame of that genius which was not yet extinguished. By the exertions of the earl of Radnor, and others, the sum of nearly £1000 was collected for him; and, in consideration of this sum, Sir Robert Peele, at a meeting of the subscribers, liberally offered to secure him an annuity of £120. But the artist was not permitted to enjoy the benefit designed for him by his friends; for, in the month of February, 1806, he was attacked by a paralytic stroke, at an eating-house, from whence he was removed almost in an insensible state to the house of Joseph Bonomi, artist, Great Titchfield street, where he died on the 22d of the same month. Sir Robert Peele, on being apprised of Barry's death, and of the indigence in which he died, immediately offered £200 out of the £1000 now become his own, to defray the expense of a public interment in St Paul's; and, in order to give greater effect to the solemnity, he proposed the following motion in the Society of arts, on the 5th of March:—"That permission be given to place the body of Mr Barry in the great room of the society, the night previous to the interment, as the last tribute in the power of the society to offer to the remains of the illustrious artist to whose labours it is indebted for the series of classical paintings which adorn its walls;" which motion, so honourable to his memory as an artist, was unanimously carried. The funeral having been fixed for Friday, the 14th of March, the body lay in state the preceding evening. At one o'clock on the Friday, the funeral procession took place to St Paul's; the service was performed in the chapel near the west door of the cathedral; and from thence the body was taken to the south-east corner of the crypt, under the cathedral, where it was finally deposited between the remains of Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Previous to his last illness, Barry was engaged in painting the 'Origin of Evil, Grief, Pain,' &c., which he is said to have completed. He also left an unfinished portrait of Lord Nelson.

In person, Barry, who used to describe himself as a "pock-pitted, hard-featured, little fellow," was below the middle size. His sour temper, and impatience of contradiction, alienated from him the sympathies of those who were most disposed to befriend him; even the ardent friendship of Burke was at last chilled into reserve, though never to indifference. Yet with all his fierceness, he had some generous qualities. Notwithstanding the mutual dislike between himself and Reynolds,—who once said to Bacon, the sculptor, "If there be a man on

earth I seriously dislike, it is that Barry,"—after the death of Sir Joshua he went to the academy, and pronounced a glowing eulogium upon him as an artist and a man. His many faults, too, were accompanied by an independent and honest spirit. When some one advised him, for the sake of appearance, to take a better house, and set up a neat establishment, he replied, "The pride of honesty protests against such a rash speculation." His abode and costume are thus described by Southey, who visited him at his apartments in Castle-street. "He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scare-crow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on one side."

Elizabeth Carter.

BORN A. D. 1717.—DIED A. D. 1806.

ELIZABETH CARTER was born on the 16th of December, 1717, at Deal, in Kent. She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D. perpetual curate of the chapel in that town, and afterwards rector of Woodchurch and Ham. It does not appear that the infancy and early youth of Mrs Carter offered any promise of those attainments for which she was so celebrated in after life. Yet her eager desire to become a scholar, and her steady perseverance in the pursuit of learning, conquered those impediments which are opposed to the entrance on the study of the dead languages. "This ardent thirst after knowledge was," says Mr Pennington, her biographer, "at length crowned with complete success, and her acquirements became, even very early in life, such as are rarely met with. What she had once gained she never afterwards lost, an effect, indeed, to be expected from the intense application by which she acquired her learning, and which is often by no means the case with respect to those, the quickness of whose faculties renders labour almost useless." Very early, it seems, she cultivated a taste for poetry; for in the year 1738 she published a small collection of poems, written before she was twenty years of age.

The year 1739 first introduced Mrs Carter to the world as a writer in prose as well as in verse. Her first work was a translation from the French of the critique of 'Crousaz on Pope's Essay on Man.' Before she had finished this translation, she began another, from the Italian of Algarotti's 'Newtonionismo par le Dame.' The English title of this work was, 'Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained for the Use of Ladies, in Six Dialogues on Light and Colours.' This was printed by Cave in the same year, 1739, in two volumes, 12mo, and was thought to be very well done. This book is—like the former—very scarce. These translations, though Mrs Carter never spoke of them when further advanced in life and learning, had, at the time they were published, a considerable influence upon her fame; and one of them was the means of introducing her to the celebrated countess of Hertford, afterwards dutchess of Somerset. An event which had probably a great in-

fluence upon Mrs Carter's success in the world, as well as upon her literary fame, was her acquaintance with Miss Talbot, which commenced in February, 1741. Indeed, this was an era in her life of no small importance; for this acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, which continued uninterrupted to the end of that excellent and accomplished lady's life; she was the means of introducing her to many of her friends, of great eminence both in rank and learning. In the same year, they commenced a most unreserved and confidential epistolary correspondence, which, as long as Miss Talbot survived, met with no interruption, nor was ever checked by the most transient coldness or estrangement. To this friend Mrs Carter was indebted for her introduction to Dr Secker, then bishop of Oxford, who, when he became archbishop of Canterbury, preferred her brother-in-law, Dr Pennington, to the living of Tunstall, in that diocese. Among Mrs Carter's other correspondents, we find the name of the Rev. John Duncombe, the translator of Horace. He married Miss Highmore, a young lady of whom Richardson, in his letters, speaks in the highest terms.

Mrs Carter was several years engaged in the arduous task of educating her brother Henry, who, Mr Pennington remarks, "is perhaps the only instance of a student, at Cambridge, who was indebted for his previous education to one of the other sex: and this circumstance excited no small surprise there, when it was inquired, after his examination, at what school he had been brought up?" Her leisure hours, we learn, were well employed, since to them the world owes her greatest work, and that which principally contributed to make her known, the translation of Epictetus. "This was undertaken at the desire of Miss Talbot, enforced by the bishop of Oxford. It was begun in the summer of 1749; and was sent up in sheets, as fast as it was written, for the entertainment of Miss Talbot, and to receive the bishop's corrections. It was not originally designed for publication; and therefore, at first, some chapters were omitted, as not being likely to give her friend any pleasure, which were afterwards translated, and added in their proper places."

In December, 1752, Mrs Carter says, in one of her letters to Miss Talbot, "I have now just ended the translation, and will soon begin with the fair copy, or wait till my lord has been so good as to correct the fourth book, as you think best." As the '*Enchiridion*,' or '*Manual of Epictetus*,' had been translated by Dr Stanhope, as well as by other writers of less note, it was not Mrs Carter's first intention to translate either that or the fragments. The bishop, however, requested her to undertake these also, which would make it a complete work. These were finished in May, 1756, and, like the rest, sent to the bishop for revisal.¹

¹ "The printing of this work was begun in June, 1757, and was not finished till April, 1758: it was in one volume, large quarto, 505 pages, besides the introduction of 34: there were 1,018 copies struck off at first; but as they were found insufficient for the subscribers, in the following July 250 more were printed. There have been two subsequent editions, in two volumes duodecimo, besides one in two volumes octavo, published since Mrs Carter's decease, with some additional notes. It was printed by subscription, and the price was a guinea; one half to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder on the delivery of the book. The number of subscribers was very great, no less (as entered on her own copy, some of the names being in MS.) than 1031; and the list of names was most respectable, comprehending a large pro-

After the publication of her *Epictetus*, Mrs Carter's circumstances became so easy, that she was no longer wholly dependent upon her father; though she still resided with him whenever she was at Deal. But she was now enabled to live for several months in that part of London which she never afterwards quitted. She thought herself more independent in lodgings, as well as more at her ease, than she could be in visiting at any friend's house, many of whom would gladly have received her. She therefore engaged apartments in Clarges-street, Piccadilly, in which she lived many years. This was next door to the house in which she died; and except the interval of a year or two after the death of her old landlady, No. 20, when she had lodgings in Chapel-street, May-fair, she resided constantly in the winter in Clarges-street.

Lord Bath and Mrs Montague having formed a plan of visiting the continent together, this plan was carried into effect soon after the signing of the treaty of peace the beginning of the year 1763. In this party the ideas of pleasure and health were connected. The Spa waters had been prescribed to Lord Bath. At Mrs Montague's earnest request, Mrs Carter was prevailed on to join the party, which was, of course, attended with no expense to her. Dr Douglas also, the late bishop of Salisbury, the learned and well-known detector of literary forgeries, who was then chaplain to Lord Bath, as well as his intimate friend, travelled with them. This excursion produced a series of letters from Mrs Carter to Miss Talbot, many of which are extremely entertaining, and the whole indeed curious and interesting. The tour, as may well be supposed, considering who and what her companions were, was, to Mrs Carter, a most delightful one. Indeed it may be considered as an epoch in a life varied with so few events. She always dwelt upon it with peculiar pleasure, even to the last, and had the most perfect recollection of every circumstance attending it.

After Mrs Carter's return from Spa, she passed the winter, as usual, at her lodgings in Clarges-street. During the first part of it, Miss Talbot was on a visit to Canterbury. In one of Mrs Carter's letters to her while there, she shows her opinion of two characters at that time of great note, in language more pointed, warm, and expressive, than she generally used. "I lately heard," she says, "that Churchill, within two years, has got £3,500 by his ribald scribbling. Happy age of virtue and of genius, in which Wilkes is a patriot, and Churchill a poet!"

About three years before Mrs Carter's death, Lady Bath represented to her father, that every thing was then so increased in price, the £100 was much less valuable than when the annuity was granted, and Sir William generously added £50 to it. This, added to what her uncle

portion of those who were most eminent in station as well as literature. The first delivery to the booksellers for the respective subscribers was 650 copies. The whole expense of printing the work, including the proposals and receipts, as appears by Mr Richardson's bill, who printed it, was only £67 7s. (that is, not including the 250 copies added afterwards); and as many more copies were subscribed for, by way of compliment, than were claimed, Mrs Carter was a gainer by the work nearly, if not quite, a thousand pounds. It sold so well, and the price kept up so remarkably, that some years after Dr Secker, then archbishop of Canterbury, brought a bookseller's catalogue to her, saying, "Here, Madam Carter, see how ill I am used by the world; here are my sermons selling at half-price, while your *Epictetus* truly is not to be had under eighteen shillings, only three shillings less than the original subscription."

had left her about a year before, placed Mrs Carter very much at her ease in point of circumstances. Her habits of life, indeed, were such, that a very little sufficed her.

Early in August, 1768, Mrs Carter had the misfortune to lose her old and highly respected friend, Archbishop Secker. Mrs Talbot and her daughter had resided with him; but upon this occasion they removed to Lower Grosvenor-street, where Miss Talbot also expired, January, 9th, 1770. This was a very severe stroke to Mrs Carter, and most deeply felt; nor did she ever speak of Miss Talbot without the most affecting expressions of esteem and tenderness.

Mrs Carter's father died in the year 1774, in his eighty-seventh year. "This event made no great difference in her establishment or way of life, excepting that she had no longer the use of a carriage which he had kept for some years. His fortune was divided amongst his children; but the house was Mrs Carter's, and her income was now sufficient to enable her to live in it with much comfort and hospitality." To this fortune an addition was, next year, very unexpectedly made, by the death of Mr Montague; soon after which event, Mrs Montague settled upon her an annuity of one hundred pounds, and secured it to her by bond.

"From this period of her life, Mrs Carter could hardly be considered in the light of a professed literary character.

"After the publication of the third edition of her poems, to which some were added, she wrote nothing for the press. Her head-aches were very violent and frequent, and prevented her from reading or writing any thing which required much attention."

This excellent and exemplary woman expired on the 19th of February, 1806. In 1807 were published 'Memoirs of her Life,' with a new edition of her poems, by the Rev. Montague Pennington; and, in 1808, her correspondence with Miss Talbot was published in two volumes octavo.

Edward King.

BORN A. D. 1734.—DIED A. D. 1807.

THIS learned gentleman was descended from a Norfolk family of high respectability. He received the first rudiments of education from Drs Clark and Rullock, successively deans of Norwich; and, in 1748, was sent to the university of Cambridge as a fellow-commoner of Clare-hall. He resided several years at his hall, most sedulously prosecuting his academical course, and distinguishing himself by the correctness of his moral conduct. He afterwards entered himself of Lincolns-inn, by which society he was called to the bar, and practised at it with considerable success, and the promise of future eminence in the profession, until the decease of his father, when, coming into the possession of a handsome fortune, he took his leave of Westminster-hall, and devoted himself to the pursuits of learning.

His first literary performance was, 'An Essay on the English Constitution and Government,' published in 1767. In 1773 he published 'A Letter addressed to Dr Hawkesworth, and humbly recommended

to the perusal of the very Learned Deists.' In 1777 he communicated to the society of Antiquaries an ingenious and very interesting memoir on the 'Castellated Remains of Past Ages,' which was followed by a fuller memoir in 1782. They are both printed in the 'Archæologia.' In 1780 he published 'Hymns to the Supreme Being, in imitation of the Eastern Songs,' 12mo. In 1783, 'Proposals for establishing at Sea a Marine School, or Seminary for Seamen,' 8vo. In 1788 he presented to the religious world his curious and learned 'Morsels of Criticism, tending to illustrate some few passages in the Holy Scriptures, upon Philosophical Principles, and an enlarged View of Things,' 4to; to which a supplement was added in 1800. The public attention was in a very particular manner called to the contents of the former of these volumes, by the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' on account of some striking interpretation of prophecy which they exhibited, and which were, several years after the appearance of the 'Morsels,' in a remarkable degree confirmed by the great events which took place in Europe.

In his explanation of the 24th chapter of St Matthew's gospel, principally of the 29th verse, he observes as follows:—"We may remark, if the words are to be understood as spoken merely emblematically, that the images made use of are such as are well-known to predict—consistently with their constant use in many other parts of prophecy—a great destruction and almost annihilation of many of those lawful powers which rule on earth, however beneficial any of them may be to the earth; and a dreadful lessening of the dignity and splendour of all greatness, and a subversion of all good order and civil government. Than which nothing can be expected more formidable. Dreadful indeed," adds he, "must be a time, if such a one is to come, when men are let loose upon each other, possessed of all their present improvements and advantages, but unrestrained either by law or civil government, or by conscience and good principle; scorning the admonition and authority of those who ought to maintain justice, and assisted by the more rude and barbarous parts of the world, whom they shall find too ready to increase the universal uproar." At the conclusion of his remarks on the Revelation, chap. xvi. verses 13 and 14, he says: "Here, while we maintain due reverential fear, our interpretation must end. Nothing but the events themselves, when they come to pass, can rightly explain the rest. And they will certainly speak loudly enough for themselves, as those before them have done. Only I must just remark, that it seems as if persecution, and the horrid influences of ignorance and barbarism, were allowed to produce their dire effects during the first part of the period of time described under the vials; and as if irreligion, vanity, and a total want of all serious principle, and a misapplication of the refinements of civilization, were to be allowed to produce their mischief also, at the latter end of that period."—"It will be happy for those who shall live some years hence, if they can prove me guilty of a mistake on this point. I speak and write with cautious reverence and fear, acknowledging that I am liable to error, and by no means pretending to prophecy; but still apprehending myself bound not to conceal the truth, where any matter appears to be revealed in Holy Scripture; and especially when the bringing an impending denunciation

to light, if it be a truth, may be an awful warning and caution to many, and prevent their becoming accessory to evil."

In 1791 he published 'An Imitation of the Prayer of Abel,' in the style of Eastern poetry; and in 1793 his 'Considerations on the Utility of the National Debt,' 8vo. In 1796 the lovers of antiquarian research were gratified with his elegant 'Vestiges of Oxford Castle,' folio; and in the same year he presented to the philosophical world his 'Remarks concerning Stones said to have fallen from the Clouds, both in these Days and in Ancient Times,' 4to. Two years afterwards he sent forth his 'Remarks on the Signs of the Times,' 4to. to which a supplement was added in the following year, which led to the 'Critical Disquisitions' of Bishop Horsley on the 18th chapter of Isaiah, addressed in a letter to Mr King, in which his lordship bestows the following high but well-merited eulogium on that gentleman: "I cannot enter upon the subjects without professing, not to yourself, but to the world, how highly I esteem your writings for the variety and depth of erudition, the sagacity and piety which appear in every part of them: but appear not more in them than in the conversation and habits of your life, to those who have the happiness, as I have, to enjoy your intimacy and friendship. I must publicly declare that I think you are rendering the best service to the church of God by turning the attention of believers to the true sense of all the prophecies." The learned prelate some years afterwards published his ingenious and scientific tract 'On Virgil's Two Seasons of Honey, and his Season of sowing Wheat, with a new and compendious Method of investigating the Risings and Fallings of the Fixed Stars,' which he likewise addressed to Mr King in an affectionate dedication, "as eminently qualified to judge of the soundness of the arguments, the truth of the conclusions, and to appreciate the merits of the whole."

In 1799 Mr King published the first volume of a most arduous and magnificent undertaking, the work of many years laborious study and investigation, entitled 'Munimenta Antiqua, or Observations on Ancient Castles, including Remarks on the whole Progress of Architecture, Ecclesiastical, as well as Military, in Great Britain, and on the Corresponding Changes in Manners, Laws, and Customs, tending to illustrate Modern History, and to elucidate many Interesting Passages in various Classic Authors,' folio. The second volume of this work appeared in 1802, and the third in 1804. A fourth volume was nearly ready for the press—when death closed the labours of its author. In 1803 Mr King published a small tract entitled 'Honest Apprehensions, and sincere Confessions of Faith of a plain honest Layman,' and in 1805 he engaged in a literary discussion with Mr Dutens on the antiquity of the arch, which led to several publications on both sides.

Mr King died in 1807. He left behind him an uncommonly large collection of most curious and valuable MSS. on various subjects, written at different periods of his life.

John Opie.

BORN A. D. 1761.—DIED A. D. 1807.

JOHN OPIE was born in 1761, in the parish of St Agnes, county of Cornwall. His father moved in a humble walk of life, being a village-carpenter; and the education received by the boy is not likely to have been very liberal. He himself, however, at the early age of twelve, taught an evening-school; and we are told, by a very respectable authority, that at "ten years old, he was not only able to solve many difficult problems of Euclid, but was thought capable of instructing others." Certain it is, however, that it was not in the character of a pedagogue that young Opie—although denominated the "little Sir Isaac"—distinguished himself. The first spark of latent genius appears to have been elicited on beholding one of his companions employed on a subject of natural history; and the first effort of the pencil was directed towards the drawing and embellishing of a butterfly,—an object at once gaudy and familiar, and not at all unlikely to attract the ambition of a child.

Dr Wolcott, who at one time actually wielded the pencil himself as an amateur, and with considerable success as to effect, was occasionally carried by his professional pursuits to the village of St Agnes, about eight miles distant from the usual place of his abode. While there, he had seen and admired some rude drawings in common chalk, and soon learned the history of the artist at the house of a patient. The lady of the mansion, pointing to a very popular print of a farm-yard, observed, that the 'sawyer's lad, of whom she had already made mention, had copied it very exactly. On this the doctor immediately proceeded to the saw-pit, at the bottom of which he discovered the youth in question occupied about his daily labours. Having called him up, he began to put questions about his performances, and was told, in the true Cornish dialect—the accent of which never wholly forsook the artist's tongue,—“that he painted blazing stars! Duke William! King and Queen! and Mrs Nankivell's cat!” On expressing a wish to behold some of these master-pieces, the boy, tucking his leathern apron around his loins, immediately bounded across the hedge, and returned, not only with the cat just alluded to in the catalogue of his works, but also with two other most ferocious-looking monsters, and a portrait of the devil sketched out in strict conformity to vulgar tradition, being provided with a monstrous pair of horns, two goggle eyes, and a long tail.

Soon after this interview the lad trudged to Truro, and, by invitation, dined at the house of his new protector; who presented him with brushes, colours, &c. These trifling favours were soon followed by others of a more important nature. In addition to some practical instructions in his art, he received both bed and board, and was accommodated with the use of productions of a superior class of artists, for the purpose of imitation; while his own rough sketches were carefully corrected by the hand of friendship. By the kindness of his patron the acquirements of the young painter were now greatly increased, and his fame began to be blazoned abroad. He soon could pencil out a

decent head for five shillings, and at the end of a twelve-month he undertook small half-lengths. When he had thus depicted the likenesses of half the town of Truro, he determined to increase the circle of his practice, and accordingly trudged, with his apparatus, to the neighbouring villages and seats. From a profitable expedition to Padstow, whither he had repaired dressed in a peasant's short jacket, after painting not only the heads, but the menial servants, together with the dogs and cats, of the ancient family of Prideaux; he returned with a fashionable coat, laced ruffles, and silk stockings! On this occasion, with true filial piety, he presented his mother, who had been uneasy at his long absence, with the sum of twenty guineas, the fruit of his recent labours.

The late Lord Bateman, one of his earliest patrons, now employed him on old men, beggars, &c. and in 1777, when only sixteen years of age, he painted his own portrait for that nobleman. By this time, he had raised the price of his heads progressively to seven shillings ten and sixpence, fifteen, and twenty-one shillings; it remained sometime stationary at a guinea.

It was now determined by Dr Wolcott that the young man should remove to Exeter. On this occasion he determined to change his surname from Hoppy, which it originally had been, and which was conceived to have something vulgar appertaining to it, to that of Opie, the appellation of a very genteel family in the duchy of Cornwall. In 1782 the doctor and his protégé, being both determined to emerge from the obscurity of provincial practice, repaired together to the metropolis, and, as they were unmarried, their joint expenses were supplied from a common purse. This mode of life, however, as might have been easily conjectured, did not continue long; and Mr Opie, being the first to perceive its inconveniences, communicated his opinion by letter to his friend, who happened to be absent in the country; subsequently to this period they were never cordially united; they indeed met and visited, but all their former attachment was wanting; nor during the remainder of their joint lives did a sincere reconciliation take place.

The artist's 'Old Beggar-Man' introduced him to the notice of the royal family, and he was honoured with an order to repair to the queen's-house. On this occasion, his majesty purchased some pictures of him, not indeed at a royal, but at a "gentleman's price,"—a circumstance which assuredly proved serviceable to his reputation. The talents of the artist himself and the newspapers did the rest; as public curiosity was not a little excited by the accounts respecting a self-taught boy, "drawn out from a tin-mine in the county of Cornwall."

Success now smiled on the labours of Mr Opie, and, as is usual in such cases, he changed his place of residence with his change of fortune. Having originally resided in a little court in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, he removed first to a house in Great-Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and then to Berner's-street, Oxford Road. In 1786 he was known as an exhibitor at Somerset-House, soon after which he aspired to academical honours. He accordingly became, first an academician elect, and then a royal academician. For some little time he enjoyed the profit and reputation of a fashionable portrait-painter; and, where strength, breadth, and character, were demanded, his pencil was deservedly celebrated, in respect to the male figure. For interesting beggars,—a complete representation of age and misery coupled to-

gether in old men and old women,—ruffian robbers, and midnight assassins,—perhaps Opie had no equal among his contemporaries. He also was one of those artists who were employed to embody the thoughts of our great dramatic bard, and he accordingly painted several pictures for the Shakspeare Gallery.¹

When the Royal institution was formed, it became necessary that an artist should be found out who could deliver lectures on the subject of painting, and Mr Opie was accordingly selected for that purpose. It must be fairly owned, however, that nature had not rendered him eloquent; that he was destitute of those graces which are calculated to please a polite auditory, and that as a public orator he possessed no other qualification except the power of instructing those to whom he addressed himself. No sooner did the professorship of painting in the royal academy become vacant, than Opie started as a candidate for the prize; he, however, resigned his claims in favour of Mr Fuseli: but, on the appointment of the latter to the office of keeper of the academy, he renewed his pretensions, and was elected without any difficulty. The lectures delivered by him at Somerset-House rather added to than detracted from his reputation; and he is allowed to have been far more successful there than in Albemarle-street.

'The Life of Reynolds,' published in Dr Wolcott's edition of Pilkington's Dictionary, was the first specimen of his literary abilities. In this he displayed a profound knowledge of the subject,—a quick and powerful perception of distinctive character,—and a mastery of language little to be expected from a youth who was supposed to have been destitute of learning. He next published a Letter in the *Morning Chronicle*, in which he proposed a distinct plan for the formation of a National Gallery, tending at once to exalt the arts of this country, and immortalize its glories.

While enjoying great domestic happiness, and high reputation in his art, he was suddenly seized with a mortal disease, which baffled all the skill of his physicians. He expired on Thursday, April 9th, 1807, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His form was rather slender than athletic, and his visage cast in one of the coarse moulds of nature; at the same time it must be allowed that his eye partook of penetration. His manners, however, in general were destitute of that urbanity which recommends a man to the favour of society, while his address was awkward and uncouth, and his conversation abrupt; there was yet good sense in it, however, and an acuteness of observation that displayed more than an ordinary intellect. West says of him: "He painted what he saw in the most masterly manner, and he varied little from it. He rather bent his subject to the figure, than the figure to his subject. That may be said of Opie, which can only be truly said of the highest geniuses, that he saw Nature in one point more distinctly and forcibly than any painter that ever lived. The truth of colour, as conveyed to the eye through the atmosphere, by which the distance of every object is ascertained,

¹ The writer of the above memoir in the '*Monthly Magazine*' here gives the following catalogue of Mr Opie's paintings:—1. The death of David Rizzio; 2. The Murder of James I. king of Scotland; 3. The Presentation in the Temple; 4. Jephtha's Vow; 5. Arthur; 6. Juliet in the Garden; 7. Escape of Gil Blas; 8. Musidora; 9. A Beggar, in possession of Dr Wolcott. In the exhibition of 1806, he had eight portraits; in that of 1807, six; in neither of these appeared any other subject whatsoever.

was never better expressed than by him. He resigned himself unwillingly to fancy; yet examples are not wanting, both in historical subjects and in portraits, in which he added to the subject before him with felicity. His pictures possessed, in an eminent degree, what painters call breadth. They were deficient in some of the more refined distinctions which mark the highly-polished works of Raffaele, Titian, and Reynolds; but they displayed so invariable an appearance of truth, as seemed sufficient to make a full apology, if it had been wanted, for the absence of all the rest."

Isaac Reed.

BORN A. D. 1741.—DIED A. D. 1807.

ISAAC REED was born on the 1st of January, 1741, in Stewart-street, Old Artillery Ground, London. His father, though engaged in the humble occupation of a baker, was a man of education and abilities superior to his apparent condition. Being of a constitution exceedingly delicate, Isaac, during his earliest years, remained with his parents, from whom he was at length removed to an academy at Streatham.

In the year 1757 he became an articled clerk to Messrs Perrot and Hodgson, then eminent attorneys in London. When his clerkship was concluded, he engaged himself as assistant to Mr Hoskins, of Lincoln's-inn, barrister and conveyancer. In this situation he remained for about a year, when he took chambers in Grays-inn, and began to practise as a conveyancer on his own account. Independently, however, of his application to the laborious duties of his profession, previous to this period he had acquired a decided taste for old English literature, and an intimate acquaintance with old English authors. Retired and simple in his manners, strict and unbending in his integrity, and without any prepossession for the law, of which he has been heard to say "the practice was intolerable," he soon sacrificed, without reluctance, his expectations of professional advancement, and gave his chief attention to pursuits more agreeable to his accustomed habits, and better suited to his peculiar turn of mind.

So early as the year 1768 he collected into one volume the poetical works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. In 1778 he printed a few copies of Middleton's curious unpublished play, called 'The Witch, a Tragi-Comedie,' which were only circulated privately among his friends. In the same year appeared a sixth volume of Dr Young's works. In 1773 he collected and published the Cambridge 'Seatonian Prize Poems,' from their institution in 1750. From 1773 to about 1780 he was a valuable and constant contributor to the 'Westminster Magazine,' more particularly in the biographical department. He was also an occasional contributor to the 'Gentleman's Magazine;' but in later years, 'The European Magazine,' of which he was editor and a proprietor till the close of 1806, was honoured with his immediate and particular care and superintendence. In 1775 appeared 'Pearch's Collection of Poems,' 4 vols., which has been erroneously ascribed to George Keate, Esq., but was edited by Reed; and, in 1777, an account of the 'Life and Writings of the late Rev. Dr Dodd.' The 'Biographia Dramatica,' 2

vols. 8vo, founded upon 'Baker's Companion to the Play-house,' was a favourite work of Mr Reed's, and may be considered as one of his most original productions. Since its publication, in 1782, he continually interested himself in arranging and collecting materials for an improved edition; but finding himself unequal to continue his exertions, the property of this work was transferred to Messrs Longman and Rees; and, on Mr Reed's strongest recommendation, the completion of it was undertaken by Mr Stephen Jones. In 1780 appeared an improved edition of 'Dodsley's Old Plays,' in 12 vols.; the original title-pages of which were found among Mr Reed's papers, having been cancelled, on account of the publishers having inserted the name of the editor,—a circumstance always highly repugnant to his feelings. In 1782 he edited a new edition of 'Dodsley's Collection of Poems,' with biographical notes, 6 vols. 8vo. To these we may add two supplemental volumes to Dr Johnson's works, 1788; a select collection of fugitive pieces of wit and humour, in prose and verse, under the title of the 'Repository,' 4 vols. 8vo, 1777—1783; the 'Life of Goldsmith,' prefixed to the second volume of his Essays, collected and published in 3 vols., by Mr Wright, 1798; and a concise delineation of his friend, Dr Farmer, communicated to William Seward, Esq., and printed in his *Biographiana*.

To the generality of readers, however, the name of Reed is most familiar as an annotator on Shakspeare. The first edition of Shakspeare in which he was engaged was that of 1785, in 10 vols. This he undertook at the particular request of his friend Steevens, with whom Mr Reed was joint-editor in the subsequent edition of 1793, in 15 vols. Mr Steevens, feeling himself deeply indebted for Mr Reed's persevering attention and valuable assistance, bequeathed to him his own corrected copy of Shakspeare, from which was published, in 1803, Reed's last splendid edition of Shakspeare, in 21 vols., 8vo. To this edition his name was formally prefixed.

These, though no inconsiderable proofs of his industry and zeal, are far from comprising the sum total of his labours; indeed, they give a very inadequate idea of his literary usefulness. Mr Nichols in particular, one of his earliest friends, and editor of Dr King's works, and the supplement to Swift in 1776, and of 'Anecdotes of Mr Bowyer,' in 1782, gratefully acknowledges the assistance he derived at that early period, in those publications, from the judicious observations of Mr Reed. So ample, indeed, was his collection of scarce books, so thoroughly was he conversant in their contents, and withal, so liberal and generous in communicating literary information and assistance to others, that, to use the words of one of the most amiable of his eulogists, "his friends were at a loss which to admire most, his power, or his inclination to assist them."¹

¹ Notice in *European Magazine*.

Richard Porson.

BORN A. D. 1759.—DIED A. D. 1808.

RICHARD PORSON, a native of Norfolk, was born at East Ruston, in that county, on the 25th of December, 1759. He was the eldest son of the parish-clerk.

His father—like many others who have received an early education themselves—determined that this blessing should not be withheld from his children, who consisted of a daughter and three sons. Without possessing himself any literary acquirements, by a system of education at once simple, rational, and judicious, he laid the foundation for those upon which the genius of his son afterwards erected so elegant a superstructure. As soon as young Porson could speak, he could, according to his father's method—which seems to have been an anticipation of Dr Bell's—trace his letters; and this exercise delighting his fancy, infused into his mind an ardour for imitating whatsoever came within the scope of his observation; so that the walls of the house were covered with characters, which, from the neatness and fidelity of their delineation, attracted much notice. The period of life from nine to twelve years was passed by young Porson under the superintendence of Mr Summers, a village schoolmaster, whose humble powers as a teacher did not extend beyond his native language, writing, arithmetic, and the rudiments of Latin, but here again paternal interposition came in aid of the scanty means afforded for instruction; for the boy was accustomed every evening to repeat to his father the labours of the day in the exact order in which they had occurred, so as at once to strengthen both his memory and his judgment.

The attention to study, which had marked the character of Richard,—his various acquirements, and his wonderful memory,—had, we may suppose, become the theme of the village. Through the medium of report, they were heard of by the Rev. Mr Hewitt, the clergyman; who immediately took the subject of this memoir and his brother Thomas under his care. The progress of both boys was great; but that of Richard so extraordinary, that his improvement became a topic of conversation far beyond the limits of the district. In consequence of this celebrity, Mr Norris, a gentleman equally opulent and liberal, became the patron of our literary candidate, but first subjected him to an examination and scrutiny so severe, that a youth of ordinary talents would have shrunk appalled from the scholastic ordeal. Mr Norris, in the month of August, 1774, sent him to Eton. Although he did not enter that celebrated seminary until he was in his fifteenth year, yet he had some peculiar advantages, and from the first hour displayed such a superiority of intellect,—such quickness of perception and readiness of acquirement,—that the upper boys took him at once into their society. The youth whose talents were so extremely useful was speedily courted by his school-fellows; to him they applied as to a never-failing resource, in every question of difficulty; and in all the playful excursions of the imagination,—in their frolics of fancy as well as in their more serious pursuits of erudition,—he was their constant adviser and oracle. Mr

Porson used in after life to dwell on these happy years of his youth with peculiar satisfaction. His literary talents are said to have taken a dramatic turn; and he would sometimes repeat a piece which he had composed for exhibition in the Long-chamber, and other compositions both of gravity and humour, with that kind of enthusiasm which the recollection of his academic pleasures never failed to excite.¹ At this early age, however, his constitution received a severe shock: an imposthume formed in his lungs, and symptoms threatened a consumption, but although the disease weakened his frame, he ultimately recovered. The death of Mr Norris was to him a severe blow; for though, by the kindness of some persons of great eminence and liberality he was continued at Eton, yet he still most poignantly felt and lamented the loss of his first patron.

The exact period when Porson left Eton has not been ascertained. He was entered at Trinity college, Cambridge, the latter end of the year 1777. His literary character had flown before him to the university; consequently of his talents great expectations were formed; he was regarded as a youth whose genius and learning were destined to continue and extend the fame of that celebrated society in whose records his name was enrolled; nor did he in the slightest degree disappoint those expectations. In every branch of study his course was so rapid as to astonish every observer. In 1781 we find the name of Richard Porson, of Trinity college, inscribed as one of those who had obtained a Craven scholarship, having been elected by the Vice-chancellor, the five Regii professors, and the orator. In 1782 he received one of the two gold medals conferred annually on those who acquit themselves best in classical learning. In the course of the second year, but a little anterior in point of time, he was one of the Senior Optimes, and had also taken the degree of B.A. In 1785 he obtained the degree of M.A., and began to be considered as an eminent literary character, in consequence of his learned notes and annotations to a Greek writer, who will be mentioned hereafter. Anterior to this, while a junior bachelor, he had been chosen a fellow of his college in express opposition to the usual custom, which is supposed to have been departed from on this occasion out of respect to his transcendent talents and acquirements.

The following are the earliest literary labours of Mr Porson:—In the third volume of ‘Maty’s Review,’ he published a critique on Schutz’s *Eschylus*, dated from Trinity college, May 29th, 1783. Brunck’s *Aristophanes* he criticised in vol. iv. *Hermesianax*, by Weston, vol. v. *Huntingford’s Apology for his Monstrophies*, vol. vi. He also furnished Maty with a transcript of the letters of Bentley and Le Clerc, vol. ix. He was likewise an occasional contributor to the ‘Monthly Magazine,’ and, it is believed, to other publications. The account of ‘Robertson’s *Parian Chronicle*,’ in the ‘Monthly Review,’ vol. lxxix.,

¹ It was while at Eton that young Porson gave his celebrated answer to the question proposed for the subject of a Latin theme:—

Cæsare occiso, an Brutus beneficet aut maleficet?

A game being proposed he joined the scholars in their youthful sports; and was so engrossed by them, that he entirely forgot the theme. When the time, however, arrived for handing up his production, he snatched a pen, and hastily scrawling

Nec bene fecit, nec male fecit, sed interfecit,

presented it to the master.

for the year 1788, and vol. lxxx., was written by him. The review of 'Knight's Essay on the Greek Alphabet,' January, 1794, has, from internal evidence, been given to him. Of the ironical defence of 'Sir John Hawkins' Life of Johnson' he is also said to have been the writer: this was comprised in three admirable letters inserted in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1787, under the signature of Sundry Whereof. Some letters upon the contested verse 1 John v. 7., appeared subsequently, in the same work; which at length caused the publication of his inimitable and unanswerable letters to Archdeacon Travis, which put the controversy upon the disputed text at rest for ever. Not long after he had taken his first degree, it was in the contemplation of the syndics of the university-press, at Cambridge, to publish Eschylus, with some papers of Stanley. Porson offered to undertake the work, provided he were allowed to conduct it according to his own ideas of the duty of an editor. Unhappily for the interests of learning this offer was rejected. He, sometime afterwards, visited Germany; on his return, being much teased by a loquacious personage to give some account of his travels, he sarcastically replied,—

I went to Frankfort, and got drunk,
With that most learn'd professor, Brunk;
I went to Worlz, and got more drunken,
With that more learn'd professor, Rhunken.

In 1786 Nicholson, the Cambridge bookseller, being about to publish a new edition of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, prevailed upon Porson to furnish him with some notes; which he accordingly did. These occupy about nineteen closely printed pages; and, although avowedly written in haste, attest the hand of a master. They relate chiefly to MSS. of which Hutchinson was either ignorant or negligent.² Those marked W. have been assigned to Mr White, the author of the '*Etymologicum Magnum*.' In 1790 a new edition of the very learned work, entitled '*Emendationes in Suidam et Hesychium, et alios Lexicographos Græcos*,' was published at the Clarendon press. To this Porson subjoined some critical notes, which were termed '*Notæ breves, ad Toupium Emendationes in Suidam*,' and '*Notæ in Curas novissimas*.' These were never publicly acknowledged, any further than by the initials³ of the learned Grecian.

Long before that probationary period had elapsed, in the course of which it was absolutely incumbent upon him to determine whether he would enter into holy orders, or resign his fellowship, he had, after the most deliberate investigation, made up his mind on the subject of subscription. It has been stated, that this determination cost him many painful and laborious days and months of study; and there is no question but that his motives were conscientious. So early as the year 1788 he had determined to surrender his fellowship, though with an enfeebled constitution, and having nothing to depend upon but acquirements which are little profitable to their possessor. In 1791 he was thrown upon the public without a profession; his emolument from his fellowship had ceased; his feelings were wounded by the mortifications he had suf-

² They are introduced by a remarkable preface, beginning "*Pectori, si quis erit, &c.*"

³ A. R. P. C. S. S. T. C. S. i. e. A. Ricardo Porson, Collegii Sacro Sanctæ Trinitatis Cantabrigiæ Socio.

fered; and with a constitution little qualified to struggle through the world, and sensibility the concomitant of genius corroding his mind upon every disappointment, he seems to have stood an example of the inefficacy of great talents and immense erudition to procure independence, or even the means of existence, without patronage, or those sacrifices to which few men of genius or talents will stoop. In this unpleasant situation, without hope from the public, he yet attracted the attention of some private friends; and he was soon after, by the unanimous voice of the seven electors, appointed professor of the Greek language in the university of Cambridge. Although the salary annexed to this important situation is but £40 per annum, its distinction was grateful to him. This new office not obliging him to reside at the university, he settled in literary retirement in London. Here he is said to have passed much of his time in dissipation, amid the different convivial circles to which his wit and agreeable conversation made him welcome. In 1795 he married the sister of Mr Perry of 'The Morning Chronicle;' to which he contributed several papers, under the signature of 'S. England,' continuing at the same time to write criticisms for the magazines before mentioned.

In 1793 he disdained not the humble but useful office of corrector of the press to a most beautiful edition of Heyne's Virgil. Prefixed to this will be found a short preface, in which the modest professor disclaims any other merit than that of having brought together a few conjectural criticisms by learned men, together with some addenda to the index. This work was printed in London. Mr Porson was in possession of a copy of Pauw's edition of *Æschylus*, corrected throughout by himself. Having lent this to a gentleman, a surreptitious impression somehow most unaccountably found its way to the press. In 1795 a very beautiful small edition of the seven tragedies was published by the Foulis of Glasgow; and Schultz, having afterwards printed another in Germany, added Mr Porson's 'new readings,' to which he at the same time prefixed a short introduction replete with respect and acknowledgment.

In 1797 appeared the '*Hecuba*' of Euripides, in one volume, 8vo. with many emendations from manuscripts, to which were subjoined notes and a learned vindication. This work was intended, in part, to try the temper of the times, and prepare the public mind for the appearance of the other plays of the same author; two more accordingly made their appearance in succession. Soon after the publication of the first of these, the late Mr Gilbert Wakefield issued his '*Diatribæ Extemporalis*,' in which emendations are pointed out, and certain canons of criticism objected to, as not founded in propriety.

The last work that Professor Porson published was a third edition of the '*Hecuba*.' He had also, it is said, made a considerable progress in the revision of the three other plays which he had formerly edited; but it is a circumstance most seriously to be lamented, that he should have spent so much time in revising what he had already given to the world, instead of proceeding to correct the text of the remaining plays. He had undertaken to make out and copy the almost obliterated manuscript of the invaluable *Lexicon* of Photius, which he had borrowed from the library of Trinity-college. And this he had with unparalleled difficulty just completed, when the beautiful copy, which had cost him ten

months of incessant toil, was burned in the house of Mr Perry at Merton. The original, being an unique intrusted to him by the college, he carried always with him, and he was fortunately absent from Merton on the morning of the fire. Unruffled by the loss, he sat down without a murmur, and made a second copy as beautiful as the first. In 1800 he was profitably engaged by the bishop of St Asaph, to examine the Harleian manuscripts at the British museum, for the purpose of collating them with the Ernestine manuscript of the *Odyssey*, previously to the publication of Lord Granville's edition of Homer. He continued to write various literary papers, chiefly of a critical nature, until within a short period of his death; in the year previous to which, he was elected principal librarian to the London Institution, Moorfields.

Mr Porson, who had ran little more than two-thirds of the ordinary course of human existence, had been for the last eleven years the victim of a spasmodic asthma, during the agony of which he never went to bed, and was forced to abstain from all sustenance. This, of course, greatly debilitated his body, and about a month before his death he was also afflicted with an intermittent fever. He had an unfortunate objection to medical advice, and therefore resorted to his usual remedy of abstinence; but on Monday the 19th of September 1808, he suffered an apoplectic stroke, from which he recovered only to endure another the next day. He languished in consequence until the Sunday night, and then expired without a struggle. The body was opened in the presence of several medical men, who gave a report, ascribing his death "to the effused lymph in and upon the brain, which they believe to have been the effect of recent inflammation. The heart was sound, and the pericardium contained the usual quantity of lymph. The left lung had adhesions to the pleura, and bore the marks of former inflammation. The right lung was in a perfectly sound state." In refutation of an idle falsehood about the form of his skull, they add, "that it was thinner than usual, and of hard consistence."

Porson was the first Grecian of his day; "in him were conspicuous boundless talent; a most exact and well-ordered memory; unwearied patience in unravelling the sense of an author, and explaining the perplexities of a manuscript; perspicuity in discovering the corruptions of a text; and acuteness, almost intuitive, in restoring the true reading."

John Home.

BORN A. D. 1722.—DIED A. D. 1808.

"THE memory of Mr Home, as an author," says an able critic, "depends, in England, almost entirely upon his celebrated tragedy of *Douglas*, which not only retains the most indisputable possession of the stage, but produces a stronger effect on the feelings of the audience, when the parts of *Douglas* and *Lady Randolph* are well filled, than almost any tragedy since the days of *Otway*. There may be something of chance in having hit upon a plot of such general interest; and no author has been more fortunate in seeing the creatures of his imagination personified by the first performers which England could produce.

But it is certain, that to be a favourite with those whose business it is to please the public, a tragedy must possess, in a peculiar degree, the means of displaying their powers to advantage ; and it is equally clear, that the subject of Douglas, however felicitous in itself, was well-suited to the talents of the writer, who treated it so as to enable them to accomplish a powerful effect on the feelings of successive generations of men."

Mr Home was the son of Mr Alexander Home, town-clerk of Leith. His grandfather was a lineal descendant of Sir James Home of Coltingknowes. He was born in the vicinity of Ancrum, in Roxburghshire, in 1724, and received the first rudiments of education at the parochial school of that place. It was Mr Home's inclination, and the desire of his parents, that he should enter the church. He therefore attended the philosophical and theological classes of the university of Edinburgh for several years. But his studies were for a while suspended by the public commotions of the year 1745. On the approach of the insurgents, the citizens of Edinburgh formed themselves into an association for the support of their sovereign, and the defence of their city. Mr Home was one of about twenty students of the university who offered their services as volunteers to act against the common enemy. But intimidated by the number of their opponents, or adverse to the hardships of a military life, the college company soon disbanded. Mr Home, however, retained his arms, and marched with a detachment of the royal army to Falkirk ; where, in the battle fought in its neighbourhood, in which the rebels vanquished the king's troops, he was taken prisoner, and confined for some time in the castle of Doune. From this place of captivity he effected his escape, and the battle of Culloden having blasted all the hopes of the Pretender's adherents, tranquillity and order were soon restored. Mr Home resumed his studies, and was licensed to preach the gospel. His character, at this period, is thus described by his biographer Mr Henry Mackenzie : " His temper was of that warm susceptible kind which is caught with the heroic and the tender, and which is more fitted to delight in the world of sentiment than to succeed in the bustle of ordinary life. This is a disposition of mind well-suited to the poetical character, and, accordingly, all his earliest companions agree that Mr Home was from his childhood delighted with the lofty and heroic ideas which embody themselves in the description or narrative of poetry. One of them, nearly a coeval of Mr Home's, Dr A. Ferguson, says, in a letter to me, that Mr Home's favourite model of a character, on which, indeed, his own was formed, was that of young Norval, in his tragedy of Douglas, one endowed with chivalrous valour and romantic generosity, eager for glory beyond every other object, and, in the contemplation of future fame, entirely regardless of the present objects of interest or ambition."

Not long after, Home visited England, and was introduced to Collins, the poet, at Winchester, by a Mr Barrow, who had been his fellow-student at the university. Collins addressed to him his ' Ode on the Superstition of the Highlanders,' considered as the subject of poetry, composed in 1749, but not published till many years after his death. It is evident that Home at this period had exhibited some poetical powers. In the first stanza, Collins delivers a prediction, which was soon after fulfilled :—

“Home, thou return’st from Thames, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay
Midst those soft friends, whose hearts some future day
Shall melt perhaps to hear thy tragic song.”

In the year 1746 he was settled minister of the parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, and was the immediate successor of Robert Blair, author of ‘The Grave.’ Accustomed to the bustle of a city, and the society of men of letters, Mr Home found himself rather disagreeably situated in an obscure village where he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself. From the vicinity of his residence to Edinburgh, he was in the practice of frequently resorting to the capital, to enjoy the company of men of talents. Several of these had instituted a society for literary and philosophical disquisition, of which Mr Home was an original and distinguished member. This institution comprehended several of the most eminent characters of the day : among others, were enrolled the names of Mr Alexander Wedderburn, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn; Ferguson, the philosopher; Hume and Robertson, the historians; and Blair, the rhetorician and divine; men, whom it would be superfluous here to panegyris. It was about this period that Mr Home, in his retirement, began seriously to court the dramatic muse. The first tragedy he wrote was ‘Agis,’ founded on a portion of the Lacedæmonian history. He went to London with the manuscript, in hopes of getting it introduced on the stage; but in this he was disappointed, insurmountable objections having been made, by Garrick, to the plot. Our poet, however, not at all discouraged by this failure, conceived the plan of another play, laid the plot in Scotland, and made his hero one of his own countrymen. In presenting this to the London manager, he had the mortification of a second refusal. Notwithstanding the abilities of Garrick as a dramatist, his opinion of the merit of plays was not infallible: he rejected the tragedy of ‘Douglas’ as being too simple in its fable, and destitute of stage-effect. Whether Garrick ever examined at all into its merits, or delegated this office to another, on whose report he formed his decision, cannot now be ascertained. He, however, candidly confessed, through the remainder of his life, whenever the subject was agitated, that no circumstance, in the course of his management, gave him so much concern as the rejection of this play. By such repeated discouragement, the ardour of Home was by no means suppressed. Being acquainted with the leading characters in Scotland, a ready reception of his play at Edinburgh was secured. Its success was instantaneous and complete, having been performed to crowded houses during the greater part of the season, and fully gratifying the most sanguine hopes of the author, it was, through the interest of David Hume, brought forward on the London stage. Garrick having now discovered his mistake, made unusual exertions to introduce it to public notice and approbation. Hume, the historian, had shortly before its representation published four dissertations, and inscribed them to our author. In his dedication he pronounced so flattering a panegyric upon Mr Home, and bestowed such unqualified approbation on his play, that the public expectation was raised too high. The consequence was, that the success of ‘Douglas’ was at first doubtful in the metropolis. It soon, however, became a standard-tragedy, and maintains its ground on the British stage to the

present day. Soon after this Mr Home resigned his charge in consequence of finding that the highest censures of the church were about to fall upon him for having written a tragedy. He preached his farewell sermon to his congregation, on the 5th of June 1757; to prevent further proceedings in the church-courts against him, he gave in the resignation of his charge to the presbytery of Haddington two days after.

Before the conclusion of 1757 Mr Sheridan, then manager of the Dublin theatre, sent over to Mr Home a gold medal, with a suitable inscription, acknowledging his singular merit in having enriched the English stage with the tragedy of 'Douglas.' With his living, Mr Home appears for a while to have abandoned his native land, for he now repaired to London, where he produced several other tragedies, under the patronage of Garrick, who wrote prologues to some, epilogues to others, and warmly interested himself in the fate of them all. They are all indeed greatly inferior to 'Douglas.' 'Agis,' the first of his dramatic pieces, was now finely acted, and assisted by spectacle, otherwise, it is probable that it would not have been performed a second night. His third tragedy was founded on the cruel treatment which the two Setons, sons of the governor of Berwick, had experienced from the English. At Mr Garrick's suggestion, the title was altered (and consequently the characters, and several local passages) from the 'Siege of Berwick,' to the 'Siege of Aquileia,' for he very naturally conceived, that any national allusions might tend to foment the jealousy which then unfortunately subsisted between the Scots and English. It was acted in 1759. Some of the passages are very fine, but upon the whole, it is a tame performance. 'The Fatal Discovery' was produced in 1769, and reluctantly permitted during nine nights. Though 'Alonzo' had the advantage of Mrs Barry's admirable acting, it shared the same fate; the author mentions in his preface that she received applause greater than ever shook a theatre. Mr Home's last production, 'Alfred,' lived only three nights. In the year 1760 Mr Home published a volume of plays, containing 'Agis,' 'Douglas,' and the 'Siege of Aquileia.' His other three tragedies appeared some time after. The whole were collected and edited in two volumes at Edinburgh, in 1798, under the inspection of Mr Woods. Lord Bute having represented Mr Home to his majesty as a man of talents, his name was placed on the pension list, nearly at the same time with that of Dr Johnson. He lived in a state of retirement from this period to the time of his death.

Nearly half-a-century after Douglas had been written, when the author had returned to, and was settled in his native country, Master Betty, better known by the name of the young Roscius, commenced his theatrical labours at Edinburgh, in the character of young Norval. The author attended the representation, and declared that that was the first time he had ever seen the part of Douglas played according to his ideas of the character when he conceived and wrote it. Mr Home, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, published his long meditated work, entitled, 'The History of the Rebellion in Scotland, in 1745-6,' in which he recorded the exploits and remarks of his youth. Of this work it is sufficient to observe, that the principles are just, and the opinions liberal. He died at Merchiston house, on the 5th of September, 1808, in the 86th year of his age.

The reader will find a most interesting and amusing article on the 'Works of John Home,' from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, in the 71st No. of the Quarterly Review, with the following extract from which we shall conclude this brief sketch: "We have said already that Douglas owes a great part of its attractions to the interest of the plot, which, however, is by no means a probable one. There is something overstrained in the twenty years spent by Lady Randolph in deep and suppressed sorrow; nor is it natural, though useful, certainly, to the poet, that her regrets should turn less on the husband of her youth, than upon the new-born child whom she had scarcely seen. There is something awkward in her sudden confidence to Anna, as is pointed out by David Hume. 'The spectator,' says the critic, 'is apt to suspect it was done in order to instruct him—a very good end, but which might have been obtained by a careful and artificial conduct of the dialogue.' This is all unquestionably true; but the spectator should, and, indeed, must, make considerable allowances, if he expects to receive pleasure from the drama. He must get his mind, according to Tony Lumpkin's phrase, into 'a concatenation accordingly,' since he cannot reasonably expect that scenes of deep and complicated interest shall be placed before him, in close succession, without some force being put upon ordinary probability; and the question is not, how far you have sacrificed your judgment in order to accommodate the fiction, but rather what is the degree of delight you have received in return. Perhaps, in this point of view, it is scarcely possible for a spectator to make such sacrifices for greater pleasure than we have enjoyed, in seeing Lady Randolph personified by the inimitable Siddons. Great as that pleasure was on all occasions, it was increased, in a manner which can hardly be conceived, when her son (the late Mr H. Siddons) supported his mother in the character of Douglas, and when the full overflowing of maternal tenderness was authorized, nay, authenticated and realized, by the actual existence of the relationship. There will, and must be, on other occasions, some check of the feeling, however virtuous and tender, when a woman of feeling and delicacy pours her maternal caresses on a performer who, although to be accounted her son for the night, is, in reality, a stranger. But in the scenes we allude to, that chilling obstacle was removed; and while Lady Randolph exhausted her tenderness on the supposed Douglas, the mother was, in truth, indulging the same feelings towards her actual son. It may be erroneous to judge in this way of a drama which can hardly be again illustrated by such powers, exercised under circumstances so exciting to the principal performer, and so nearly approaching to reality. Yet, even in an abstract view, we agree with Mr Mackenzie that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas is discovered, has no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient drama. It is certainly one of the most effective which the English stage has to boast; and we learn with pleasure, but without surprise, that, though many other parts of the play were altered before its representation, we have this masterpiece exactly as it was thrown off in the original sketch. 'Thus it is,' says the accomplished editor, 'that the fervid creation of genius and fancy strikes out what is so excellent as well as vivid, as not to admit of amendment, and which, indeed, correction would spoil instead of improving. This is the true inspiration

of the poet, which gives to criticism, instead of borrowing from it, its model and its rule, and which it is possible, in some diffident authors, the terrors of criticism may have weakened or extinguished.”

James Anderson.

BORN A. D. 1739.—DIED A. D. 1808.

THIS intelligent and industrious author was born about the year 1739, at Hermiston, a village about six miles from Edinburgh, of parents who succeeded their forefathers for several generations in cultivating the same land. Nothing remarkable is known of them: they were a family of respectable farmers,—and our author may be said to have inhaled with his first breath that spirit of agricultural knowledge for which he became so distinguished. Having been deprived of both his parents while yet very young, it was the wish of his guardian that he should occupy the paternal farm when old enough to undertake such a charge; and as much learning was not thought necessary for a farmer, young Anderson was discouraged by his friends from prosecuting his studies beyond a common school education; but that decision and firmness which were throughout his life the most conspicuous features of his character, now began to appear, and he displayed a resolution to judge and act for himself. He informs us, that having read Home’s ‘Essay on Agriculture,’ and finding that he could not understand the reasoning for want of chemical knowledge, he immediately resolved to attend Cullen’s lectures on that science. Being very young, and unaided by the countenance of any friend who could give him advice or introduce him to the world, he waited on Dr Cullen, and explained his views and intentions. The doctor, considering it as a boyish whim which might lead him away from his necessary pursuits, at first endeavoured to dissuade him from the undertaking; but finding that our youth had fully reflected on the subject, and adopted his resolution with a fixed determination to persevere in it, he assented to the design; and as the penetration of that celebrated man soon discovered the capacity and steadiness of his young pupil’s mind, he not only encouraged his present object, but became his sincere friend, and carefully directed his future studies.

Among the first things he did upon his farm, was to introduce for the first time the small two-horse plough, now in universal use over the greater part of Scotland. After having occupied Hermiston for a few years, he quitted it as a place that did not possess a sufficient field for his enterprising mind, and took a long lease of a large farm in the wilds of Aberdeenshire, consisting of about 1300 acres of land almost in a state of nature. This vast undertaking was entered upon before he was of age, the execution of the lease having been deferred till that period arrived. In the midst of the difficulties he had to contend with in bringing this tract into cultivation—which were very great, arising chiefly from the badness or total want of roads, the remote distance from markets, and the precariousness of the climate—he began his career as an author with his essays on ploughing, &c. first printed in the year 1771, in the ‘Edinburgh Weekly Magazine,’ under the signature of Agricola, and again published separately in 1777. The first

edition of his essays on agriculture, observations on national industry, and several others of his early writings were composed during a residence of more than twenty years at Monkshill, the name of the above-mentioned farm. In the year 1780 the honorary degrees of A. M. and LL. D. were conferred upon him by the university of Aberdeen.

In 1783, having previously arranged matters for the conducting of his farm, he removed to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, principally with a view to the education of his increasing family, and influenced, no doubt, by a desire to live where he could enjoy more of literary society than was to be had in so remote a part of the country. Previous to his departure from Aberdeenshire, he was actively employed in promoting measures for alleviating the distresses of the poorer classes in that county, owing to the failure of the crops in 1782. About the same year he printed and circulated among his friends, a proposal for establishing the Northern British fisheries. This tract was never published, but the attention of the government being excited to the subject by it, he was applied to by the treasury to undertake a survey of the western coast of Scotland, for the purpose of obtaining information on this important subject. This public-spirited inquiry he undertook, and accomplished in 1784, having a revenue cutter to convey him round the coast. We next find him engaged in preparing for the publication of the 'Bee.' This was a project he had long contemplated, namely, a weekly periodical work, designed for the dissemination of useful knowledge, which by its cheapness should be calculated for all ranks of people, while sufficient attention was paid to its various literary departments to render it respectable in the highest circles. His name was now so highly established, that the encouragement given by the public to this performance was wonderful, and nothing but great mismanagement in conducting the commercial part of the work—for which, like most persons of similar habits, he was ill-adapted—could have caused it to fail in being a very profitable concern to him. His own writings form a conspicuous part of this book, under the names of Senex, Timothy Hairbrain, Alcibiades, and the greater part of the matter without signature.

Having removed to the vicinity of London about the year 1797, he once more engaged in the service of the public, and produced in April, 1799, the first number of his 'Recreations,' a miscellaneous monthly publication, having for its principal objects agriculture and natural history. Although the work contains a number of communications from others, yet the greater part of it is written by himself. It met with the greatest encouragement from the public; but complaining of the irregularity of his printers and booksellers as being intolerable, he dropt it at the end of the sixth volume. The thirty-seventh number of his 'Recreations' is his last publication, in March, 1802, after which he consigned himself to quiet retirement, at a time when he foresaw the decline of his own powers approaching; these were hastened to decay by being overworked. He died on the 15th October, 1808.

As a practical farmer, it is acknowledged by all who knew him, that he not only understood how to turn the modes of culture usually followed by others to the greatest advantage, by judiciously selecting them and applying them according to the circumstances of the case, but also that he had powerful resources within his own mind in the invention of new practices, many of which, and of those followed in distant countries,

he introduced with the greatest success. Failings of a nature which too often accompany genius, however, deprived him of most of the benefits of his labours. He was deficient in that plodding perseverance which was necessary to mature the works he had begun; and he often neglected one object to adopt another. But above all, his utter negligence of pecuniary matters brought him into difficulties which embittered the best of his days. In his younger days he was handsome in his person, of middle stature, and robust constitution. Extremely moderate in his living, the country exercise animated his countenance with the glow of health; but the overstrained exertion of his mental powers afterwards impaired his health, ultimately wasted his faculties, and brought on premature old age. Dr Anderson was the author of several articles for the 'Encyclopedia Britannica.' He contributed numerous essays, under a variety of signatures, in the early part of the 'Edinburgh Weekly Magazine,' the principal of which were, Agricola, Timoleon, Germanicus, Cimon, Scoto-Britannus, E. Aberdeen, Henry Plain, Impartial, a Scot. He also reviewed the subject of agriculture for the 'Monthly Review' for several years.

Thomas Holcroft.

BORN A. D. 1744.—DIED A. D. 1809.

THE father of this highly popular dramatist was a shoemaker in Leicester-fields, London. Owing to imprudence or misfortune he was obliged to abandon his humble vocation, and for some time appears to have led the life of a wandering huckster. Of this period of his life, the subject of the present notice has left us two or three interesting anecdotes in his diary and memoirs which strongly mark the vigorous faculties he possessed from nature. At the time referred to, he had scarcely completed his seventh year:—"It was in this retired spot, near to Ascot heath, that my father himself began to teach me to read; the task at first I found difficult, till the idea one day seized me, of catching all the sounds I had been taught from the arrangement of the letters; and my joy at this amazing discovery was so great, that the recollection of it has never been effaced. After that my progress was so rapid, that it astonished my father: he boasted of me to every body; and that I might lose no time, the task he set me was eleven chapters a day in the Old Testament. I might indeed have deceived my father by skipping some of the chapters; but a dawning regard for truth, aided by the love I had of reading, and the wonderful histories I sometimes found in the sacred writings, generally induced me to go through the whole of the task." In these rudiments of learning was comprised the whole of his literary instruction. Many years elapsed before he acquired the art of writing; and during that long interval he was destined to experience hardships, by which, in a character of less energy, the latent spark of genius might have been for ever extinguished. At one period, when his parents had no better resource than to wander about the country as hawkers and pedlars, their son had occasion to exercise the ingenuity of a mendicant.

"Young as I was, I had considerable readiness in making out a story; and on this day my little inventive faculties shone forth with much bril-

liancy. I told one story at one house, another at another, and continued to vary my tale just as the suggestions arose; the consequence of which was, that I moved the good country people exceedingly: one called me a poor fatherless child; another exclaimed what a pity I had so much sense; a third patted my head, and prayed God to preserve me, that I might make a good man; and most of them contributed, either by scraps of meat, farthings, bread and cheese, or other homely offers, to enrich me, and send me away with my pockets loaded. I joyfully brought as much of my stores as I could carry to the place of rendezvous my parents had appointed, where I astonished them by again reciting the false tales I had so readily invented. My father, whose passions were easily moved, felt no little conflict of mind, as I proceeded. I can now, in imagination, see the working of his features: 'God bless the boy, I never heard the like!' then turning to my mother, he exclaimed, with great earnestness, 'This must not be! The poor child will become a common-place liar, a hedgeside rogue—he will learn to pilfer, turn a confirmed vagrant, go on the highway when he is older, and get hanged.'

It is, perhaps, not easy to identify with this little ragged boy the author of 'Hugh Trevor' and the 'Road to Ruin;' but it was probably in this situation that he acquired those habits of patience, hardihood, and perseverance, which render energy efficient and talents productive. In his thirteenth year we find him engaged as a stable boy at Newmarket—a situation of comparative elegance and luxury. "Happy had been the meal where I had enough—rich to me was the rag that kept me warm—and heavenly the pillow, no matter what, or how hard, on which I could lay my head to sleep. Now I was warmly clothed, nay gorgeously, for I was proud of my new livery, and never suspected that there was any disgrace in it—I fared voluptuously, not a prince on earth, perhaps, with half the appetite and never-failing relish—and instead of being obliged to drag through the dirt after the most sluggish, obstinate, and despised among our animals, I was mounted on the noblest that the earth contains, had him under my care, and was borne by him over hill and dale, far outstripping the wings of the wind: was not this a change such as might excite reflexion even in the mind of a boy? Whether I had or had not begun to scrawl and imitate writing, or whether I was able to convey written intelligence concerning myself to my father, for some months after I left him, I cannot say; but we were very careful not to lose sight of each other; and following his affection as well as his love of change, in about half-a-year he came to Newmarket himself, where he at first procured work of the most ordinary kind at his trade. There was one among his shopmates whom I well remember, for he was struck with me, and I with him; he not only made shoes, but was a cockfeeder of some estimation; and, what was to me much more interesting, he had read so much, as to have made himself acquainted with the most popular English authors of that day: he even lent me books to read, among which were 'Gulliver's Travels' and the 'Spectator;' both of which could not but be to me of the highest importance. I remember, after I had read them, he asked me to consider, and tell him which I liked best.—I immediately replied, 'There was no need of consideration, I liked 'Gulliver's Travels' ten times the best.'—'Aye,' said he, 'I would have laid my life on it, boys and

young people always prefer the marvellous to the true.'—I acquiesced in this judgment; which, however, only proved, that neither he nor I understood Gulliver, though it afforded me infinite delight."

Holcroft resided two years and a half at Newmarket; when conceiving disgust for his associates, and an ardent desire to gratify his love of knowledge, he removed to London, though with no fairer prospect than working with his father at a cobbler's stall. In his twentieth year he married, and necessity soon forced him to try his fortune on the stage. From an actor he became a dramatic writer; and some of the most successful translations were executed by a man who, for the first time in his life, took lessons in the French language at two-and-thirty!

His first essay as a dramatic writer was a musical farce called 'The Crisis,' which was acted with tolerable success in 1778. In 1781 he produced a comedy under the title of 'Duplicity,' which was followed by 'The Noble Peasant,' an opera, and 'The Follies of a Day, or the Marriage of Figaro.' His most popular dramatic piece, 'The Road to Ruin,' was produced in 1792. He was the author of several novels, which had their share of popularity in their day, such as 'Anna St Ives,' 'Hugh Trevor,' and 'Brian Perdue.' His last publication was entitled 'A Tour in Germany and France.' He died in 1809.

Richard Gough.

BORN A. D. 1735.—DIED A. D. 1809.

RICHARD GOUGH, whose researches and writings as an antiquary obtained for him the appellation of the Camden of the 18th century, was descended from the Goughs of Wales. Sir Matthew Gough, with whose father the pedigree of his family begins, passed the prime of his life in the French wars of Henry V. and VI. and finished it in Cade's rebellion, fighting on the part of the citizens, in July, 1450, at the battle of London-bridge. Mr Gough's father was the fifth son of Sir Harry Gough of Perry-hall. He was born October 21st, 1735, in Winchester street, London, on a site peculiarly appropriate for the birth of an antiquary,—that of the monastery of Augustine friars founded by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, in 1253. Mr Gough's parents were dissenters, and their son received the first rudiments of Latin at home, under the tuition of one Barnewitz, a Courlander. He was afterwards committed to the instruction of the Rev. Roger Pickering, a learned dissenting minister, on whose death in 1755 Mr Gough finished his Greek studies under Mr Samuel Dyer, the friend and literary contemporary of Johnson. After his father's death in July, 1752, he was admitted fellow-commoner of Bennet college Cambridge, where his brother John had before studied under Dr Mawson, afterwards bishop of Chichester and Ely. Bennet college had peculiar attractions for a mind like Mr Gough's; it had not only trained the great Parker to revive the study of antiquity, and received from him a rich donation of curious and ancient manuscripts, but had educated Stukeley, who traced our antiquities to their remotest origin. Here was planned the 'British Topography.' From Cambridge Gough made his first antiquarian excursions, and continued these pursuits every year to various

parts of the kingdom, taking notes, which on his return were digested into form. Many years, however, before Gough joined the university, he had given evidence of his possessing those powers of unwearied application and research which are so essential to the pursuits of an antiquary. At the early age of eleven he began the translation of a 'History of the Bible' from the French, which he accomplished in the course of a year and a half. The mother, delighted with this proof of her son's diligence and attainments, was at the expense of printing twenty-five copies of this performance. "The style," says Chalmers, "is throughout juvenile and simple. Mr Gough in his mature years, appears to have looked at it with complacency." Three years after this he executed a translation of Fleury's 'Customs of the Israelites,' which was also printed for public distribution.

In 1768 Mr Gough published 'Anecdotes of British Topography' in a single quarto volume. The first compiler of a work of this description was John Bagford, who furnished Bishop Gibson with the list prefixed to his edition of the 'Britannia.' Bishop Nicholson's 'Historical Libraries,' and Dr Rawlinson's 'English Topographer,' had of course become greatly imperfect; Gough's works not only informed the curious what lights had from time to time been thrown on our topographical antiquities, but enumerated most of the materials which had been collected, whether in print or manuscript. An improved edition of this work was published in two volumes, in 1780, and afterwards augmented by the addition of a third volume.

In February 1767 he was elected a member of the Society of antiquaries, and drew up their history prefixed to the first volume of the 'Archæologia,' in 1770. The publication of the 'Archæologia' he superintended for many years; and in the different volumes, till 1796, are various articles drawn up or communicated by him. In 1767 he opened a correspondence, mostly under the signature of D. H., with the 'Gentleman's Magazine;' and on the death of his fellow-collegian, Duncombe, in 1786, he occasionally communicated reviews of literary publications to that miscellany. In 1774 he entered into matrimony, and retired to Enfield, a property which his father purchased in 1723. He added to the family mansion an extensive library, the richest in topography in the kingdom.

In 1778 he formed the design of a new edition of 'Camden's Britannia.' For twenty summers he had amused himself with taking notes in various parts of England and Scotland, at first with no higher view than private information, or perhaps of communicating them to the public in some such form as Dr Stukeley's 'Itinerary,' or that of the local antiquities of particular towns or districts; but the mistakes and conciseness of preceding editors at last encouraged him to undertake a new edition of the 'Britannia,' the translation and enlargement of which occupied him seven years, and he was nine more attending it through the press. It appeared in three volumes folio, in 1789, and subsequently in four volumes.

In 1785 Mr Gough published 'A comparative View of the ancient Monuments of India, particularly those on the Island of Salset, near Bombay;' in which, with considerable industry, he threw together the narratives of travellers of different nations. The next year appeared the first volume of his grand work, entitled 'Sepulchral Monuments of

Great Britain.' The second volume, in distinct parts, appeared in 1796 and 1799. "Few works have been given to the world in which the history of past times, the familiar manners of our ancestors, and the progress of their arts have received such accurate and copious investigation. In the introduction to the first volume, he enters on a large field of inquiry,—the mode of interment, and the construction of monuments, from the earliest ages to that which is now practised in Europe. Somewhat of this ground he again goes over in the introduction to the second; and throughout the work he produces ample reason for inveighing against the ravages of conquerors,—the devastation of false zeal and fanaticism,—the depredations of ignorance, interest, and false taste,—the defacements of the white-washer's brush,—and a variety of other circumstances, which, beside the ever-wasting hand of time, have all contributed to destroy the sepulchral monuments of our ancestors. In this work he professes to have neither the object, the plan, nor the method of an historian." "Our materials," he says, "are different, and my plan adopts only what his excludes; great events, great personages, great characters, good or bad, are all that he brings upon the stage :

'I talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
And that small portion of the barren earth
That serves as paste and covering to our bones!'

Mine are subjects rejected by the historian to the end of each reign, among the prodigies that distinguish it; yet is this detail not uninteresting. It is a picture of private mixed with public life, a subject in which my countrymen have been anticipated by their neighbours."

The engravings which accompany it are numerous and splendid.

In 1794 he published an account of the beautiful missal presented to Henry VI. by the duchess of Bedford. Mr Gough's last works were the 'History and Antiquities of Pleshy, in the county of Essex,' London, 1803, 4to. and 'Plates of the Coins of the Pelucidæ.'

He died in 1809. To the university of Oxford he bequeathed all his collections on northern literature and British topography.

Anna Seward.

BORN A. D. 1747.—DIED A. D. 1809.

MISS SEWARD's father was the Rev. Thomas Seward, rector of Eyam in Derbyshire, prebendary of Salisbury, and canon-residentary of Litchfield. In his youth he had travelled as tutor with Lord Charles Fitzroy, third son of the duke of Grafton, who died upon his travels in 1739. Mr Seward returned to England, and soon after married Miss Elizabeth Hunter, daughter of Mr Hunter, head-master of the school at Litchfield. In 1747, the second year of his marriage, Miss Seward was born. She had several sisters, and one brother, but none survived the period of infancy, except Miss Sarah Seward. "Mr Seward," says Sir Walter Scott, "was himself a poet; and a manuscript collection of his fugitive pieces is now lying before me, the bequest of my honoured friend when she intrusted me with the task which I am now endeavouring to discharge. Several of these effusions were printed in

Dodsley's Collection, vol. ii. towards the close. Mr Seward was also an admirer of our ancient drama; and, in 1750, published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, which, though falling beneath what is expected from the accuracy and investigation of later dramatic authors, evinces a scholar-like degree of information, and a high relish for the beauties of his authors. Thus accomplished himself, the talents of his eldest daughter did not long escape his complacent observation. He early introduced her to Milton and Shakspeare; and I have heard her say, that she could repeat passages from the *Allegro* before she was three years old."

The romantic hills of Derbyshire, where the village of Eyam is situated, favoured the instructions of her father. His pupil imbibed a strong and enthusiastic partiality for mountain scenery, and the pleasures of landscape, which was a source of great enjoyment during her after life. Her father's taste was rigidly classical, and the authors to whom Miss Seward was introduced were those of Queen Anne's reign. She was early familiar with the works of Pope, Young, Prior, and their predecessor Dryden; and, in later life, used to admire no poetry of an older date, excepting only that of Shakspeare and Milton.

Mr Seward, about the year 1754, removed his family to Litchfield. "The classical pretensions of this city," Scott observes, "were exalted by its being the residence of Dr Darwin, who soon distinguished and appreciated the talents of our young poetess. At this time, however, literature was deemed an undesirable pursuit for a young lady in Miss Seward's situation,—the heiress of an independent fortune, and destined to occupy a considerable rank in society. Her mother, though an excellent woman, possessed no taste for her daughter's favourite amusements; and even Mr Seward withdrew his countenance from them, probably under the apprehension that his continued encouragement might produce in his daughter that dreaded phenomenon, a learned lady." Poetry was therefore prohibited, and Miss Seward resorted to other amusements and to the practice of ornamental needlework, in which she is said to have excelled. Thus rolled on time for nearly ten years, after her father had settled at Litchfield.

In 1764 a heavy calamity took place in Mr Seward's family. Sarah, his younger daughter, had been for some time on the eve of forming a matrimonial connexion with Mr Porter, a merchant at Leghorn, brother to Miss Lucy Porter of Litchfield. Miss Anna Seward was to have accompanied her sister to Italy, but these flattering prospects were clouded by the sickness and death of the young and lovely bride. An affecting account of this distressing calamity occurs in Miss Seward's correspondence. Mr Porter appears afterwards to have intimated a wish to transfer his attachment to the surviving sister; but it was discouraged. In this Miss Seward showed at once the greatest respect for the memory of her sister, and her own mental delicacy. It is plain, that the attachment of the lover was to the deceased bride, 'for he had eyes, and chose her;' therefore, though we will not suppose one single spark of pride entered into the composition of Anna Seward, yet a strong idea of propriety in this transaction was apparent. She would have expected little happiness in a union rather emanating from compliment than passion; she could not suffer her deceased sister's wedding-cheer, 'Coldly to furnish out her marriage-table.'

The blank in the domestic society of Miss Seward was supplied by the attachment of Miss Honoria Sneyd, then residing in her family. This young lady was afterwards married to Mr Edgeworth. "After the death of Miss Sarah Seward," Mr Scott continues, "her sister's society became indispensable to her parents, and she was never separated from them. Offers of matrimonial establishments occurred, and were rejected, in one instance entirely, and in others chiefly, from a sense of filial duty. As she was now of an age to select her own society and studies, Miss Seward's love for literature was indulged; and the sphere in which she moved was such as to increase her taste for its pursuits. Dr Darwin, Mr Day, whose opinions formed singular specimens of English philosophy, Mr Edgeworth, Sir Brooke Boothby, and other names well known in the literary world, then formed part of the Litchfield society. The celebrated Dr Johnson was an occasional visitor of their circles; but he seems, in some respects, to have shared the fate of a prophet in his own country: neither Dr Darwin nor Miss Seward were partial to the great moralist. There was perhaps some aristocratic prejudice in their dislike; for the despotic manners of Dr Johnson were least likely to be tolerated where the lowness of his origin was in fresh recollection. At the same time, Miss Seward was always willing to do justice to his native benevolence, and to the powerful grasp of his intellectual powers, and possessed many anecdotes of his conversation which had escaped his most vigilant recorders. These she used to tell with great humour, and with a very striking imitation of the sage's peculiar voice, gesture, and manner of delivery."

The revival of the poetical ardour of Miss Seward is, in some degree, attributed to her acquaintance with Lady Millér, whose fanciful and romantic institution at Bath-Easton was then the subject of public attention. The applause of the selected circle of poetical contributors, among whom the names of Hayley and Anstey appear, encouraged Miss Seward to send some of her essays to the press; and the world received with great applause the elegiac commemorations of André and Cooke. Personal friendship for the brave and unfortunate sufferer, and the ill-fated attachment of her friend, Miss Sneyd, induced the first: the second was the spontaneous tribute of admiration and gratitude.

In the year 1780 Mrs Seward died; and, in 1790, the scene closed by the death of Mr Seward. His daughter remained mistress of an easy and independent fortune, and continued to inhabit the bishop's palace at Litchfield which had been long her father's residence, and was hers until her death. "Miss Seward," says Mr Scott, "when young, must have been exquisitely beautiful; for in advanced age, the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth. Her eyes were auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair, and possessed great expression. In reciting, or speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker, and as it were, to flash fire. I should have hesitated to state the impression which the peculiarity made upon me at the time, had not my observation been confirmed by that of the first actress of this or any other age, with whom I lately happened to converse on our deceased friend's expressive powers of countenance. Miss Seward's tone of voice was melodious, guided by excellent taste, and well-suited to reading and recitation, in which she willingly exercised. She did

not sing, nor was she a great proficient in music, though very fond of it, having studied it later in life than is now usual. Her stature was tall, and her form was originally elegant: but having broken the patella of the knee, by a fall, in the year 1768, she walked with pain and difficulty, which increased with the pressure of years." In 1784 she produced a poetical novel, entitled 'Louisa,' which became popular, and passed through several editions. Her last publication was 'Memoirs of the life of Dr Darwin;' in which she lays claim to the lines at the commencement of 'The Botanic Garden,' though unacknowledged by the author. Miss Seward died at Litchfield, in March, 1809, leaving the copyright of her miscellaneous works to Sir Walter Scott, who published them in three volumes. Her other poems are 'Langollen Vale,' a volume of 'Sonnets,' and some paraphrases of Horace.

Mr Polwhele, among his prose illustrations subjoined to his poem of 'Unsexed Females,' thus speaks of the object of this memoir: "Miss Seward's poems are 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;' and he who hesitates to allow this lady a very first place among the female poets of the country, must be grossly deficient in taste. Her 'Cooke,' her 'André,' her 'Louisa,' are all first-rate performances. Either of these enchanting poems would be sufficient to immortalize the name of Seward."

Matthew Boulton.

BORN A. D. 1728.—DIED A. D. 1809.

MR BOULTON was born at Birmingham, on the 3d of September, O. S., 1728. He was the son of Mr Matthew Boulton, hardware-manufacturer; and was educated principally at Deretend, in the academy of the Rev. Mr Ansted.

At the early age of seventeen he invented, and afterwards rapidly brought to great perfection, the inlaid steel buckles, buttons, watch-chains, trinkets, &c. which were for so many years in great request. Of these, vast quantities were exported to France; whence they were repurchased with avidity by the English beaux, as the offspring of French ingenuity.

In 1762 Mr Boulton, who had inherited considerable property at the death of his father, very naturally sought a larger scope for his industry than could be conveniently found within the walls of a town. He purchased, therefore, a lease of the Soho, near Handsworth, in Staffordshire, about two miles from Birmingham; at that time a barren heath, on the bleak summit of which stood a naked hut, the habitation of a poor warrener. These dreary tracts of common were converted by Mr Boulton into the present extensive and superb manufactory, of which he laid the foundation at an expense of nearly ten thousand pounds; and in 1794 he purchased the fee-simple of Soho, and much of the adjoining land.

Until the year 1767 Mr Boulton had carried on his works by means of water-mills; but the power of this element thus applied, even aided as it was by the strength of horses, was found very inadequate to the extent of his designs. In this year, therefore, he had recourse to that

master-piece of human ingenuity, the steam-engine. That which he first constructed was on Captain Savary's plan; but it fell far short of his purposes. Two years after this, however, he formed an intimate acquaintance with Mr James Watt, of Glasgow, who had obtained a patent for an important improvement in the steam-engine, and soon induced him to come and settle at Soho. In 1775, so obvious were the advantages of Mr Watt's improvement, that parliament prolonged his patent for 25 years. These two ingenious men now formed a partnership; and, under the direction of Messrs Boulton and Watt, a very extensive manufactory of these engines was established at Soho, whence most of the great mines and manufactories in England still continue to be supplied.

About the year 1788 Mr Boulton projected a conversion of the steam-engine to the purpose of coinage; and he brought his coining-mill to amazing perfection. He was employed by the government to coin halfpence, penny and twopenny pieces; and he so ingeniously contrived their form and structure, as to render counterfeiting apparently impossible. Speaking of Mr Boulton's mode of applying the steam-engine to the purpose of coining, Dr Darwin said, "the whole of this expensive and magnificent apparatus moves with such superior excellence and cheapness of workmanship, as well as works with such powerful machinery, as must totally prevent clandestine imitations, and in consequence save many lives from the hands of the executioner;—a circumstance worthy the attention of a great minister. If a civic crown was given in Rome for preserving the life of one citizen, Mr Boulton should be covered with a garland of oak." The impression of the coin, being on a concave ground, is less liable to friction, and of course the coin will be more durable than coinage on a flat surface could be expected to be. From Mr Boulton's mint also issued coinages of copper for the East India Company, of silver for the Sierra Leone Company, and two complete coinages for the Russian government.

On the 30th of December, 1797, Mr Boulton, pursuing his public-spirited projects, obtained a patent for an apparatus and method of raising water and other fluids. After a long life spent in cultivating and adorning a desert part of the country, in bringing to it a large and industrious population, and in rendering industry useful, and taste ornamental, to the manufactures of the country, Mr Boulton quitted this life, on the 17th of August, 1809, at the advanced age of fourscore and one.

David Pitcairn.

BORN A. D. 1749.—DIED A. D. 1809.

DAVID PITCAIRN, M. D., was the eldest son of Major John Pitcairn of the marines, who was killed in the attack upon Bunker's Hill, in 1775, and Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Dalrymple, Esq., of Annfield, in the county of Dumfries. His paternal family was one of the most ancient in Fifeshire. It derives its name from a landed possession called Pitcairn, of which Nisbitt, in his *Heraldry*, says, he has seen a charter dated in 1417. In the course of time, one of the family acquired, by marriage, the estate of Forther, in the same county; after which the

lands of Pitcairn went off with a younger son, from whom was descended Dr Archibald Pitcairn, of Pitcairn, justly famed as a physician, poet, wit, scholar, and mathematician. Of the elder branch, the subject of this notice became the representative, upon the death of his uncle, the well-known Dr William Pitcairn, who practised physic in London for nearly half-a-century, and was many years president of the college of physicians.

The subject of the present notice was born on the first of May, 1749, in the house of his grandfather, the Rev. David Pitcairn, minister of Dysart, in Fife. When about nine or ten years old, he was sent to the High-school at Edinburgh, where he remained four years, after which he went to the university of Glasgow, and prosecuted his studies there till he arrived at the age of twenty. At this period of his life he used to spend much of his leisure time with the family of the Rev. James Baillie, minister of Bothwell, in the county of Lanark, and father of the celebrated Dr Matthew Baillie, of London, and Miss Joanna Baillie. During this intercourse commenced an affectionate intimacy between young Pitcairn and Baillie; which afterwards ripened into the warmest friendship. In 1769 Mr Pitcairn went to the university of Edinburgh, and studied medicine there for three years, under the immediate direction of the illustrious Cullen. In 1772 he came to London, and attended the lectures of Dr William Hunter, and Dr G. Fordyce. About the same time also, that he might attain an English degree in physic, though he was then nearly twenty-three years old, he entered at Bennet college, Cambridge. In 1780, several years before he received his doctor's degree, he was elected physician to St Bartholomew's hospital; and about the same time may be dated the commencement of his private medical practice. In 1792 he was chosen physician to Christ's hospital; and in the following year, his private practice being now considerable, he resigned the office of physician to St Bartholomew's hospital. His office at Christ's hospital demanded but little of his time, and was therefore retained by him several years longer.

By the death of Dr Warren, which took place in June, 1797, Dr Pitcairn was placed at the head of his profession in London. One or two other physicians possibly derived as much pecuniary emolument from the practice of medicine as himself, but no other was so frequently requested by his brethren to afford his aid in cases of difficulty. In the autumn of the same year he fell from his horse and bruised his side. Shortly after, his heart began to beat with violence; his attention was more particularly directed to this symptom, as it had occurred in one of his brothers, likewise in consequence of a fall, whose heart after death was found considerably enlarged. He continued, however, to follow his profession till February in the following year, when he was attacked with a hæmorrhage from his lungs. From this he recovered, after some time, so far as to be enabled to resume the exercise of his profession; but the same disease having recurred in summer, he embarked in September for Lisbon. During a stay of more than eighteen months in Portugal, he had no return of the hæmorrhage, in consequence of which he ventured to come back to this country in 1800. He was still feeble, and his heart was still beating too forcibly; for some time, therefore, he declined altogether engaging in medical practice. Afterwards, as his health improved, he began to receive patients

at his house; then to meet other physicians in consultation at the houses of their patients; and at length, after an interval of several years, to undertake the entire care of sick persons at their own homes,—except during four months in the latter part of the year, which he spent almost wholly in the country. His health, however, continued feeble, and he died in April, 1809.

His person was tall and erect, but of late years rather thin; his countenance during youth was a model of manly beauty, and even in advanced life was remarkably handsome. He was fond of country sports and athletic games, particularly the Scottish one named golf. In conversation he shunned dispute. When he dissented from others, he either declared his opinion in a few words, or remained altogether silent. It was a saying of his, says the author of the 'Gold-headed cane,' that "the last thing a physician learns in the course of his experience, is, to know when to do nothing."

Thomas Beddoes.

BORN A. D. 1760.—DIED A. D. 1809.

THOMAS BEDDOES was born at Shifnal in Shropshire, in the year 1760. His father was a tanner, but determined that his son should receive an excellent education, so as to be fitted for a higher sphere in society. He entered the university of Oxford in 1776. He had previously been placed for two years under the care of Mr Dickerson, a clergyman in Staffordshire, who says of him, "while under my tuition, his mind was so intent upon literary pursuits, chiefly the attainment of classical learning, that I do not recollect his having devoted a single day, or even an hour, to diversions or frivolous amusements of any kind."

After having gained considerable reputation as a classical scholar, and taught himself the French, German, and Italian languages, he commenced studying pneumatic chemistry, "of which," says one of his biographers, "he soon became master, as far as it was then known." He subsequently acquired a knowledge of mineralogy and botany. After his death, a manuscript *Flora Britannica* was found among his papers, which he appears to have written when at Oxford. While there he was accustomed, it is said, to anticipate, as one of the greatest pleasures of manhood, the power of sitting down uncontrolled, and playing whist all day long! Such too was his memory, that after the termination of a game, he could detail the exact order in which, as well as by whom, all the cards had been played.

In 1783 he proceeded master of arts, and in December 1786, obtained the degree of M.D. He repaired to Edinburgh about the year 1784. While there, he attended the lectures of the most famous professors of the day, was noticed as a youth of great promise, and lived in intimacy with the celebrated Dr Brown, whose new system for a while seemed to bear down every thing before it. Sir James Macintosh—who also intended to be a physician, and took a degree for that purpose—was one of his contemporaries and friends. It does not appear, however, that the subject of this memoir, at a more mature period of his life, considered the system then prevalent in North Britain as in-

capable of being amended ; for we find him, but the year before his death, while treating of the melioration of his favourite science, expressing himself as follows:—" However the pupils of Edinburgh may succeed in the world, and fair as it may be for an advocate to avail himself of the fact, I doubt exceedingly whether the public would, if called upon to act with deliberation, yield its confidence to one of their three years' graduates. In case, for instance, of an election to an hospital, would not the shortness of his standing, and the necessary immaturity of his experience, operate as a fatal objection ? Well then ! if he is not fit to have pauper-patients committed to him, why should others be allowed to commit themselves ? It may be said that a five or six years' graduate would be thought equally incapable of the charge. I believe quite the contrary ; provided the electors should have both information and integrity enough to vote according to the merits. It always seems invidious, and in many cases is arrogant in an individual to adduce his opinion of a public body in argument ; but as the merits of the Edinburgh school are opposed in this manner to the projected improvement of medical education, those who take a part in the question seem called upon to declare themselves, if they have any probable cause of knowledge. Let me, therefore, briefly state that I went to Edinburgh as an Oxford bachelor of arts, passed there three winters and one summer, was perpetually at the lectures of the professors and in the society of the students. You may think it probable that I have no humiliating associations connected with Edinburgh, if I add that I can never hope to be of so much consequence among my equals any where else, since the students heaped upon me all those distinctions which you know it is in their power to confer. Few individuals, certainly, have ever had a better opportunity of knowing any school. I have seen other schools of medicine, conversed and corresponded much, from that time to the present, with pupils and professors, studied their methods and the productions as well of the youth as of the seniors, so that I cannot accuse myself of having omitted any thing by which I might be enabled to form an opinion concerning this grand question of medical instruction. After comparing, on the spot, the means with the end, I certainly did conceive that a more deliberate process would be preferable, and that a method of instruction, in some other respects materially different, would form physicians far more trustworthy. This opinion, various members of the medical societies could, I dare say, testify that I expressed ; and every thing that I have since seen of practice and of literature has tended to confirm it. After a lapse of years, and without the smallest communication, it is satisfactory to find the associated faculty and their correspondents concurring to make it the basis of a legislative measure, and certainly without being actuated by the least ill-will toward any medical school in the universe, I know not whether any impartial person, after seriously reflecting upon the surest way of advancing in so difficult a study, ever surveyed the medical classes at Edinburgh. He would see that perpetual bodily hurry which is generally attended with a good deal of confusion of mind. No sooner does the college hour-bell toll, than the audience rush out in full stream, leaving the last word half finished in the mouth of one professor, not a few fearing lest they should miss the first words of another. Will you call this mere juvenile ardour ? The

young men there were generally, and doubtless still are, earnest in their pursuits; but it was a common feeling, that each attempted too much at once; and if it be true, that figures and hues which are to last, must be laid again and again on the mind, with pauses between to allow them to fix, somewhat as in fresco-painting, this feeling would appear to be right. A calculation had been made, and the required attendance distributed as well as possible through the three years. Considering the number of professors, and the necessity for those who were to trust to this school solely, to attend certain courses,—as the anatomical, practical, and clinical,—two or three times; considering, besides, that the merit of out-lecturers will have claims upon the inquisitive, and that many had no other chance for acquiring a smattering of natural philosophy and natural history, how could any student, and especially the most ardent, avoid attempting too much at once? The consequence was too apparent. Our academical architects, in their hurry to finish the structure, failed to lay a solid foundation."

In 1784 he published a translation of Spallanzani's 'Dissertation on Natural History,' of which Sheldon thought so highly, that he never alluded to Spallanzani, without referring his students "to the translation so ably executed by his friend and former pupil." In 1786 we find him acting as reader of chemistry to his Alma Mater.¹ His success at Oxford as a lecturer was unparalleled. "The time of his residence there," says one of his pupils, "was a brilliant one in the annals of the university, and produced a taste for scientific researches that bordered upon enthusiasm."

In the course of 1787 he visited France, and appears to have been for some time resident at Dijon. While at Paris he of course became acquainted with Lavoisier, whose reputation was at this period at its height, and not only acquired his esteem, but also carried on a scientific correspondence with him after his return. In 1790 he published an analytical account of the writings of Mayow, under the title of 'Chemical Experiments and Opinions, extracted from a Work published in the Last Century;' which did much towards elucidating the opinions of Mayow, and obtaining for his name the fame it merited. In 1791 he contributed to the Transactions of the Royal society a paper on the affinity between basalt and granite, in which he showed himself to be a zealous volcanist. In the same year he made a mineralogical excursion into Cornwall; on his return through Bath, a lady to whom he was personally unknown, observed to him, "I have heard of Dr Beddoes, that, excepting what he may know about fossils, and such out-of-the-way things, he is perfectly stupid, and incurably heterodox. Besides, he is so short and fat, that he might almost do for a show!"

Towards the latter end of 1792 he voluntarily resigned his readership, of which he had been in possession for about six years. After leaving Oxford he had some thoughts of visiting France, but the agitated state of that country prevented him from doing so. "I flattered myself," says he, at this time, "that the tree of despotism was decaying at its roots. But this infernal club of Jacobins, with its mad mob, will water it with innocent blood; it will take fresh root, and put forth new

¹ There was no professorship of chemistry established at that period, nor indeed until 1803, at Oxford; although one had been founded so early as 1706 at Cambridge.

branches, and cover the whole earth with its blasting shade." About this period he published his work 'On the Nature of Demonstrative Evidence.'

In 1793 he went to Bristol, where he had not been long resident when the prevalent disease of consumption engaged his particular attention. Calling in chemistry to the assistance of medicine, he formed a notion that it was possible to cure this cruel disorder by changing the medium which the patients respired, and this gave birth to the 'Pneumatic Institution,' which proved at least eminently beneficial to science as the means of introducing Mr Davy to public notice,—that gentleman having assisted Dr Beddoes in constructing the apparatus, and performing the various experiments during a course of six months.

Like the celebrated Dr Jebb, Mr Beddoes united politics with medicine; and, while acting as a physician, resolved not to omit any of those duties which appertained to him as a man. We accordingly find him attending a committee which had been convoked preparatory to a general meeting of the inhabitants of Bristol, during the progress of Pitt and Granville's restrictive bills. In June, 1795, he published an edition of 'Brown's Elements of Medicine,' with a preface and notes, together with an analysis of the Brunonian system. In the same year he produced a translation, from the Spanish, of Gimbernat's 'New Method of Operating in Femoral Hernia,' to which he added an appendix, recommending an improvement in variolous inoculation. Soon after this, 1796, appeared an 'Essay on the Public Merits of Mr Pitt, by Thomas Beddoes, M.D.' It is dedicated as follows: "To the house of commons, an assembly whose acts for the last twenty years, no man who feels for Asia, Africa, America, or Europe, can regard without the profoundest emotions." He afterwards published, in succession, the following pamphlets, 'A Word in Defence of the Bill of Rights against Gagging Bills;' 'Where would be the Harm of a Speedy Peace?' 'A Letter to Mr Pitt on the Scarcity;' and 'Alternatives Compared, or What shall the Rich do to be Safe?' The most celebrated of these was his essay on Pitt.

In 1802 appeared 'Hygeia, or Essays Moral and Medical, on the Causes Affecting the Personal State of the Middling and Affluent Classes.' This work, which was printed at Bristol, consists of three volumes. Dr Darwin, in a letter to Dr Beddoes, says, "I have read this little work of yours with great pleasure. You deserve a civic crown for saving the lives of your fellow-citizens." In 1803 he was engaged in controversy with Dr Fox, respecting the contagiousness of the influenza, which broke out in the spring of that year at Bristol. In the course of the same year he received a visit from the celebrated Dr Joseph Frank, of Vienna, who gives this account of the interview: "After waiting about a quarter of an hour, Dr Beddoes appeared, with several books under his arm. The first words that he addressed to me were, 'Which Dr Frank are you? for there are a great many of you.' Before I could answer him, he laid before me in a row several books, all written by Franks, constantly asking, as he turned them over, 'Is that you? is that you?'"

In 1808 he published 'A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. P. R. S. On the Causes and the Removal of the Prevailing Discontents, Imperfections, and Abuses, in Medicine,' with the following

motto: 'Take Physic, Physic!' On this occasion he appears to join in the "hue and cry raised against incompetent possessors of diplomas," and affects no little superiority over the M. D.'s of the Scottish metropolis. He seems to think that the usual period of three years, required for a degree in Scotland, is by far too short, and wishes therefore to extend it to five or six. He proceeds to inquire whether it is meant to tolerate "the existing irregular practitioners, and advertising quacks?" and "whether the present race of regulars deserve to have an unrestrained monopoly of the sick trade, secured to them by law?" "What," adds he, "could invalids lose by the suppression of all quack medicines for consumption, while the regular faculty is in snug possession of the hot-well here by the side of the Avon? What is there in Godbold's vegetable balsam, that this water cannot replace? and (faith in the gift of St Vincent failing) have we not the air of Clifton close at hand, offering itself to us as presumptive heir to the reputation of the water? Should you allow the said water and the said air to be abundantly calculated to satisfy any craving of credulity; consider a little, I beseech you, the accommodation of that part of the faculty which is engaged in the great corresponding branch of medical practice. This cannot be said to be carried on by corresponding societies; the term is too large; knots of two or three only are concerned in this correspondence. These brother doctors, Sir, though separated as widely as I am from you at this moment, or more so, sympathize as tenderly, and are as ready to relieve one another's distresses, as those knights of old, of whom we hear as brothers in arms. Take for instance a common case: the family doctor in London, Dublin, or where you please, cannot bear to think that the son or daughter of a dear friend of his should die at home, just under his nose. So no sooner does it come to a hot-well case (a term within a few weeks synonymous to a corpse) than off the invalid is sent with a pass. Invalid and pass are delivered to the receiving doctor, whose feelings, as he is a stranger, cannot be so much overpowered by the tenderness of friendship. And when the patient is dead and disposed off, the receiving party, you know, may never be again distressed by the sight of any of the family. He prescribes, therefore, a way his friend had done before him, adding, of course, so much per day of the said hot-well water, which, I repeat it, may be considered as a worthy substitute for any quack composition ever put together. So it goes on, until the jaws of the patient are either locked with death or despair."

His death occurred on the 24th of December, 1809. On a *post mortem* examination, it was clearly discernible that the machinery had been worn out, and that the animal functions were necessarily suspended, from the progress of the disease. The left lobe of the lungs was found to be in a morbid state, and a lodgement of water had also been effected. "Thus died," says one of his biographers, "after he had attained the forty-ninth year of his life, Thomas Beddoes, a man who possessed a warmth, a zeal, an ardour for the pursuit of medical science, which had seldom been equalled by any, and was assuredly excelled by none. His whole life was devoted to experiment, to inquiry, to correspondence with men of talents, and to instruction of himself and others. He possessed a fine genius for poetry, and had the happy faculty of viewing every subject on its most brilliant side. His language was glowing, figur-

ative, and sometimes even sublime. He despised quackery, and pretensions of every kind; and was accustomed to detect and expose these to the full as freely in his own as in other professions. In all the social relations of life his conduct uniformly bore testimony to the excellence of his heart; for he was a good friend, a good father, and a good husband."

The 'Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal' thus concludes a summary of his character: "The reputation of Dr Beddoes as a physician has not yet attained so high a rank as it deserves. There is an ardour of talent, an animating earnestness, a stimulant exaggeration in his writings, well adapted to arouse the torpor, and to provoke the attention of medical readers. He had the mind of a poet and a painter, and displayed the powers of his imagination in vivid representations of facts and theories. He was a pioneer in the road to discovery. Those high views, and that habitual appeal to the classical minds of philosophers which he uniformly displayed, have not obtained such sanction as they ought; his zeal has been mistaken for presumption, but perhaps some future age will affix to it the juster character of energy and truth. He was a man of great learning, and understood perfectly the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and German languages. His temper was admirable, and he was highly respectable in all the relations of private life."

Henry Cavendish.

BORN A. D. 1731.—DIED A. D. 1810.

THE honourable Henry Cavendish, son of Lord Charles Cavendish, was born at Nice in Piedmont. He was privately educated, but completed his studies at Cambridge. He early gave indications of a powerful and acute mind, which directed itself chiefly to the physical sciences. He studied and rendered himself familiarly conversant with every part of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy; the principles of which he applied to an investigation of the laws on which the phenomena of electricity depend. Pursuing the same science, on the occasion of Mr Walsh's experiments with the torpedo, he gave a satisfactory explanation of the remarkable powers of electrical fishes,—pointing out that distinction between common and animal electricity which has since been amply confirmed by the brilliant discoveries in Galvanism. He wrote two papers on this subject, respectively entitled 'An Attempt to explain some of the Principal Phenomena of Electricity, by means of an Elastic Fluid,' and 'An Account of a Set of Experiments to determine the Nature of the Shock communicated by the Torpedo.' Having turned his attention very early to pneumatic chemistry, he ascertained in 1766 the extreme levity of inflammable air, now called hydrogen gas. In the same path of science he made the important discovery of the composition of water by the union of two gases; and thus laid the foundation of the modern system of chemistry, which rests principally on this fact, and that of the decomposition of water, announced soon after—though certainly not discovered—by M. Lavoisier. As the purity of atmospherical air had been a subject of controversy,

Mr Cavendish contrived essential improvements in the method of performing experiments with an eudiometer; by means of which he was the first person who showed that the proportion of pure air in the atmosphere is nearly the same in all open places. The other and much larger portion of our atmosphere, he sagaciously conjectured to be the basis of the acid of nitre; an opinion that he soon brought to the test, by an ingenious and laborious experiment which completely proved its truth; whence this gas has now generally obtained the name of nitrogen.

So many and such great discoveries spread his fame throughout Europe, and he was universally considered as one of the first inductive philosophers of the age. Among the labours of his latter days, is the nice and difficult experiment by which he determined the mean density of the earth; an element of consequence in delicate calculations of astronomy, as well as in geological inquiries. Even in the last years of his life, at the advanced age of 77, he proposed and described improvements in the manner of dividing large astronomical instruments. These pursuits, together with reading of various kinds, by which he acquired a deep insight into almost every topic of general knowledge, formed the whole occupation of his life, and were in fact his sole amusement. From his attachment to such occupations, and the constant resource he found in them, together with a shyness and diffidence natural to his disposition, his habits had from early life been secluded. He possessed great affluence, which was to him rather matter of embarrassment than of gratification; but however careless about its improvement, he was regular in its management and direction.

"The fundamentality, if we may use such a word, of his chemical results," says a writer in the 'Penny Cyclopaedia,' "has not been surpassed by those of any other discoverer in chemistry. But he deserves fame for the great accuracy of his experiments, and the (then) unequalled soundness of his views. One writer asserts that every sentence he has written will bear microscopic examination. A French writer admits (we should say affirms) that he furnished Lavoisier with the materials of his system; and Sir Humphry Davy, in a lecture delivered shortly after the death of Cavendish, speaks as follows: 'His processes were all of a finished nature, perfected by the hand of a master; they required no correction; and though many of them were performed in the very infancy of chemical science, yet their accuracy and their beauty have remained unimpaired amidst the progress of discovery.' The discoveries of Cavendish were finished; he formed his substances both by analysis and synthesis; ascertained that the weight of his product was the sum of that of its components, and determined its specific gravity. He was the first who carried the mind and methods of a mathematician into the field from which the alchemist had not long retired, and in which the speculator still remained. And when we say the mind and methods of a mathematician, we do not deny that the inductive philosopher had already been there; but it was to remark phenomena, and not to measure quantities."

Nevil Maskelyne.

BORN A.D. 1732.—DIED A.D. 1811.

DR MASKELYNE was the son of Edmund Maskelyne, Esq., of Burton, in Wiltshire. He was born in London, we believe, about the year 1732, and finished his education at Trinity college, Cambridge; of which, being bred to the church, he afterwards became a fellow. Having obtained a curacy, he removed to London in 1755.

In the autumn of 1760, being distinguished for his mathematical attainments, he was appointed by the Royal society to go to the island of St Helena, in order to observe the transit of Venus over the sun, on the 6th of June, 1761. His observations (which were not, indeed, so complete as he wished, on account of the weather being very cloudy) were published in the 'Philosophical transactions' for the year 1761.

In the spring of 1763, Mr Maskelyne published his 'British Mariner's Guide,' 4to, a very useful practical work. On the 9th of June following, Mr Maskelyne, at a meeting of the Royal society, moved, and it was unanimously agreed to, that their council, as visitors of the Royal observatory at Greenwich, should take proper measures for obtaining and securing the astronomical observations that had been made there in time past, for the benefit of the public. In September of the same year the lords of the admiralty appointed Mr Maskelyne chaplain of his majesty's ship *Louisa*, Admiral Tyrrel. In this capacity he went out, accompanied by Mr Charles Green, to Barbadoes; and by appointment of the Board of Longitude, fixed the longitude of that island by astronomical observations, for the trial of Mr Harrison's marine time-keeper. In the course of the voyage he was to observe the distances of the moon from the sun and fixed stars, with Hadley's sextant; and to make observations of eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and occultations of stars by the moon, in Mr Irwin's marine chair, for the trial of those two other methods of finding the longitude at sea.

On the 26th of February 1765, his appointment as Astronomer Royal was announced in the London Gazette. This appointment included a seat at the Board of Longitude. Soon after his accession to this office, he laid before the Board of Longitude a plan for an annual 'Nautical Almanack and Astronomical Ephemeris.' The first of these valuable pamphlets was published in 1767.

In 1767 Mr Maskelyne published, by order of the Commissioners of Longitude, 'An Account of the Going of Mr John Harrison's Watch at the Royal Observatory, from May 6th, 1766, to March 4th, 1767,' &c.; which gave rise to a controversy between him and the inventor. The general opinion delivered by Mr Maskelyne, concerning Mr Harrison's watch, was in the following words: "That Mr Harrison's watch cannot be depended upon to keep the longitude within a degree in a West India voyage of six weeks; nor to keep the longitude within half a degree for more than a fortnight; and then it must be kept in a place where the thermometer is always some degrees above freezing: that in case the cold amounts to freezing, the watch cannot be depended upon to keep the longitude within half a degree for more than a few

days ; and perhaps not so long, if the cold be intense : nevertheless, that it is a useful and valuable invention ; and, in conjunction with the observations of the distance of the moon from the sun and fixed stars, may be of considerable advantage to navigation." Mr Harrison, however, declared that he was not satisfied with the facts reported by Mr Maskelyne concerning his watch, for several reasons, and principally, because he knew him to be deeply interested in the 'Lunar Tables,'—a scheme which had been set up some years ago in competition with the time-piece.

In 1774 were published his 'Tables for computing the apparent Places of the fixed Stars, and reducing Observations of the Planets,' folio. About two years after this, by his majesty's command, Mr Maskelyne produced the first volume of 'Astronomical Observations made at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich for the year 1765.' These have been annually continued to the year 1803. During the years 1774, 1775, and 1776, Mr Maskelyne was engaged in endeavouring to determine the mean density of the earth. An unsatisfactory experiment had been previously made by Bouguier, who, in attempting to determine the attraction of mountains from the manner in which the plumb-line of the astronomical sector was affected, found only half the quantity it should have been from the size of the mountain, which he, therefore, concluded to be hollow. Dr Maskelyne chose, for the place of his observation, the mountain of Schehallien ; and employed in his observations the sector he had used at St Helena, after having corrected the suspension and changed the divisions.

We do not know the date of Mr Maskelyne's doctor's degree ; but find him presented, as D.D., to the living of North Runcton, in the county of Norfolk, about February, 1782. In 1792 Dr Maskelyne published Michael Taylor's 'Tables of Logarithms,'—a most astonishing evidence of painful industry. Mr Taylor had been greatly encouraged by the doctor in executing this work ; and having died when not half-a-dozen pages of it remained unfinished, Dr Maskelyne brought it to a conclusion, and prefixed to it a very masterly introduction.

The contributions of this gentleman to the transactions of the Royal society are not more remarkable for number than for importance. His merits, as an astronomer, have been summed up by Delambre, who observes, that Maskelyne left the most complete set of observations ever given to the world ; "and if, by any great revolution," he adds, "the works of all other astronomers should be lost, and this collection preserved, it would contain sufficient materials to raise again, nearly entire, the edifice of modern astronomy."

Richard Cumberland.

BORN A. D. 1731.—DIED A. D. 1811.

"ON the 19th day of February, 1732," says Mr Cumberland in his autobiography, "I was born in the Master's Lodge of Trinity college, *inter silvas Academi*, under the roof of my grandfather Bentley, in what is called the Judge's Chamber." When turned of six years of age, we find that he was sent to the school at Bury St Edmund's, then under

the mastership of the Rev. Arthur Kinsman, a gentleman who formed his scholars upon the system of Westminster.

We find that Mr Cumberland, at a very early period of his life, began to try his mental strength in several attempts at dramatic writing: "and," as he says, "Shakspeare was most upon my tongue, and nearest to my heart. I fitted and compiled a kind of Cento, which I entitled 'Shakspeare in the Shades,' and formed into one act, selecting the characters of Hamlet and Ophelia, Romeo and Juliet, Lear and Cordelia, as the persons of my drama, and giving to Shakspeare, who is present throughout the piece, Ariel as an attendant spirit, and taking for the motto to my title page,

————— 'Ast alii sex,
Et plures, uno conclamant ore.' —————

We soon after find Mr Cumberland transplanted to Westminster. "Cracherode, the learned collector, and munificent benefactor to the Royal museum, was in the head-election, and at that time as grave, studious, and reserved as he was through life, but correct in his morals, elegant in his manners; not courting a promiscuous acquaintance, but pleasant to those who knew him; beloved by many, and esteemed by all. At the head of the town boys was the Earl of Huntingdon, whom I should not name as a boy, for he was, even then, the courtly and accomplished gentleman, such as the world saw and acknowledged him to be. The late Earl of Bristol, the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, and the late Right Hon. Thomas Harley, were my form-fellows; the present Duke of Richmond, then Lord March, Warren Hastings, Colman, and Lloyd, were in the under-school; and what is a very extraordinary coincidence, there were then in the school together three boys, Hinchliffe, Smith, and Vincent, who afterwards succeeded to be severally Headmasters of Westminster school, and not by the decease of any one of them."

Mr Cumberland passed through school and college with great credit both to his preceptors and to himself. When only in his fourteenth year he was admitted of Trinity college, Cambridge; whence after a long, assiduous, and elegant course of study, of which he gives us an accurate and entertaining account, he launched into the great world. Of his political debut he speaks in the following terms:—"Whilst I was preparing to resume my studies with increased attention, and repair the time not profitably past of late, I received a summons which opened to me a new scene of life; I was called for by Lord Halifax to assume the office of his private confidential secretary. It was considered by my family, and the friends and advisers of my family, as an offer upon which there could be no hesitation."

Having been invited by his friends at Trinity college to offer himself as a candidate for the lay fellowship vacant by the death of Mr Titley, the Danish envoy, he obtained it; but observes, "I did not hold it long, for Providence had a blessing in store for me which was an effectual disqualification from holding any honours on terms of celibacy." About this time he wrote his first legitimate drama, in five acts, and entitled it 'The Banishment of Cicero.' In favour of this drama, he was honoured with a letter from Bishop Warburton, who says, "Yesterday I received a letter from the Primate—it gives me great satisfaction that my opinion agrees with yours." The opinion of Dr Warburton was, that

Cumberland's fine dramatic poem "was, like Mr Mason's, too good for a prostitute stage." This play, though patronized by Lord Halifax, was refused by Garrick.

In 1761, having obtained, through the patronage of Lord Halifax, a small establishment, as Crown-agent for the province of Nova Scotia, he married. When Lord Halifax returned to administration, and was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Mr Cumberland went with him to that country as Ulster secretary; his father as one of his chaplains; and his brother-in-law, Captain William Ridge, as one of his aides-de-camp. His father was afterwards appointed Bishop of Clonfert, and our author assistant-secretary at the Board of Trade.

His first acted piece, 'The Summer's Tale,' of which he speaks with great modesty, was performed at Covent Garden in 1765. He soon after visited his father at his episcopal residence, by courtesy called a palace. Of the manners of the Irish, with whose wild eccentric humours he was uncommonly delighted, he has given us a picturesque and animated description. "If," says he, "I have been successful in my dramatic sketches of the Irish character, it was here I studied it in its most pure and primitive state; from high to low it was now under my view."

In the winter of 1769 he produced his very excellent comedy, 'The Brothers.' Woodward in the part of Ironsides, and Yates in that of Sir Benjamin Dove, were actors that could keep the scene alive, if any life was in it. Quick, then a young performer, took the part of Skiff; and Smith was the young man of the piece. Mrs Green, in Lady Dove, was exquisitely comic; and Mrs Yates was the heroine Sophia. "Garrick," says the author, "was in the house the first night of 'The Brothers;' and as I was planted in the back seat of an upper box, I could not but remark his action of surprise when Mrs Yates opened the epilogue with the following lines:—

"Who but hath seen the celebrated strife,
Where Reynolds calls the canvass into life,
And 'twixt the tragic and the comic muse,
Courtied of both, and dubious where to choose,
The immortal actor stands?"

This was a sure way of attaining the favour of "the immortal actor:" an intimacy followed of course. His next comedy, 'The West Indian,' although it does not appear that the author himself had previously a very high opinion of its success, "ran eight and twenty successive nights, without the buttress of an after-piece, which it was not then the practice of attaching to a new play. Such was the good fortune of an author who happened to strike upon a popular and taking plan."

His fourth comedy, 'The Cholerick Man,' "was a successful play in its time, though it has not been so often before the public as the three that preceded it, and since Weston's decease has been laid entirely on the shelf." The next piece that our author brought upon the stage, under the management of Mr Garrick, was 'Timon of Athens.' These were followed by 'The Note of Hand,' and 'The Battle of Hastings.'

The accession of Lord George Germaine to the seals for the Colonial Department produced a considerable alteration in the situation of Mr Cumberland, who, from a subaltern in the office, was promoted to the post of secretary. This change of circumstances, as he had then four

sons at Westminster school, and two daughters coming into the world, was fortunate, as it put him greatly at his ease, and enabled him to press their education with advantage. It also gave him time to pursue his poetical studies. He this winter, 1779, brought out at Covent Garden theatre his opera of 'Calypso,' "which," he says, "did not meet with success proportioned to its merit." The next season he wrote a comic opera, which he entitled 'The Widow of Delphi; or, the Descent of the Deities.' Soon after this he was obliged to part with the whole of his hereditary property, to defray the expenses of a mission upon which he had been sent to the courts of Lisbon and Madrid. His loss, upon this occasion, amounted to £5,000, which government refused to pay, though for what reason was never stated. With a very inadequate pension, he now retired to Tunbridge Wells, and, devoting himself entirely to literature, produced in succession a variety of works. When the Board of Trade was annihilated, in consequence of the provisions of Mr Burke's Bill, "I found," says our author, "myself set adrift upon a compensation which, though nearer to an equivalent than what I had received from the Spanish claims, was, in value, scarce a moiety of what I had been deprived of. By the operation of this reform, after I had sacrificed the patrimony I was born to, a very considerable reduction was made even of the remnant that was left to me, I lost no time in putting my family upon such an establishment as prudence dictated, and fixed myself at Tunbridge Wells."

The first publication of our author after his return was his 'Anecdotes of eminent Painters in Spain;' but before he had settled at Tunbridge Wells, he states, that he had written his comedy of 'The Walloons,' which was played at Covent Garden, 1782. The 'Mysterious Husband' was produced in 1783. These were followed by 'The Carmelite,' a tragedy performed in 1784; 'The Imposter,' a comedy, and several others. His next work was 'The Observer,' first printed at Tunbridge Wells, and afterward, in an enlarged and improved state, by Mr Charles Dilly. His next dramatic piece was, 'The Arab,' a tragedy performed in 1785 for the benefit of Mr Henderson. "Of my dramatic pieces," says Mr Cumberland, "I must say in the gross, that if I did not always succeed in entertaining the audience, I continued to amuse myself. I brought out a comic opera, in three acts, founded on the story of 'Wat Tyler;' which being objected to by the Lord-Chamberlain, I was obliged to new model and produce, under the title of 'The Armourer.' When I had taken all the comedy out of it, I was not surprised to find that the public were not greatly edified by what was left." The indefatigable pen of our author produced also a comedy, called 'The Country-Attorney,' 'The Box-lobby Challenge,' and 'Don Pedro.' 'The Jew' was the first new piece exhibited on the stage of the new and splendid theatre Drury-lane. 'The Wheel of Fortune' came out in the succeeding season; and 'First love' followed close upon its steps. They were successful comedies, and very powerfully supported by the performers. "I think," says Mr Cumberland, "as I am now so near the conclusion of these memoirs, I may as well wind up my dealings with the theatres. I am beholden to Covent Garden for accepting my dramas of 'The Days of Yore,' and 'False Impressions,' performed 1796 and 1797; To Drury-lane for 'The Last of the Family,' 1797, 'The Word for Nature,' 1798, 'The Dependent,'

‘The Eccentric Lover,’ 1798, and for ‘The Sailor’s Daughter,’ 1804. My life has been a long one, and my health of late years uninterrupted. I am very rarely called off by avocations of an undomestic kind; and the man who gives so very small a portion of his time to absolute idleness as I have done, will do a vast deal in the course of time, especially if his body does not stand in need of exercise, and his mind, which never knows remission of activity, demands to be employed.” He also projected and edited, during its brief existence, ‘The London Review;’ and, in 1806, published memoirs of his life, which terminated, in London, on the 7th of May, 1811.

John Horne Tooke.

BORN A. D. 1736.—DIED A. D. 1812.

THIS celebrated man was the son of a poulterer in Newport-street, Westminster. He was placed at Westminster school, and afterwards, for five or six years, at Eton, where, however, he gained no literary honours. In 1775 he was admitted of St John’s college, Cambridge, where he is believed to have been a diligent student. At the earnest desire of his father, he entered into holy orders, and was ordained a deacon; but he soon after determined to enter on the profession of the law. At the Inns of Court he had for contemporary students and associates, Dunning and Kenyon; and is said to have given equal promise of eminence in his new profession. But, says his biographer Stephens, “his family, which had never sanctioned this attachment, (to the law) deemed the church far more eligible as a profession, and he was at length obliged to yield, notwithstanding his reluctance, to the admonitions, the entreaties, and the persuasions, of his parents. It seems not at all improbable that a friendly compromise took place on this occasion: and that an assurance was given of some permanent provision, in case he consented to relinquish his legal pursuits. Accordingly, in 1760, Mr Horne was admitted a priest of the church of England, by Dr John Thomas, bishop of Sarum; and in the course of the same year he obtained the living of New Brentford, which was purchased for him by his father. It is said to have produced between £200 and £300 per ann. This income he had enjoyed during eleven years, and in the course of that period he not only did duty at Brentford, but also preached in many of the churches of the metropolis. In 1763 he was prevailed upon to become what he was accustomed to denominate a bear-leader, that is, the travelling tutor of a young gentleman. With a son of the famous Elwes he passed more than a year in France, with vastly higher gratification, no doubt, than any that could have been afforded by the occupation of a parish priest.”

As a preacher, Mr Stephens assures us his eloquence “only wanted cultivation” to enable him to take a first rank in popular estimation, and he was “in a fair way to become one of the pillars of the Anglican church,” when the famous Middlesex election plunged him into the vortex of politics. To his able and indefatigable exertions in this affair, the success of the liberal cause was mainly owing. “His courage, which was of the coolest and firmest kind,” says an eloquent writer,

"shrunk from no hazard: his resources of argument and declamation were inexhaustible: his personal applications had every diversity of address and persuasion: his very moderate pecuniary means were freely devoted: and his measures and exertions to preserve good order, and prevent all violence, beyond that of language, on the popular side, proved how well he was qualified to manage the populace, and how much influence he must have previously acquired over their minds. This care to prevent violence was strongly contrasted with the conduct of the government party, who hired and embodied a gang of ruffians for the purpose of perpetrating it. In consequence, several unoffending persons were desperately wounded, and one man was killed. Horne's zeal and intrepidity were eminently displayed in his unsuccessful efforts to bring to justice the criminals in this and one or two other deeds of partly similar nature. Why such efforts should be unsuccessful, when those criminals were ascertained, it is not difficult to conjecture. The share he took in this contest would be to him of the nature of an experiment on his own powers; and the manner in which he had borne himself through so various and turbulent a warfare, would greatly confirm and augment his consciousness of extraordinary strength. While this would tend to impart a tone of provocation and defiance, the exercise of so ardent, and, in his constant opinion, so virtuous an hostility, excited a passion for war which could not in a mind constituted of such 'stern stuff' as his, become extinct as soon as the particular occasion was past. A heated piece of iron retains its power to burn longer than slighter substances. The passion was prolonged in a keen watchfulness to find an enemy, and a fierce promptitude to attack him. When we add to this, that from his childhood his hatred had been directed against the sins of governments, we shall not wonder to find him, from the period in question, the unrelenting persecutor of statesmen, and their corruptions, and their adherents. Among the first objects of this inextinguishable spirit of war was a right hon. person of the name of Onslow, a member of administration, who was publicly called to account for an imputed delinquency in so peremptory a style, that he was provoked to make his ultimate answer by a prosecution. Horne, defeated at first, stoutly fought the matter through the courts to a third trial, in which he was completely victorious; and it was a victory over a much greater personage than his immediate antagonist, for he defeated Lord Mansfield, and in a manner so marked and decisive that it must have caused that personage extreme mortification. This was a proud commencement of that series of interviews which Horne was destined to have with his lordship, under the relation of judge and culprit, and might contribute not a little to his maintaining ever afterwards such an attitude of intrepidity and equality as no other man did, in the same relation, to the great despot of law."¹

In 1770 he quarrelled with his quondam friend Wilkes, and a most vituperative correspondence ensued betwixt these two worthies. His biographer admits that, in general estimation, Wilkes was the victor in this contest; but a very able critic has given it as his opinion "that Horne's part of the correspondence, though it may not completely vindicate himself in all points, perfectly explodes his opponent to atoms."²

¹ *Eclectic Review*, vol. x. p. 300.

² *Ibid.*

Junius in his celebrated 'Letters' espoused the cause of Wilkes; but Horne took up this new and more formidable antagonist with great promptitude and boldness; and in the opinion of most, came off victor. His next efforts were directed to the important object of making public the proceedings of the legislature. The house of commons long resisted the attempt, but were at last obliged quietly to submit to this infringement of their rights.

In 1773 he resigned his vicarage of New Brentford, and again betook himself to the study of a more congenial profession, the law. For some time after this he remained in comparative obscurity, until an incident occurred of which he availed himself with great boldness and consummate ability. "Mr Tooke, a moderately wealthy political friend, whose name he was afterwards authorized to assume, sought his advice in a case that appeared desperate. In consequence of purchasing an estate called Purley, (from which Horne's great philological work took its title) he had been involved in a vexatious litigation about manorial rights with a neighbouring gentleman of great influence, who had betaken himself at last to the decisive expedient of an act of parliament. The bill which was in progress was highly unjust; but through some such fatality, as would never have happened before or since in such a place, it was going forward with the most perfect success, in contempt of every effort made to place the matter in its true light; and appeared certain of the final sanction of the house of commons on the third reading,—appointed for the very next day to that in which the case was despondingly stated to Horne. His answer was, 'If the facts be as you represent them, the house shall not pass that bill.' He immediately suggested an expedient which would perhaps have occurred to no other man in England, and took on himself the execution of a hazard which very few would have been willing, for the sake of either friendship or public justice, to share. He immediately wrote, in language the most pointedly offensive, an attack on the speaker of the house of commons, the noted Sir Fletcher Norton, with reference to the bill in question; and obtained its insertion in the newspaper, rendered so popular by the letters of Junius, on the condition, of course, that the printer, when summoned to account, should produce the author. The object of this proceeding was, to compel the house to a much more full and formal attention to the subject of the bill, than it had previously been induced to give; and at the same time, as an equally necessary thing, to give its virtue the benefit of having the censorial attention of the public strongly fixed on its conduct. He was confident that by doing this he should frustrate the parliamentary measure, and then, for the consequences to himself, he had courage enough to take his chance. The next day a great sensation was manifest in what might be called the political public; and, as he had foreseen, the attention of a full house was called, in precedence to all other business, to the flagrant outrage on its dignity,—a dignity so vulnerable by a plain charge of misconduct, though it had not been injured in the least by the misconduct itself. After a fine display of generous indignation a summons was sent for the instant appearance of the printer. He obeyed; and, as he had been directed, immediately gave up the name of the criminal in chief, who had taken care to be already in the house, prepared to confront, probably with very little trepidation, the whole anger of

the august assembly. A momentary silence of surprise and confusion followed the announcement of his name, which was come to be almost synonymous with that expression of recognizance, 'the enemy.' On being called forth, he disavowed all disrespect to the speaker whom he had libelled, calmly explained the motives of the proceeding, and then made such a luminous statement of the case of his friend, that the schemers and advocates of the injustice were baffled, the obnoxious parts of the bill were immediately thrown out, and several resolutions were moved and carried 'to prevent all such precipitate proceedings for the future.' There is no punishing conquerors, however offensive may have been their conduct. After a very slight formality of detention in custody he was set at liberty, on some pretended inconclusiveness of proof against him." Mr Tooke evinced his admiration of Horne's talents and gratitude for his exertions, by bequeathing a considerable sum to him in his latter will, and authorizing him to assume his name.

An advertisement in the newspapers, signed with his name, proposing a subscription on behalf of the widows and children of those American soldiers who fell in the battle of Lexington, or, to use his own words, were "Englishmen inhumanly butchered by the king's troops for preferring death to slavery," brought upon Horne a prosecution, and in the month of July, 1777, he was found guilty of libel, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment, and a fine of £200. After the expiry of his imprisonment, he applied for admission to the bar, having now kept the number of terms requisite; but his application was twice rejected by a majority of the benchers of the Inner Temple. He now purchased a small estate near Huntingdon, and applied himself to the study and practice of agriculture. In 1782 we find him advocating Pitt's scheme of parliamentary reform, with great zeal and ability, although the measure fell short of his own views and wishes.

In 1786 he published his celebrated philological work entitled 'The Diversions of Purley,' in one 8vo. volume. It was subsequently enlarged to two quartos. In 1790 he stood as a candidate for the representation of Westminster, in opposition to Fox and Lord Wood. On this occasion he polled 1700 votes; and he improved the opportunity to present his memorable petition to the house of commons, in which he boldly censured its corrupt practices.

In 1794 he was arrested on a charge of high treason. The ministry at this time employed a number of reporters, or spies, through whom they endeavoured to learn the real sentiments of suspicious political characters. "One of the latter," says Mr Stephens, "attached himself to Mr Tooke, and was a frequent visitor at Wimbledon. His station and character were calculated to shield him from suspicion, but his host, who was too acute to be so easily duped, soon saw through the flimsy veil of his pretended discontent. As he had many personal friends, in various departments of government, he soon discovered the views, connexions, and pursuits of his guest; but, instead of upbraiding him with his treachery, and dismissing him with contempt, as most other men in his situation would have done, he determined to foil him, if possible, at his own weapons." "He accordingly pretended to admit the spy into his entire confidence, and completed the delusion, by actually rendering the person who wished to circumvent him, in his turn, a dupe. Mr Tooke began by dropping remote hints relative to

the strength and zeal of the popular party, taking care to magnify their numbers, praise their unanimity, and commend their resolution. By degrees he descended to particulars, and at length communicated confidentially, and under the most solemn promises of secrecy, the alarming intelligence that some of the guards were gained; that an armed force was organized; and that the nation was actually on the eve of a revolution. After a number of interviews, he at length affected to own, that he himself was at the head of the conspiracy, and boasted like Pompey of old, 'that he could raise legions merely by stamping on the ground with his foot.'

The Wimbledon joke was a serious matter at Whitehall. Horne was arrested and committed to the Tower, whence he was transferred to the Old Bailey. He greatly rejoiced in the opportunity thus afforded him of making a public display of his political principles, and prepared himself to encounter the lord-chief-justice, in a speech, the tone and temper of which may be gathered from the opening sentences. "My lord—The intentions of your lordship, and of those by whom you are employed, are sufficiently barefaced and apparent to me; and no man who has read my petition to the house of commons can doubt of the motives and causes of this prosecution against me. The minister pledged himself solemnly to the house that I should be punished. And thus he keeps his word. My lord—I have the same taste of sweet and bitter in common with other men. I love life. I dislike death. But I believe there never was, and I trust that I shall find there never will be, in my mind, a single moment's hesitation or reluctance to lay down my life deliberately and cheerfully in defence of the rights of my country; and I never was more ready to do it than now." It concludes thus: "My lord—I will die as I have lived, in the commission of the only crime with which I can be charged during my whole life—the crime of speaking plainly the plain truth. And I doubt not that I shall plainly prove that I never spoke more truly than I do now, by pleading to this indictment—*Not guilty*. I shall surely one day be tried by God; and, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, I will hope now to be tried fairly by my country." This speech, however, was not spoken as it originally stood, his hostility having been mitigated by the complaisant attention shown him by the court. The trial ended in his almost instant acquittal.

In 1796 he again stood for Westminster, in opposition to Fox and Sir Allan Gardener, but was unsuccessful. In 1801, however, he entered the house of commons as member for Old Sarum, on the nomination of Lord Camelford. The ministry prevented his resumption of his seat, after the dissolution in 1802, by an act declaring the future ineligibility of persons who had been in holy orders. During the short period of his privilege he conducted himself with great moderation and good sense.

He spent the remaining years of his life at his seat at Wimbledon, in the cultivation of letters and rural pursuits. He died on the 18th of March, 1812. In point of stature, he did not exceed the middle size; but nature had formed him strong and athletic. His limbs were well-knit, compact, and duly proportioned; and he might be said to have been comely, rather than handsome, in his youth. His features were regular, and his hair, towards the latter end of life, was generally

combed loosely over the temples, and cut close behind. His eye was eminently expressive; it had something peculiarly keen, as well as arch in it; his look seemed to denote a union of wit and satire.

In many parts of his character he seemed to reconcile contradictions. In general he spoke as if destitute of feeling; and, for the most part, acted as if made up of sensibility; he united in himself what King William declared to appertain only to the duke of Marlborough, "the coolest head with the warmest heart." Gay, lively, and full of pleasantry in general conversation; on politics alone he was bitter, vituperative, and inflexible. On those occasions, however, he seemed to be actuated solely by conviction; and it is no small praise that, without regarding popularity, he was constantly on the side of liberty. Originally open, communicative, and confiding, he had, in the course of time, become close, reserved, and suspicious.

No man was ever more careless of praise towards the latter end of his life. A person who had written for years in a certain newspaper, at last felt, or affected to feel, a full conviction of the injustice he had committed, and actually repaired to Wimbledon for the express purpose of making the *amende honorable*: but he was coolly received by the philologist, who observed, "that he possessed no spleen whatever against him, and he was welcome to proceed exactly as before, if it could be of any service to his interests."

As a writer, he was learned, able, and perspicuous; but, on the other hand, it must be allowed that he was severe in no common degree: he himself appears to have been sensible of this; for he allows, "that he speaks too sharply for philosophy;" but it is added, that he disdained "to handle any useful truth daintily, as if he feared it should sting him." On one occasion he represents Lord Monboddo as "incapable of writing a sentence of common English." Not content with doubting the justice of the earl of Mansfield's decisions, he was accustomed to question his knowledge of the laws. He also underrates the talents of Mr Harris; and even, when he allows that the *Hermes* had been received with universal approbation, both abroad and at home, he adds, with even more than customary asperity, "because, as judges shelter their knavery by precedent, so do scholars their ignorance by authority." He was a great enemy to every thing that bore the appearance of being slovenly or indolent in composition. Even in respect to familiar correspondence, he was of opinion, that all the minuteness of a special pleader ought to be adopted. As letters, even on the most trivial subjects, are intended to express the precise meaning and design of the writer, he thought they could never be rendered too plain or intelligible; and he constantly maintained that too much care could not be employed to suppress every loose, equivocal, or doubtful expression.

Charles Burney.

BORN A. D. 1726.—DIED A. D. 1814.

CHARLES BURNEY was born at Shrewsbury, in April, 1726, and received his education partly at the free-school founded by Queen Eliz-

abeth in that town, and partly at the public-school at Chester, in which he first began his musical studies under Baker, a scholar of Dr Blow. About the year 1741 he returned to Shrewsbury, and pursued the study of music under his half-brother, James Burney, organist of St Margaret's in that town.

In 1744, being on a visit at his father's in Chester, he met with Dr Arne, on his return from Ireland, who persuaded his friends to send him to London; he was placed under that master three years, after which he had frequently the advantage of showing his exercises in composition to Pepusch, Rosengrave, and Geminiani. In 1749 he was elected organist of St Dionis Back-church, Fenchurch-street, on the death of Philip Hart; and the same year was appointed to play the organ at the new concert established at the King's Arms, Cornhill, instead of that formerly held at the Swan tavern, which had been burnt down by the great fire the preceding year. In the winter of this and the following year he composed for Drury-lane theatre, three musical dramas of different kinds: 'Alfred,' a masque, by Mallet; 'Robin Hood,' an English burletto, or comic opera, written by Mendez; and the music of 'Queen Mab,' a pantomime, which ran sixty nights the first season, and was revived almost every winter for near thirty years after. "The success and popularity which attended these early productions," says a writer in the *Harmonicon*, "might have attracted him permanently to theatrical composition, and thus deprived the world of his literary labours; but, fortunately, as it turned out, for the cause of musical literature, and his own reputation, the confinement and air of the metropolis threatened even his life: his physicians apprehended approaching consumption; and, yielding to their advice, he consented to retire to the country for a time." He therefore accepted the situation of organist at King's Lynn, in Norfolk, with a salary of £100 a-year; and continued to reside in that town for the succeeding nine years,—during which time, he first conceived the idea of writing a 'General History of Music,' and began reading and collecting materials for that purpose.

In 1760, finding his health considerably amended, he returned to London; where, from the zeal of his former friends, and the performance of his eldest daughter, a child of eight years, he was offered more scholars than he could undertake. Dr Johnson, in one of his letters to Mrs Thrale, states that his friend Burney had given fifty-seven lessons in one week. The duke of York, to whom he had the honour to be introduced by the earl of Eglinton, was so captivated by some of the most wild and difficult lessons of Scarlatti, which he had heard his little daughter play, that he desired him to put parts to them in the way of concertos. These were frequently performed to his royal highness and his friends by Pinto, at the head of a select band. The year after his return to London, besides his printed book of 'Harpisichord Lessons,' he composed several concertos, to display the abilities of his nephew and scholar, Charles Burney. Having amused himself with translating Rousseau's 'Devin du Village,' and adapting it to the original music, in 1766, at the instigation of his friends, Mr Garrick and Mrs Cibber, he brought it out at Drury-lane, with a few additional songs written and set by himself in order to suit it to the English stage. It was Mrs Cibber's wish to have performed in it herself; and she studied with that intent the part of Phœbe for a considerable time; but the uncertain state

of her health obliging her to relinquish the idea, it was admirably performed by the late Mrs Arne. The piece, however, only met with equivocal success.

In 1769 Burney was honoured with the degree of doctor in music from Oxford, for which he performed an exercise in the music school of that university, consisting of an anthem of considerable length, with an overture, airs, recitatives, and choruses, which was afterwards frequently performed at the Oxford choral meetings, and at the desire, and under the direction, of the celebrated Emanuel Back, in St Catherine's church, Hamburgh. He was disappointed this year in not obtaining the mastership of the king's band.

In the summer of 1770 he travelled through France and Italy in search of materials for his 'General History of Music,' and in 1771 he published his 'Musical Tour, or Present State of Music' in those countries. In 1772 he made a journey through the Netherlands, Germany, and Holland, with the same view as in the preceding; and the following year, published an account of this new tour, in 2 volumes, 8vo. In 1773 he was admitted F. R. S.; and in 1779, at the request of the president of the Royal society, Sir John Pringle and Dr William Hunter drew up an 'Account of Little Crotch, the Infant Musician,' which was printed in the 'Philosophical transactions.'

In 1776 he published the first volume of his 'History of Music,' 4to. and in 1779 the second. The sequel of this work was interrupted by the time and attention he bestowed in drawing up and printing his account of 'The Commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey.' It extended to four quarto volumes, the last of which was not completed till 1789. In this year he was appointed organist of Chelsea college, where he died, in the height of a well-merited reputation, on the 12th of April, 1814.

Dr Burney, who was twice married, was the father of the late Rear-admiral James Burney, Dr Charles Burney, and the celebrated Madame D'Arblay, authoress of 'Evelina,' &c. Dr Burney's musical works, which have been printed, besides those mentioned above for the theatre, consist of sonatas, cornet pieces, concertos, sonatas for the piano-forte, harpsichord lessons, and sonatas for two performers on one piano-forte or harpsichord, the first compositions of the kind that were published. His literary productions are: 'The Cunning Man;' 'An Essay towards a History of Comets,' 1769; 'Italian and German Tours,' 3 volumes; 'Plan of a public music school, adopted in 1774 by the guardians and governors of the Foundling hospital, but soon suppressed by a cabal, in the absence of the principal governors;' 'History of Music,' 4 vols. 4to.; 'Life and Commemoration of Handel;' and 'Life of Metastasio.' It is as the historian of music that his name is chiefly celebrated. It has been a question with some, whether his history ought to take such high ground, when ranged by the side of that of Sir John Hawkins. "Between the two rival histories," says one of his biographers, "the public decision was loud and immediate in favour of Dr Burney. Time has modified this opinion, and brought the merits of each work to their fair and proper level,—adjudging to Burney the palm of style, arrangement, and amusing narrative, and to Hawkins the credit of minuter accuracy and deeper research; more particularly the parts interesting to the antiquary, and the literary world in general." An Italian author of

considerable eminence, speaking of the writers on the subject of ancient music in our own times, after enumerating and characterizing the most considerable that were favourable to his opinions, adds, "and Burney, the most accurate musical historian existing, confirms our assertions with such a series of facts and ancient testimonies as is wonderful." Professor Eschenburgh, of Brunswick, the translator of Shakspeare, has given an elegant version in German of Dr Burney's 'Dissertation on the Music of the Ancients,' and of his 'Account of the Commemoration of Handel.' M. de la Borde and other French writers on ancient and modern music have translated, quoted, and made a free use of his materials, frequently without acknowledgment.

William Henry.

BORN A. D. 1734.—DIED A. D. 1816.

MR HENRY was descended from a respectable Irish family, which for several generations had resided in the county of Antrim. He was born in October, 1734. For some years he remained under the tuition of his mother, who was admirably fitted for the task, and of whom he was always accustomed to speak with the warmest affection and gratitude. At a proper age he was sent to the grammar-school of Wrexham, where he was afterwards apprenticed to Mr Jones, an apothecary. With Mr Jones he continued till that gentleman died suddenly from an attack of the gout, when he was articled for the remainder of the term to a respectable apothecary at Nutsford in Cheshire. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he engaged himself as principal assistant to Mr Malbon, who then took the lead as an apothecary at Oxford. In the year 1759 he settled at Nutsford, where he soon afterwards married. After remaining five years at this place, he embraced the opportunity of succeeding to the business of a respectable apothecary in Manchester, where he continued for nearly half a century.

In the year 1771 he communicated to the Royal college of Physicians of London 'An Improved Method of preparing Magnesia Alba,' which was published in the second volume of their Transactions. Two years afterwards it was reprinted along with essays on other subjects, in a separate volume, which was dedicated by Mr Henry to his friend Dr Percival. The calcination of magnesia had at that time been practised only in connexion with philosophical inquiries. Dr Black, in an essay which is still perhaps not surpassed in chemical philosophy as an example of inductive investigation, had fully established the differences between magnesia in its common and in its calcined state; but he does not appear to have made trial of the pure earth as a medicine, though several inconveniences, from its use in the common form, had long before been pointed out by Hoffman. It was probably in consequence of the publication of these inquiries, that Mr Henry was admitted into the Royal society of London, of which he became a fellow in May, 1775.

The writings of Lavoisier were introduced by Mr Henry to the notice of the English reader in 1776. The earliest work of that philosopher was a volume consisting partly of an historical view of the progress of pneumatic chemistry from the time of Van Helmont downwards, and

partly of a series of original essays, which are valuable as containing the germs of his future discoveries. To this work Mr Henry added, in the notes, occasional views of the labours of contemporary English chemists.

Mr Henry's next appearance as the author of a separate work arose out of an accidental circumstance. He had found that the water of a large still-tub was preserved sweet for several months by impregnating it with lime, though, without this precaution, it soon became extremely putrid. This fact suggested to him an eligible method of preserving water at sea; but, as lime-water is unfit for almost every culinary purpose, some simple and practicable method was required of separating that earth from the water, before being applied to use. This he ascertained might be accomplished at little expense by carbonic acid: the gas from a pound of chalk and twelve ounces of oil of vitriol, being found sufficient for the decomposition of 120 gallons of lime-water. Since that time, the preservation of water at sea has been accomplished by the simple expedient of stowing it in vessels constructed or lined with some substance which is not capable of impregnating water with any putrescible ingredient; for good spring water contains essentially nothing that disposes it to putrefaction.

The philosophical pursuits of Mr Henry not long after this period, received an additional stimulus by the establishment of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical society. To him, on this society's being first regularly organized, in the winter of 1781, was confided the office of one of the secretaries. At a subsequent period he was advanced to the station of vice-president; and in the year 1807, on the death of the Rev. George Walker, F.R.S., he was elected president, which office he retained during the rest of his life. During the long season of Mr Henry's activity as a member of this institution, his communications to it were very frequent. Many of these were intended only to excite an evening's discussion; and, having served that purpose, were withdrawn by their author; but the number is still considerable which are preserved in the society's published volumes.

In the year 1783 an institution arose out of this society, which had great merit, not only in its plan and objects, as setting the first example of a popular school of arts, but in the ability exerted by the several persons who were concerned in their fulfilment. It was destined to occupy, in a rational and instructive manner, the evening-leisure of young men whose time during the day was devoted to commercial employments. For this purpose, regular courses of lectures were delivered on the belles lettres, on moral philosophy, on anatomy and physiology, and on natural philosophy and chemistry. Mr Henry, assisted by a son, whose loss he had afterwards to deplore, and whose promising talents and attainments obtained for him at an early period of life a mark of the approbation of this society, delivered several courses of lectures on chemistry to numerous and attentive audiences. Besides the lectures on the general principles of chemistry, Mr Henry delivered a course on the arts of bleaching, dyeing, and calico-printing; and, to render this course more extensively useful, the terms of access to it were made easy to the superior class of operative artisans.

Mr Henry had now reached a period of life when the vigour of the bodily powers, and the activity of the mind begin, in most persons, to manifest a sensible decay. From this time, however, though he did not

embark in new experimental inquiries, yet he continued for many years to feel a warm interest in the advancement of science, and to maintain an occasional correspondence with persons eminent for their rank as philosophers, both in this and other countries. His medical occupations had greatly increased, and, for a further interval of fifteen or twenty years, he had a share of professional employment which falls to the lot of very few. This, and the superintendence of some chemical concerns, prevented him from attempting more than to keep pace with the progress of knowledge. He was in no haste, however, to claim that exemption from active labour to which advanced age is fairly entitled; and it was not till a very few years before his death, that he retired from the exercise of the medical profession. He died 18th of June, 1816, when he had nearly completed his 82d year.

Adam Fergusson.

BORN A. D. 1723.—DIED A. D. 1816.

ADAM FERGUSSON was born at Logierait, in Perthshire, in June, 1723. His father was minister of the parish of Logierait. He was educated at Perth, and at the university of St Andrews.

Having studied divinity, and obtained license, he went, says Sir Walter Scott, "as chaplain to the Black Watch, or 42d Highland regiment, when that corps was first sent to the continent. As the regiment advanced to the battle of Fontenoy, the commanding officer, Sir Robert Munro, was astonished to see the chaplain at the head of the column, with a broadsword drawn in his hand. He desired him to go to the rear with the surgeons, a proposal which Adam Fergusson spurned. Sir Robert at length told him that his commission did not entitle him to be present in the post which he had assumed. 'D—n my commission,' said the warlike chaplain, throwing it towards his colonel. It may be easily supposed that the matter was only remembered as a good jest; but the future historian of Rome shared the honours and dangers of that dreadful day, where, according to the account of the French themselves, 'the Highland furies rushed in upon them with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest.'"

This militant chaplain remained with his regiment until 1757, when he accepted of the situation of head-librarian to the faculty of advocates, Edinburgh. He resigned this office soon after, on being elected professor of natural philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. It is said that, like another very celebrated professor of chemistry in one of our southern universities, he only began to study the physical sciences after his election to this chair, but by five months' diligent study qualified himself for the discharge of its duties with credit to himself and advantage to his students.

About 1762, in concert with Lord Elibank, John Home, and David Hume, he founded a convivial association called the 'Poker-club,' "because its purpose was to stir up and encourage the public spirit of Scotland, the people of which were then much exasperated at not being permitted to raise a militia in the same manner as England. Dr Fergusson, upon the occasion, composed a continuation of Arbuthnot's Satirical His-

story of John Bull, which he entitled the 'History of Margaret, otherwise called Sister Peg.' The work was distinguished for humour and satire; and led to a curious jest on the part of David Hume. He had been left out of the secret, as not being supposed a good counsel-keeper, and he took his revenge by gravely writing a letter to Dr Carlyle, claiming the work as his own, with an air of sober reality, which, had the letter been found after any lapse of time, would have appeared an indubitable proof of his being really the author. The Poker-club served its purpose; and, many years afterwards, symptoms of discontent on the subject of the militia were to be found in Scotland. Burns says of his native country—

'Lang time she's been in fractious mood,
Her lost militia fired her blood,
De'il nor they never mair do good,
Play'd her that pliskie.'

Most of the members of the Poker were fast friends to the Hanoverian dynasty, though opposed to the actual administration, on account of the neglect, and, as they accounted it, the affront put upon their native country. Lord Elibank, however, had, in all probability, ulterior views; for, notwithstanding his talents and his prudence, his love of paradox, perhaps, had induced him to place himself at the head of the scattered remnant of the Jacobites, from which party every person else was taking the means of deserting. It is now ascertained by documents among the Stuart papers, that he carried on a correspondence with the Chevalier, which was not suspected by his most intimate friends."

In 1764 Mr Fergusson was chosen professor of moral philosophy, and soon after gave to the world his admirable essay on the 'History of Civil Society.' In 1774 he went to the continent with Charles, Earl of Chesterfield, having accepted the tutorship of this young nobleman: this connexion, however, was soon after dissolved by mutual consent. In the year 1778 he went out to America as secretary to the colonial commission of inquiry. In 1783 he published his 'History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic,' in three vols. 4to. In 1784 he resigned his chair to Mr Dugald Stewart, and devoted himself to preparing his lectures for the press. They appeared in 1792, in two vols. 4to. under the title 'Principles of Moral and Political Science.'

"He recovered," says Sir Walter Scott, in the article already quoted, "from a decided shock of paralysis in the sixtieth year of his life; from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. He survived till the year 1816, when he died in full possession of his mental faculties, at the advanced age of ninety-three. The deep interest which he took in the eventful war had long seemed to be the main tie that connected him with passing existence; and the news of Waterloo acted on the aged patriot as a *nunc dimittis*. From that hour the feeling that had almost alone given him energy decayed, and he avowedly relinquished all desire for prolonged life. It is the belief of his family that he might have remained with them much longer, had he desired to do so, and continued the exercise which had hitherto promoted his health. Long after

his eightieth year he was one of the most striking old men whom it was possible to look at. His firm step and ruddy cheek contrasted agreeably and unexpectedly with his silver locks; and the dress which he usually wore, much resembling that of the Flemish peasant, gave an air of peculiarity to his whole figure. In his conversation, the mixture of original thinking with high moral feeling and extensive learning; his love of country; contempt of luxury; and, especially, the strong subjection of his passions and feelings to the dominion of his reason, made him, perhaps, the most striking example of the Stoic philosopher which could be seen in modern days. His house, while he continued to reside in Edinburgh, was a general point of re-union among his friends, particularly of a Sunday, where there generally met, at a hospitable dinner-party, the most distinguished literati of the old time who still remained, with such young persons as were thought worthy to approach their circle, and listen to their conversation. The place of his residence was an insulated house, at some distance from the town, which its visitors (notwithstanding its internal comforts) chose to call, for that reason, *Kamtschatka*."

Samuel Webbe.

BORN A. D. 1740.—DIED A. D. 1816.

THIS eminent musical composer was born in 1740, of parents of high respectability and independent fortune. His father was sent to Minorca under some government appointment,—while Samuel was yet an infant of scarcely a year old,—and died there, leaving his family affairs unsettled, and his wife reduced to a state of comparative penury, which proved disastrous to the future fortunes of her infant son. She could extend to him little advantage of education, but, being intent upon rendering him capable of providing for himself, she bound him apprentice to a cabinet-maker, at the early age of eleven years. This arrangement, however, was so little to his taste, that no sooner were the seven long years of his apprenticeship expired, than he determined to abandon the workshop.

Within a year after this emancipation, (for such he always considered it,) he lost his mother, and with her the little means of support derived from her slender income. Thus destitute of any visible means of support, and still under twenty years of age, he turned his attention to the employment of copying music, as connected with an art of which he was passionately fond, but with which as yet he was totally unacquainted. He obtained his principal employment from Mr Welcher, keeper of a well-known old music shop in Gerrard-street, Soho, through whom he became acquainted with a musician of the name of Barbandt, organist of the Bavarian chapel, a professor of no particular skill, but from whom he rapidly acquired the rudiments of music, which his own intense study and observation soon enlarged into a thorough knowledge of the art. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he applied himself sedulously to the acquirement of Latin, and did not allow himself to be interrupted by the necessity of copying music for a subsistence, though, when fully employed, he would sit till past twelve at night, and return to it by five in

the morning, for a week in succession. His necessities were augmented by his marrying at the age of twenty-three; but as difficulties increased, so also seemed to increase his thirst of knowledge; and soon after the birth of his first child, he furnished himself with an Italian master. About this time he ventured to become a teacher of music. His literary studies were subsequently enlarged by the successive acquisition of the German, Greek, and lastly, the Hebrew language. His works are extremely numerous as well as varied; his anthems are in use in almost every cathedral in the country; he composed also two or three operas, many quartetts and instrumental lessons, and numerous songs and glees. As an English composer he will always rank with Locke, Morley, Purcell, and Arne. He died on the 26th of May, 1816, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, at his chambers in Gray's Inn.

His glees and part songs have been collected and published in three volumes. Those which have most contributed to his fame are the glees, 'As o'er the varied Meads;' 'Arise, ye Winds;' 'Around the festive Board;' 'Balmy Zephyrs;' 'Bid me, when forty Winters;' 'Come rosy Health;' 'Divine Cecilia;' 'Hither all ye lovers;' 'Hail happy Meeting;' 'Hence, all ye vain Delights;' 'Live to-day;' 'Me, Bacchus fires;' 'My fair is beautiful;' 'In care and sorrow;' 'Now I'm prepared;' 'O, Night!' 'O, Love!' 'On his Death-bed;' 'Pretty Warbler;' 'Quand io bevo;' 'Rise, my joy;' 'Sister of Phœbus;' 'Seek not to draw me;' 'Surely, that's the charming Maid;' 'Since I'm born a mortal Man;' 'So full of Life;' 'Swiftly from the Mountain's Brow;' 'Thy voice, O Harmony;' 'The Spring;' 'To the festive Board;' 'When shall we Three meet again?' 'Who can be happy?' 'Where'er my Delia comes.'

William Beloe.

BORN A. D. 1756.—DIED A. D. 1817.

WILLIAM BELOE was born in 1756, at Norwich. His father was a respectable tradesman. "One of the earliest things," he says, "I recollect of myself is, that I had a certain pruriency of parts, which induced my friends to suppose, that there was something in me beyond the level of boys of my age. I fear, however, that the harvest did not correspond with the promise of the spring; or rather, perhaps, that the partiality of parents and relatives was in the first instance delusive. This, however, was not their fault, for they certainly bestowed on me the best education which their means and opportunities afforded. Of the first schools to which I was put, I remember very little; I fear that I did not learn very much: at length I was told that I was to go to a Latin school. I retain the strong impression, that this intelligence electrified my whole frame. A train was laid to my ambition, and I had already conceived myself at the very summit of literary honour and distinction. But I was bitterly disappointed; my instructor knew nothing of the matter; he began at the wrong end, and I was plunged into the midst of a crabbed Latin author, without even knowing my accidence. For a time, however, I kept blundering on, conscious to myself that I was making no progress, and having credit with my master for a large portion of dulness. How

long this misuse of valuable hours might have continued, I cannot say ; not improbably till I had arrived at the dignity of pounding a mortar, spreading plasters, and compounding medicines. Accident at length removed me to a wider, a fairer, and a more promising field. I must, however, do myself the justice of declaring, that on since looking around me, in a circle not extremely limited, I have never been enabled to recognise any of the individuals, in whose society I dog's-eared the Colloquies of Corderius, and bewildered myself in the fables of Phædrus.

After having been at several schools he was placed under the care of Dr Parr, at Stanmore. "I had much to learn," he says of himself at this period, "to arrive at the level of those who were now my associates ; and so much to unlearn, to avoid derision and contempt, that my situation was for a time truly pitiable. I was humbled, retired, and as they thought vulgar ; while to me they all appeared insolent, rude, and intolerable. I had not been taught, or taught imperfectly, to make Latin verses. This was my first labour, and arduous it was. I conquered, however, the difficulty by perseverance, and became progressively reconciled to my situation. I cannot say more, for perhaps the period of my life which I look back upon with the smallest degree of satisfaction, is the time consumed in this seminary. Perhaps I should qualify the term *consumed*. I became a good scholar in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but I by no means passed my time to my satisfaction, and lost, as I then thought, and still believe, no unimportant portion of time in learning to unravel the complicated perplexities of Greek metre, which after all I very imperfectly understood. I could, however, at the time of my departure, compose in Latin with tolerable ease ; read any Latin author without difficulty ; and Greek with no great degree of labour. At this place and time, when probably the foundation of my literary character was laid, I have not half so much to remember, at all deserving commemoration, as I have of the hours spent at my remote but beloved village."

He matriculated at Bennet college, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1779. He soon afterwards entered into orders, and became curate of Earham ; but having married, and finding his means inadequate to the support of himself and family, he removed to London, and began to write for the booksellers. On the breaking-out of the French revolution, he and Mr Nares started the 'British Critic,' with the view of advocating high-church principles. Referring to this his 'Magnum opus' in his *Reminiscences*, he says : "There was a time in England, and a dire time it was, when the contagion of the French revolution had so infected our purer atmosphere, that the disloyal, ill-designing, and more profligate part of the community dared to use the language of violence, and of menace, to overawe and intimidate those whose sentiments they knew to be adverse to their own ; who had the presumption to prophecy, that 'Church and state prejudices were coming to a speedy issue in this country ;' who had the insolence to use all their efforts to check and suppress the circulation of what the honest advocates of truth and order wrote and published in vindication of their sentiments ; and even proceeded so far as to hold out threats to the individuals themselves, whom they affected with equal absurdity and impertinence, to denominate 'Alarmists.' A sevenfold shield was wanted, be-

neath the protection of which the poisonous and insidious darts of the assailants might be repelled, and the weapons of those who fought for the good old cause, might be wielded with boldness and due effect. Before this, the channels of communication with the public were pre-occupied by a faction; the pure streams of truth were either obstructed in their progress, or contaminated in the very source; the representations exhibited of things as they actually were by the faithful pencils of loyalty and true patriotism, were misrepresented, defaced, defamed, and treated with every mark of ignominy. This powerful shield was at length produced; it was formed with no ordinary skill and labour, and proved of no common strength. From this auspicious moment, matters began to assume a very different aspect. Religion and loyalty were enabled to defy, and to rise victorious over, infidelity and anarchy. The strong clear voice of truth was heard, and virtue triumphed. The subject is seducing; and memory lingers with pride and fondness on the eventful period. Public gratitude followed the manifestation of public benefit. The individuals who most distinguished themselves in the effectual extension of this shield, as well as by the ardour, and fortitude, and dexterity with which they used the weapons intrusted to them by their country, were not suffered to go without their reward. But the most grateful of all distinctions were the praises of such men as the venerable Archbishop Moore; the protection, and countenance, and friendship of a Pitt, of Bishops Barrington, Porteus, Tomline; the courtesies of a Windham; and the friendship of a Loughborough."

Mr Beloe's exertions were rewarded by his being appointed to the mastership of Emanuel hospital, and the rectory of All-hallows. In 1804 he was appointed one of the assistant-librarians to the British museum. He died in 1817.

The editor of his 'Reminiscences' says of him: "No man perhaps of his age possessed larger or more varied resources of curious and entertaining scholarship. In literary anecdote he was rich and fertile; in neat and appropriate citations he was unrivalled. His conversation was easy, elegant, and communicative; and no scholar could leave his company without an addition to his stock of knowledge. As a friend he was respected and beloved; among his acquaintance, indeed, his good humour was almost proverbial. His open and generous nature was too often a dupe to the treacherous, and a prey to the designing. His latter days were spent in retirement from those busy scenes in which he had formerly borne a conspicuous part. In the two last years of his life, he amused himself with the composition of his own Memoirs, which display an extensive knowledge of the events and the character of a former day. Many of the personages there described, like the hand which records them, are now in the dust, and have left their name only and their memories behind."

The following is a list of Mr Beloe's works: 1 'An Ode to Miss Boscawen,' printed in 1783. 2 'The Rape of Helen, from the Greek, with Notes,' 1786. 3. 'Poems and Translations,' 8vo. 1788. 4. 'The History of Herodotus, from the Greek, with Notes,' 4 vols. 8vo. 1790. 5 'Translation of Alciphron's Epistles,' 1791. 6. 'Translation of the Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius,' 1795. 7. 'Miscellanies, viz. Poems, Classical Extracts, and Oriental Apologues,' 3 vols. 12mo. 1795. 8. 'Translation of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, from the French,'

4 vols. 12mo. 9. 'Joseph, translated from the French of M. Bitaubé,' 2 vols. 12mo. 10. 'Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books,' 6 vols. 8vo. published between the years 1806 and 1812. 11. 'The British Critic.' Of this periodical work, Mr Beloe was for some time the sole editor; and for many years the joint-conductor with Mr Archdeacon Nares; he also wrote many of the principal articles of criticism. N.B. These two clergymen resigned their labours at the conclusion of the 42d volume. 12. 'Biographical Dictionary,' 15 vols. 8vo. An edition of this work was undertaken by him in conjunction with the Rev. W. Tooke, late chaplain to the British Factory in Russia; the late Mr Morrison, and the Rev. Robert Nares. 13. 'Brief Memoirs of the leaders of the French Revolution.' 14. Several Articles in the Gentleman's Magazine. 15. 'The Sexagenarian, or the Memoirs of a Literary Life,' written by Mr Beloe, and edited by a friend soon after his death. 1818.

Matthew Gregory Lewis.

BORN A. D. 1773.—DIED A. D. 1818.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS was born in the year 1773. His father was at that time under-secretary at war. He received his education at Westminster-school; and, on coming of age, was elected for the borough of Hindon, but soon after retired from public life. In the years 1793-4 he had made a tour on the continent; and to amuse his leisure hours whilst travelling, wrote a romance called 'The Monk,' which was published in three volumes, in 1795. As a work of imagination it displayed great genius and talent, and some of the poetry was exquisitely touching; though it must be confessed that, while its beauties acquired for it the highest degree of deserved popularity, the censures which its licentiousness, immorality, and mockery of religion, called down upon it, were but too justly merited. These observations, however, apply chiefly to the first edition, the author having been induced, by the severity of criticism,—and probably by a more mature sense of propriety,—to remove some of the most offensive passages in the second and subsequent editions.

In December, 1797, he produced his musical drama of the 'Castle Spectre,' at Drury-lane, which met with extraordinary success. The drama, like the novel we have already mentioned, abounds in well-contrived though romantic incidents; and the language is always elegant and vigorous, sometimes sublime. It was published in 1798. In 1801, he published two volumes of poems, entitled, 'Tales of Wonder.' These merit their title, for they abound with the marvellous, but they also possess great beauty.

The prominent tone of all these works is the horrible; their prevailing character, the supernatural. With a strong imagination, Mr Lewis addicted himself to the wildest conceptions of romance. But for the revolting excess to which he was apt to push his favourite theme, he must have been infinitely popular, since, even in spite of this blemish, his animated pictures and powerful descriptions have a wonderful hold upon the mind.

On the death of his father, Mr Lewis succeeded to a handsome patri-

mony, part of which consisted in West India property. He resided in the Albany when in London, and lived in rather a retired manner. The latter years of his life were principally passed in travelling. He visited the continent, and twice made the voyage to the West Indies; in returning from whence he died on ship-board, in the spring of 1818. In person he was well-formed; his countenance was expressive, his manners gentlemanly, and his conversation agreeable.¹

John Gifford.

BORN A. D. 1758.—DIED A. D. 1818.

JOHN RICHARDS GREEN, afterwards known by the name of John Gifford, was born in 1758. He was educated at Oxford, where he distinguished himself more as a fashionable young man than as a scholar. He inherited a considerable property, but his habits soon involved him in debt, and in 1782 he felt himself necessitated to seek an asylum in France; and the better to conceal himself from his creditors, he assumed the name of John Gifford, which he retained ever after.

He returned to England in 1788, and commenced his career as a man of letters by supporting ministers, in a series of able but intemperate pamphlets. He replied to Paine, and sought to disarm his writings of effect by publishing an abstract of his life; he fiercely attacked the earl of Lauderdale and Mr Erskine, on account of their opposition to a war with France; he wrote an address in praise of loyal associations; and, under the name of Humphrey Hedgehog, attacked Peter Porcupine.

In 1796 he undertook the management of a morning and an evening paper; and in 1798 established the 'Anti-Jacobin Review.' His last and principal work was a life of his patron, Mr Pitt. He died on the 6th of March, 1818.

John Wolcott.

BORN A. D. 1738.—DIED A. D. 1819.

JOHN WOLCOTT, better known by his soubriquet, Peter Pindar, was born at Dodbrooke in Devonshire, in the year 1738. His parents were not in affluent circumstances. He was, however, educated at the grammar school of the neighbouring town of Kingsbridge; and, if we may judge by his proficiency in those branches which are usually taught in a country school, his instructor must have been a man of considerable abilities. The knowledge of Latin and Greek which he acquired, though not profound, was extensive; and his classical attainments were altogether of a respectable order.

From Kingsbridge he went to a seminary at Bodmin, and finally he was sent to France, and remained in that country about a year to complete his studies. On his return he was taken apprentice for seven

years by an unmarried uncle, who practised as a surgeon and apothecary at Fowey in Cornwall.

From his early years he cherished a taste for the sister-accomplishments of drawing and poetical composition. The pencil and pen now divided his leisure hours. "As my uncle was always averse to my shining," he says in one of his letters, "I used to steal away to an old ruined tower, situate on a rock close by the sea, where many an early and late hour was devoted to the muses." His studies from nature in painting are stated to have been done in a free and bold style;—displaying a thorough conception of what is great in the art.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, Wolcott, as is customary, came to London, where he continued his medical studies in the hospitals, and under the direction of the ablest professors and lecturers of that day. In 1766 Sir William Trelawney, a friend and distant relation of his family, was appointed governor of Jamaica, and, in the following season he carried out young Wolcott with him as his physician. The brief memoir prefixed to Pindar's work alleges that the author obtained his degree of M. D. on his return from Jamaica; but the fact is, that it was conferred upon him by a northern university previous to his leaving England. Soon after his arrival in Jamaica, Dr Wolcott was nominated by his patron physician-general of the island; but it does not appear that this sonorous title was accompanied by a corresponding revenue, or that his private practice as a physician was of a lucrative kind. This accounts for his turning his attention to the church. The illness of the rector of St Anne's seems to have been the proximate cause of the Doctor's inclination towards divinity; the living was rich, and Sir William Trelawney was equally willing to promote his interests in the cure of souls as of bodies. It has been said that the bishop of London disappointed his expectations in this line, by refusing him ordination; this is not correct, for he actually took orders and returned to Jamaica, where he found the incumbent of St Anne's restored to health, and where, soon after, his friend the governor died, having been able to do nothing more for our medical clerk than giving him the living of Vere, in which he placed a curate, residing himself at the Government house in Spanish Town. Of the unfitness of Wolcott for the Christian ministry there can be but one opinion. His conversation was stained with the vulgarity of frequent oaths, and he spoke not only lightly but contemptuously of religion.

On the decease of Trelawney he returned home, and established himself as a physician at Truro. The most memorable circumstance connected with his history at this period, is his having discovered the genius of young Opie, under circumstances already related in our notice of that artist. Such was his temper, unfortunately, that few or none of his friendships survived many years. When he broke with Opie, he took Mr Paye, an artist of much promise, under his protection; lodged in his house, advised, and praised him in public. But Paye never rose to be a rival to the discarded Opie, and the connexion between him and Pindar was soon dissolved.

Great success and celebrity attended the first publication under the signature of Peter Pindar; viz. the 'Epistle to those Literary Colossuses the Reviewers,' and the 'Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians.' The king had been incidentally assailed in those compositions; but the next

step of the poet, who had now removed to London, was to assign an entire work to the loyal and laudable project of rendering his sovereign ridiculous. 'The Lousiad,' a clever mock heroic, in four cantos, was the result. It was agitated in the privy-council, he observes in one of his letters, "to attack me for my writings, particularly the Lousiad; but 'Are you sure of a verdict?' said a lord high in the law, Chancellor Thurlow; 'if not so, we shall look like a parcel of fools.'" 'Bozzy and Piozzi,' a burlesque on the biographers of Dr Johnson, was his next publication. 'Ode upon Ode, or a Peep at St James's; or New Year's Day,' followed, and helped to carry on the scurrilous system for bringing the king and royal family into contempt. These various publications being got up at a very small expense, and sold in immense numbers, at from eighteen-pence to half-a-crown, must have brought large sums to the coffers of their author.

Of the same genius was 'Peter's Prophecy, an Epistle to Sir Joseph Banks,' in which the president of the Royal society is very roughly handled; and 'Peter's Pension, a solemn Epistle to a Sublime Personage,' in which, between jest and earnest, the poet expresses his willingness to be pensioned. This partly jocular and facetious, partly abusive, and partly serious proposition, was likely enough to be received like those sayings in which more is meant than meets the ear. Dr Wolcott asserted, that "he was solicited by the administration to fall into their ranks. That his answer was, he had no praise to bestow, but if silence would content them, he would muzzle his muse. That the offer was accepted, but it was sometime after hinted to him, having been paid two quarters' pension, that active co-operation was expected. That he, in consequence, waited upon Mr Charles Long, the secretary of the treasury, who, after some general conversation, informed the doctor that there was money floating in that mine for such as deserved well of the government. This, of course, startled the virtuous and independent satirist, who, snatching his hat, hastily withdrew, and refused to take the pension, of which one half year, amounting to £100, was then due."

The 'Poetical Epistle to a Falling Minister,' was succeeded by 'Subjects for Painters,' in which a multitude of stories are versified, most of them humorous, and some vulgar and profane; and this work was in turn succeeded by 'Expostulatory Odes to a Great Duke and a Little Lord,' 'Benevolent Epistle to John Nichols,' 'Advice to the Laureat,' 'Epistle to Bruce the Abyssinian Traveller,' 'The Rights of Kings,' &c. &c.

Although he had thus realized property by means tending very much to revolutionize, Peter Pindar was no friend to revolutionizing in other hands and in another way. About 1792 he attacked Tom Paine in a series of odes commencing thus :

"O Paine ! thy vast endeavour I admire !
 How brave the hope to set a realm on fire !
 Ambition, smiling, praised thy giant wish :
 Compared to thee, the man, to gain a name,
 Who to Diana's temple put the flame,
 A simple minnow to the king of fish.
 Say, didst thou fear that Britain was too blest
 Of peace, thou most delicious pest ?
 How shameful that this pin's head of an isle,
 While half the globe's in grief, should wear a smile !"

Some of the lashing is very forcible. After ironically praising the design, the poet exclaims,—

“What pity thy combustibles were bad !
How death had grinn'd delight and hell been glad
To see our liberties o'erturning.”

Veering from the abuse of reformers to the abuse of ministers, Peter PiNDAR pursued his profitable course, publishing annually a number of odes, epistles, satires, in which politics, personalities, the arts, literature, science, tales, humour and love, were oddly blended, and often finely treated. An edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, in which he wrote the life of Richard Wilson, was the only work of magnitude, independent of his poems, which we have heard of his having executed.

The pursuits of Wolcott were not those which are calculated to secure an easy and quiet life. Earning his bread by the continual publication of satire, as it is called, but in truth of much professional invective and personal slander, the world rewarded him neither with public honours nor private friendships. His wit indeed was relished by the multitude, and the better parts of his genius applauded even by the wise and good, who, while they praised the talent, detested the principles of the writer ; but his existence was one of warfare,—“his hand was against every man, and the hand of every man was against him.” His furious assault upon the author of the ‘Baviad,’ in the shop of Mr Wright, then a bookseller in Piccadilly, was a memorable affair. The man who had with his pen so bitterly attacked all ranks of society, could not endure a similar infliction upon himself; but resorted to ruffianly violence in revenge. The editor of the ‘Monthly Magazine’ says : “The doctor's assault on W. Gifford the poet, is well-remembered ; but, in truth, as he has often confessed since, he mistook his man, and intended that chastisement for J. Gifford, editor of the Anti-jacobin. He used, however, pleasantly to say, that they both deserved it ; and therefore ‘it was all one.’ In reply to a civil note from the editor on the subject, he sent the following : ‘Dear Sir,—I am much obliged by your friendly intentions. It was but a fair piece of justice due to my character as a man to attack at any disadvantages such a calumniating ruffian as Gifford, the instant he came within the reach of my vengeance. Had not Wright and his customers, and his Frenchman and his shopmen, hustled me and wrestled the cane from my hand, and then confined my arms, I should have done complete justice to my cause. As it was, he had a smart taste of what he will experience in future, wherever I find him. Such a pest of society ought to be driven from its bosom—*such* is Gifford, lately a poor despicable cobbler of Ashburton ! *such* is one of the literary pillars of Pitt's administration ! Perhaps you do not know that this fellow is a magistrate, and possesses an annual income of nearly one thousand pounds a year under government, to support its dignity by defamation.’”

The outraged “cobbler” took severe revenge on his assailant in an ‘Epistle to Peter Pindar,’ in which the following lines occur :

“Thou may'st toil and strain,
Ransack, for filth, thy heart ; for lies, thy brain ;
Rave, storm ;—'tis fruitless all. Of this be sure,
Abuse of me will ne'er ‘one sprat’ procure ;

Bribe one night cellar to invite thee in,
 Purchase one draught of gunpowder and gin;
 Seduce one brothel to display its charms,
 Nor lure one hobbling strumpet to thy arms.

False fugitive! back to thy vomit flee—
 Troll the lascivious song, the fulsome glee;
 Truck praise for lust, hunt infant genius down,
 Strip modest merit of its last half-crown;
 Blow from thy mildewed lips, on virtue blow,
 And blight the goodness thou canst never know.

But what is he, that, with a Mohawk's air,
 "Cries havoc, and lets slip the dogs of war?"
 A blotted mass, a gross, blood-boltered clod,
 A foe to man, a renegade from God,
 From noxious childhood to pernicious age,
 Separate to infamy, in every stage.

Lo! here the reptile! who from some dark cell,
 Where all his veins with native poison swell,
 Crawls forth, a slimy toad, and spits and spues
 The crude abortions of his loathsome muse
 On all that genius, all that worth holds dear,
 Unsullied rank, and piety sincere;
 While idiot mirth the base defilement lauds,
 And malice, with averted face, applauds.

Lo, here the brutal sot! who drenched with gin,
 Lashes his withered nerves to tasteless sin;
 Squeals out, with oaths and blasphemies between,
 The impious song, the tale, the jest obscene;
 And careless views amidst the barbarous roar,
 His few grey hairs strew, one by one, the floor!
 Lo! here the wrinkled profligate! who stands
 On nature's verge, and from his leprous hands
 Shakes tainted verse; who bids us, with the price
 Of rancorous falsehoods, pander to his vice;
 Give him to live the future as the past,
 And in pollution wallow to the last!"

Wolcott was a man of vigorous constitution, and tasked that blessing to the uttermost in the gratification of sensual appetites. In 1807 an action was brought against him for crim. con., but he was acquitted. In 1812 the whole of his works appeared in five volumes, octavo; after this time he wrote but little, having completely lost his eyesight, which the operation of couching in 1814 failed to restore. His last work was 'An Epistle to the Emperor of China,' occasioned by the unfavourable result of Lord Amherst's embassy, which appeared in 1817. He lived for some years in Gooch-street, where he once narrowly escaped being burnt to death, together with the old woman who attended him in his blindness: the bed-curtains of his domestic having caught fire, the blaze was luckily seen by a hackney-coachman on the stand opposite the house, who rushed in, in time to save Pindar and his housekeeper. From Gooch-street he removed for country air to Somer's-town, where he died on the 13th of January, 1819, after a lingering, but not painful illness, in his 81st year. It is said that he dictated verses within a few days of his death: he had contributed slight productions to the periodical press within a year or two preceding.

Frank Sayers.

BORN A. D. 1763.—DIED A. D. 1817.

"To many of our younger readers, in an age when every season brings with it its shoal of poets," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, whose interesting and elegant notice of our poet we here abridge, "the name of Sayers may, perhaps, be unknown, as being out of date; but it is known to their elders,—it is known on the continent,—and will be known by posterity. In the course of fame, the race is not to the swift, but to the strong."

Frank, the son of Francis Sayers, and Ann, his wife, was born in London, on the 3d of March, 1763. His father was a native of Great Yarmouth, who had settled in London as an insurance-broker, and superintended shipping concerns for his Yarmouth connexions. His mother's name was Morris; she was of Welsh extraction; and the son, who had the feelings of an antiquary, as well as of a poet, pleased himself with thinking that his pedigree might be traced to Rhys-ap-Tewdwr Mawr, prince of South Wales, and so up, through the heroes of Welsh history, into the age of fable and romance. His first schoolmaster was a dissenting minister at Yarmouth, by name Whitesides, "a man of adequate learning and sense, but sadly given to hypochondriasis."

At the age of ten he was removed to a boarding-school at North Walsham, where Nelson was his school-fellow, but a disparity of five years between them prevented all intimacy. In the ensuing year he was removed to Palgrave, where the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, having settled as the minister of one of those dissenting congregations which were at that time lapsing into Socinianism, had just opened a boarding-school. Mrs Barbauld, who was then a bride, and who had already, as Lætitia Aikin, acquired her high reputation, took her part in the instruction of the pupils. Sayers used to say, in after-life, that he considered the lessons which he received from her in English composition as the most useful part of the instructions bestowed at Palgrave.

After Sayers had remained three years under the tuition of Mr and Mrs Barbauld, he was taken from school, and placed in a merchant's counting-house at Yarmouth. A few months afterwards his grandfather died, leaving him an estate at Pakefield, of about one hundred and thirty acres,—too little for independence, and yet enough to unsettle him. He now relinquished all thoughts of commerce, and placed himself with a skilful agriculturist at Oulton, in Suffolk, to learn farming, with the intention of occupying his own estate.

This plan, however, was soon abandoned. Leaving Oulton, Sayers went to reside awhile with his mother, who had fixed herself in the pleasant village of Thorpe near Norwich, in which city her two sisters were settled. "It was now," says his biographer Mr Taylor, "that our friendship became truly intense. In his society was always found both instruction and delight; at this time I first fancied my society was become of value to him. I could describe Paris, and, what he more delighted to hear about, Rome and Naples. The literature of Germany, then almost unknown in England, I had pervasively studied, and

was eager to display ; and frequently I translated for his amusement such passages as appeared to me remarkable for singularity or beauty. We read the same English books, in order to comment upon them when we met. My morning-walk was commonly directed to Thorpe : we prolonged the stroll together on the unclosed heath, and he frequently returned with me to Norwich, dined at my father's table, and took me back to tea with his mother."

In his twentieth year Sayers went to Edinburgh as a general student, and while there, determined upon following the profession of physic. He returned to Thorpe, and finding the income of his estate barely adequate to the expense of carrying on his studies, he sold it, and vested its proceeds, at a prudent season, in the funds. "This," says his friend, "was a season of civic ferment. In our walks, indeed, Sayers and I seldom talked politics ; but often at my father's table, who was active in elections, hospitable to partisans, and an adherent of the Coalition. We too, on the contrary, were agreed to contend for Pitt and parliamentary reform : yet in this our sympathy there was not entire concord ; we had entered a common path from different quarters : a zealot of the rights of the people, I was content with any administration which would undertake to carry them into effect ; Sayers was more attached to the crown, and though willing, under its shelter, to welcome every improvement which seemed a natural evolvement of the constitution, he was not friendly to any attempt at inserting the graft from without. Mr Windham at this time came frequently to Norwich, and, when his visits had electioneering purposes, slept occasionally at our house, where he saw and argued with Sayers, inquired his destination, and observed to my father that, with so fine a person, and so fine an intellect, that young man would, in any professional line, become speedily an ornament to his country." He now entered regularly upon his professional studies, and pursued them, first in London, under Cruikshank, Baillie, and John Hunter, afterwards at Edinburgh under Monro, Black, and Cullen. Sayers could pursue the theory of medicine with the interest of an active and inquisitive mind ; but he seems to have been physically incapable of the practice ; the sight of an operation on the living subject was more than he could bear ; and when he attempted to go through a course of clinical lectures at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, more than once he fainted by the bedside of the patient to whom he should have administered relief. He ultimately, however, obtained a diploma from Harderwyk, a town in Guelderland, situated on the Zuyder-Zee, where a provincial academy had been established in the middle of the seventeenth century.

"Having set his heart at rest as to the pursuit of fortune, there remained the pursuit of fame ; and this, his biographer tells us, was now his darling care : he used to repeat Cowley's aspiration after an earthly immortality, and ask, with him, what he should do to make himself for ever known ? His deliberations ended in a resolution to compose some lyrical dramas ; 'a perusal of the Greek tragedians—which he went through with agitated feeling—determined the form of his outline ; Percy's Northern Antiquities supplied the costume and the colouring.' It may be added, that he had been impressed by the Runic mythology as exhibited in Gray's spirited versions of some of the Scandinavian remains ; and that the perusal of Klopstock's choral

dramas, which he read with his friend Taylor, strengthened the predilection for that form of drama which the ancients had taught him to admire." Mr Taylor has described his mode of composition: "I was admitted," he says, "behind the curtain, saw his works, as it were, on the easel, first in the outline, then garishly shaded, and, lastly, with the blended and finished colouring. His first care was to round the fable, and everywhere to foresee his drift; the dialogue was then rapidly composed, and always the shortest cut taken to the purpose in view; the critical situations were afterwards raised into effect, and brightened into brilliance, by consulting analogous effects of celebrated writers, with the intention of transplanting beauties of detail; and finally, the lyrical ornaments, in which he mainly excelled, were inserted at every opportunity."

The dramatic sketches were favourably received. If the readers were not numerous, they were of that description whom a poet should be most desirous to please; and the sale of three editions shows that they were more numerous than might have been expected. They were still more admired in Germany; where two translations speedily appeared, and the German critics said, that the curse which for many years seemed to have rested on English poets, had been dissolved by Sayers. "He was too easily satisfied with his success: the ambition, with which his biographer tells us he had commenced his career, seemed to have attained its object; and he never afterwards attempted any thing of equal magnitude. This may, in some degree, be explained by the habit of procrastination in which he indulged, for he was almost a systematic postponer, and would often smile in cordial sympathy with his biographer, at the maxim, 'that he who leaves a thing undone, has always something to do.' But he had also fallen into another habit which is not less unfortunate, and which may very probably be traced to the sort of critical education bestowed upon him in early youth; numerous minute corrections of his poems were found among his papers; 'some put affirmatively, some hypothetically;' and time, which might better have been devoted to the execution of new works, was consumed in the fruitless and endless labour of touching and re-touching the productions of his youth."

A volume of disquisitions metaphysical and literary was his second publication. It was followed by one of Miscellanies, Antiquarian and Historical, and these by a little collection of his minor poems, under the title of '*Nugæ Poëticiæ*.' He died August 16th, 1817, bequeathing several sums to charitable uses, his books to the library belonging to the dean and chapter of Norwich, and his papers to his true and constant friend, Mr Taylor, from whom in life he had never been divided.

John Playfair.

BORN A. D. 1748.—DIED A. D. 1819.

THIS eminent philosopher was eldest son of the Rev. James Playfair, minister of Benvie in Forfarshire. At the age of fourteen he obtained a bursary or exhibition in the university of St Andrews; where

he applied himself with great industry and success to the study of the mathematical sciences. The late Principal Hill, who was his fellow-student, says of him in one of his letters from college: "Playfair has very great merit, and more knowledge and a better judgment than any of his class-fellows. I make no exceptions; my parts might be more showy, and the kind of reading to which my inclination led me, was calculated to enable me to make a better figure at St Andrews; but, in judgment and understanding, I am greatly inferior to him."

In 1766 he became a candidate for the professorship of mathematics, in the Marischal college of Aberdeen, vacant by the death of Dr Stewart. He had six competitors to contend with; who, according to the terms of the foundation, were subject to an examination, to which, it was considered, none but the most able mathematicians would be equal. The examination lasted a fortnight, and terminated in favour of Dr Trail; who, however, afterwards confessed that he attributed his own success solely to the fact of his being two years older than Mr Playfair. He quitted the university in 1769; and, for the next year or two, spent most of his time in Edinburgh, where he became intimate with Dr Robertson, Adam Smith, Dr Black, and Dr Hutton.

In 1772, on the decease of his father, he was presented to the parish of Benvie. He continued, however, to cultivate the exact sciences, and in 1779 we find him communicating to the Royal society of London, an essay on the Arithmetic of Impossible quantities, "pointing out the insufficiency of the doctrine of negative quantities given by John Bernouilli and Maclaurin, viz. that the imaginary characters which are involved in the expression, compensate or destroy each other. He attempted, also, to show, in this ingenious paper, that the arithmetic of impossible quantities is nothing more than a particular method of tracing the affinity of the measures of ratios and of angles; and that they can never be of any use as instruments of discovery, unless when the subject of investigation is a property common to the measure of ratios and of angles."

In 1782 he accepted the tutorship of the two eldest sons of Mr Ferguson of Raith; in consequence of which he resigned his clerical office, but was soon after appointed to the mathematical chair in the university of Edinburgh. In the meantime he became a member of the Royal society, lately instituted in the Scottish metropolis, and communicated to their Transactions a paper 'On the causes which affect the Accuracy of Barometrical Measurements,' and a 'Biographical Account of the Rev. Dr. Matthew Stewart.' In 1789 he succeeded Dr Gregory as secretary to the physical class of the Royal society. In the same year, a paper of his was read to this society, entitled 'Remarks on the Astronomy of the Brahmins,' written in furtherance and explanation of the views of M. Bailly, in his '*Traité de l'Astronomie Indienne et Orientale*.' His next communication was in 1792, 'On the Origin and Investigation of Porisms.'

In 1796 he published his 'Elements of Geometry;' and in 1802, his 'Illustrations of the Huttonian theory,' of which an able writer says: "Though brought out under the modest appellation of a commentary, it is unquestionably entitled to be regarded as an original work; and though the theory which it expounds must always retain the name of the philosopher who first suggested it, yet Mr Playfair has, in a great

measure, made it his own, by the philosophical generalization which he has thrown around it; by the numerous phenomena which he has enabled it to embrace; by the able defences with which its weakest parts have been sustained; and by the relation which he has shown it to bear to some of the best established doctrines, both in chemistry and astronomy."

In 1805 he was appointed secretary to the Royal society, on the death of Dr Robison, whom he also succeeded in the chair of Natural Philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. In 1807 he was elected a fellow of the Royal society of London, to which he communicated an 'Account of the Lithological Survey of Schehallien.' In 1809 his paper 'On the Progress of Heat when communicated to Spherical bodies,' was read before the society of Edinburgh. In 1814 he published, for the use of his students, 'Outlines of Natural Philosophy,' in two volumes,—the first relating to dynamics, mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, aërostatics, and pneumatics,—the second to astronomy. A third was to have been added, treating of optics, electricity, and magnetism; but he never finished the volume.

Mr Playfair's next work was his splendid 'Discourse on the Progress of the Physical and Mathematical sciences,' which appeared in the supplement to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Of this essay, Sir James Mackintosh says: "There is no composition on the history of the Physical and Exact sciences, in our language, which can be compared to that of Mr Playfair in philosophical eloquence, except the noble work of his great predecessor Mr Maclaurin on the Newtonian discoveries, which in some places rises to a true sublimity, without ever losing the serenity and clearness of philosophy. The manner of these two great mathematicians, however, is very different; and indicates a difference in their habitual mode of contemplating science. Mr Maclaurin seems to have admired most the grandeur of nature as disclosed by philosophy; Mr Playfair to have fixed his admiration on the energy with which human reason lays open nature to our view. The manner of thinking of the former was most naturally favourable to eloquence. The second, in a more advanced state of progress, when outward nature began to be viewed with abated wonder, found a new object of admiration in those intellectual victories and conquests which had long before inspired the genius of his master, Bacon."

In 1816 Mr Playfair visited the continent. Soon after his return to Edinburgh, his health began to decline. He died on the 20th of July, 1819, and was honoured with a public funeral. Soon after his death an 'Account of the Character and Merits of the late Professor Playfair,' evidently from the pen of an intimate and highly accomplished friend, appeared in a periodical publication. The following is an extract from this able *éloge*:—

"If he did not signalise himself by any brilliant or original invention, he must, at least, be allowed to have been a most generous and intelligent judge of the achievements of others, as well as the most eloquent expounder of that great and magnificent system of knowledge which has been gradually evolved by the successive labours of so many gifted individuals. He possessed, indeed, in the highest degree, all the characteristics both of a fine and powerful understanding, at once penetrating and vigilant, but more distinguished, perhaps, for the caution and

sureness of its march, than for the brilliancy or rapidity of its movements, and guided and adorned through all its progress by the most genuine enthusiasm for all that is grand, and the justest taste for all that is beautiful in the truth or the intellectual energy with which he was habitually conversant. To what account these rare qualities might have been turned, and what more brilliant or lasting fruits they might have produced, if his whole life had been dedicated to the solitary cultivation of science, it is not for us to conjecture; but it cannot be doubted that they added incalculably to his eminence and utility as a teacher; both by enabling him to direct his pupils to the most simple and luminous methods of inquiry, and to imbue their minds, from the very commencement of the study, with that fine relish for the truths it disclosed, and that high sense of the majesty with which they were invested, that predominated in his own bosom. While he left nothing unexplained or unreduced to its proper place in the system, he took care that they should never be perplexed by petty difficulties, or bewildered in useless details, and formed them betimes to that clear, masculine, and direct method of investigation, by which, with the least labour, the greatest advances might be accomplished.

“Mr Playfair, however, was not merely a teacher; and has fortunately left behind him a variety of works, from which other generations may be enabled to judge of some of those qualifications which so powerfully recommended and endeared him to his contemporaries. It is, perhaps, to be regretted, that so much of his time, and so large a proportion of his publications, should have been devoted to the subjects of the Indian astronomy, and the Huttonian theory of the earth. For, though nothing can be more beautiful or instructive than his speculations on those curious topics, it cannot be dissembled that their results are less conclusive and satisfactory than might have been desired; and that his doctrines, from the very nature of the subjects, are more questionable than we believe they could possibly have been on any other topic in the whole circle of the sciences. To the first, indeed, he came under the great disadvantages of being unacquainted with the Eastern tongues, and without the means of judging of the authenticity of the documents which he was obliged to assume as the elements of his reasonings; and as to the other, though he ended, we believe, with being a very able and skilful mineralogist, we think it is now generally admitted, that that science does not yet afford sufficient materials for any positive conclusion; and that all attempts to establish a theory of the earth must, for many years to come, be regarded as premature. Though it is impossible, therefore, to think too highly of the ingenuity, the vigour, and the eloquence of those publications, we are of opinion, that a juster estimate of Mr Playfair’s talent, and a truer picture of his genius and understanding, is to be found in his other writings; in the papers, both biographical and scientific, with which he has enriched the transactions of our Royal society; his account of De Laplace, and other articles which he is understood to have contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*; the outlines of his lectures on natural philosophy; and, above all, his introductory discourse to the supplement to the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*,’ with the final correction of which he was occupied up to the last moments that the progress of his disease allowed him to dedicate to any intellectual exertion.

“With reference to these works, we do not think we are influenced by any national or other partiality, when we say that he was certainly one of the best writers of his age; and even that we do not now recollect any one of his contemporaries who was so great a master of composition. There is a certain mellowness and richness about his style, which adorns without disguising the weight and nervousness which is its other great characteristic; a sedate gracefulness and manly simplicity in the more level passages, and a mild majesty and considerate enthusiasm where he rises above them, of which we scarcely know where to find any other example. There is great equability too, and sustained force in every part of his writings. He never exhausts himself in flashes and epigrams, nor languishes into tameness or insipidity; at first sight you would say that plainness and good sense were the predominating qualities; but, by and by, this simplicity is enriched with the delicate and vivid colours of a fine imagination; the free and forcible touches of a most powerful intellect; and the lights and shades of an unerring and harmonizing taste. In comparing it with the styles of his most celebrated contemporaries, we would say that it was more purely and peculiarly a written style, and therefore rejected those ornaments that more properly belong to oratory. It had no impetuosity, hurry, or vehemence—no bursts or sudden turns or abruptions, like that of Burke; and though eminently smooth and melodious it was not modulated to an uniform system of solemn declamation like that of Johnson, nor spread out in the richer and more voluminous elocution of Stewart; nor still less broken into the patchwork of scholastic pedantry and conversational smartness which has found its admirers in Gibbon. It is a style, in short, of great freedom, force, and beauty; but the deliberate style of a man of thought and of learning; and neither that of a wit throwing out his extempores with an affectation of careless grace, nor of a rhetorician, thinking more of his manner than his matter, and determined to be admired for his expression, whatever may be the fate of his sentiments.

“His habits of composition, as we have understood, were not, perhaps, exactly what might have been expected from their results. He wrote rather slowly, and his first sketches were often very slight and imperfect, like the rude chalking of a masterly picture. His chief effort and greatest pleasure was in their revisal and correction; and there were no limits to the improvement which resulted from this application. It was not the style merely, nor indeed chiefly, that gained by it. The whole reasoning, and sentiment, and illustration, were enlarged and new-modelled in the course of it, and a naked outline became gradually informed with life, colour, and expression. It was not at all like the common finishing and polishing to which careful authors generally subject the first draughts of their compositions, nor even like the fastidious and tentative alterations with which some more anxious writers essay their choicer passages. It was, in fact, the great filling in of the picture, the working up of the figured web on the naked and meagre woof that had been stretched to receive it; and the singular thing in this case was, not only that he left this most material part of his work to be performed after the whole outline had been finished, but that he could proceed with it to an indefinite extent, and enrich and improve as long as he thought fit, without any risk either of destroying the proportions of that outline, or injuring the harmony and unity of the design. He

was perfectly aware, too, of the possession of this extraordinary power, and it was partly, we presume, in consequence of it, that he was not only at all times ready to go on with any work in which he was engaged without waiting for favourable moments or hours of greater alacrity, but that he never felt any of those doubts and misgivings, as to his being able to get creditably through with his undertaking, to which, we believe, most authors are occasionally liable. As he never wrote upon any subject of which he was not perfectly master, he was secure against all blunders in the substance of what he had to say, and felt quite assured, that if he was only allowed time enough, he should finally come to say it in the very best way of which he was capable. He had no anxiety, therefore, either in undertaking or proceeding with his tasks, and intermitted and resumed them at his convenience, with the comfortable certainty that all the time he bestowed on them was turned to good account, and that what was left imperfect at one sitting might be finished with equal ease and advantage at another. Being thus perfectly sure both of his ends and his means, he experienced in the course of his compositions none of that little fever of the spirits with which that operation is so apt to be accompanied. He had no capricious visitings of fancy, which it was necessary to fix on the spot, or to lose for ever; no casual inspiration to invoke and to wait for; no transitory and evanescent lights to catch before they faded. All that was in his mind was subject to his control, and amenable to his call, though it might not obey at the moment; and while his taste was so sure, that he was in no danger of overworking any thing that he had designed, all his thoughts and sentiments had that unity and congruity, that they fell almost spontaneously into harmony and order; and the last added, incorporated, and assimilated with the first, as if they had sprung simultaneously from the same happy conception."

James Watt.

BORN A. D. 1736.—DIED A. D. 1819.

JAMES WATT was born at Greenock, on the 19th of January, 1736. His grandfather was a good mathematician, and educated one of his sons as a surveyor; his other son, the father of the celebrated man whose life we are now attempting to sketch, followed the business of a merchant at Greenock, and was one of the magistrates of that town. James was from infancy of a very delicate constitution, so that his attendance at school was often interrupted; but he was fond of study, and by private diligence amply made up for what he lost by his repeated absence from school. To the mechanical sciences especially, he devoted much of his attention; and at the age of eighteen was apprenticed to a maker of mathematical instruments in London. The weak state of his health, however, soon compelled him to return to his native place; but he had acquired so much knowledge of his art, as warranted his friends to advise him to establish himself in Glasgow, where he was appointed instrument-maker to the university, with apartments in the college.

In 1763 he commenced practice as a general engineer, and was soon extensively employed in his native country, in making surveys, and es-

timates for canals, bridges, harbours, and other public works. Had he chosen to continue in this line of employment, there is no reason to doubt he would have risen in it to great eminence; but another pursuit, fortunately for his country, had already engaged much of his attention. We cannot better describe the successive steps by which he was led to the great discovery which has immortalized his name, and opened up such a boundless source of wealth to his country, than in the words of the ingenious author of that admirable book, 'The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.'

"While yet residing in the college," says this writer, "his attention had been directed to the employment of steam as a mechanical agent by some speculations of his friend Mr Robison, with regard to the practicability of applying it to the movement of wheel-carriages; and he had also himself made some experiments with Papin's digester, with the view of ascertaining its expansive force. He had not prosecuted the inquiry, however, so far as to have arrived at any determinate result, when, in the winter of 1763-4, a small model of Newcomen's engine was sent to him by the professor of natural philosophy to be repaired, and fitted for exhibition in the class. The examination of this model set Watt upon thinking anew, and with more interest than ever, on the powers of steam. The first thing that attracted his attention about the machine before him, the cylinder of which was only of two inches diameter, while the piston descended through six inches, was the insufficiency of the boiler, although proportionably a good deal larger than in the working engines, to supply the requisite quantity of steam for the creation of the vacuum. In order to remedy this defect, he was obliged, in repairing the model, to diminish the column of water to be raised; in other words, to give the piston less to do, in compensation for its having to descend, not through a perfect vacuum, but in opposition to a considerable residue of undisplaced air. He also soon discovered the reason why in this instance the steam sent up from the boiler, was not sufficient to fill the cylinder. In the first place, this containing vessel, being made, not of cast-iron, as in the larger engines, but of brass, abstracted more of the heat from the steam, and so weakened its expansion; and secondly, it exposed a much larger surface to the steam, in proportion to its capacity, than the cylinders of the larger engines did, and this operated still more strongly to produce the same effect. Led by the former of these considerations, he made some experiments in the first instance, with the view of discovering some other material whereof to form the cylinder of the engine which should be less objectionable than either brass or cast-iron; and he proposed to substitute wood, soaked in oil, and baked dry. But his speculations soon took a much wider scope; and, struck with the radical imperfections of the atmospheric engine, he began to turn in his mind the possibility of employing steam in mechanics, in some new manner which should enable it to operate with much more powerful effect. This idea having got possession of him, he engaged in an extensive course of experiments, for the purpose of ascertaining as many facts as possible, with regard to the properties of steam; and the pains he took in this investigation were rewarded with several valuable discoveries. The rapidity with which water evaporates, he found, for instance, depended simply upon the quantity of heat which was made to enter it; and this again on the extent of the

surface exposed to the fire. He also ascertained the quantity of coals necessary for the evaporation of any given quantity of water, the heat at which water boils under various pressures, and many other particulars of a similar kind which had never before been accurately determined. Thus prepared by a complete knowledge of the properties of the agent with which he had to work, he next proceeded to take into consideration, with a view to their amendment, what he deemed the two grand defects of Newcomen's engine. The first of these, was the necessity arising from the method employed to concentrate the steam, of cooling the cylinder, before every stroke of the piston, by the water injected into it. On this account, a much more powerful application of heat than would otherwise have been requisite, was demanded for the purpose of again heating that vessel when it was to be refilled with steam. In fact, Watt ascertained that there was thus occasioned, in the feeding of the machine, a waste of not less than three-fourths of the whole fuel employed. If the cylinder, instead of being thus cooled for every stroke of the piston, could be kept permanently hot, a fourth part of the heat which had been hitherto applied would be found to be sufficient to produce steam enough to fill it. How, then, was this desideratum to be attained? De Caus had proposed to effect the condensation of the steam, by actually removing the furnace from under the boiler before every stroke of the piston; but this, in a working engine, evidently would have been found quite impracticable. Savery, the first who really constructed a working engine, and whose arrangements all showed a very superior ingenuity, employed the method of throwing cold water over the outside of the vessel containing his steam,—a perfectly manageable process, but, at the same time, a very wasteful one; inasmuch as, every time it was repeated, it cooled not only the steam, but the vessel also, which, therefore, had again to be heated by a large expenditure of fuel, before the steam could be reproduced. Newcomen's method of injecting the water into the cylinder was a considerable improvement on this; but it was still objectionable on the same ground, though not to the same degree; it still cooled not only the steam, on which it was desired to produce that effect, but also the cylinder itself, which, as the vessel in which more steam was to be immediately manufactured, it was so important to keep hot. It was also a very serious objection to this last mentioned plan, that the injected water itself, from the heat of the place into which it was thrown, was very apt to be partly converted into steam; and the more cold water was used, the more considerable did this creation of new steam become. In fact, in the best of Newcomen's engines, the perfection of the vacuum was so greatly impaired from this cause, that the resistance experienced by the piston in its descent, was found to amount to about a fourth part of the whole atmospheric pressure by which it was carried down, or, in other words, the working power of the machine was thereby diminished one-fourth. After reflecting for some time upon all this, it at last occurred to Watt to consider whether it might not be possible, instead of continuing to condense the steam in the cylinder, to contrive a method of drawing it off, to undergo that operation in some other vessel. This fortunate idea having presented itself to his thoughts, it was not very long before his ingenuity also suggested to him the means of realizing it. In the course of one or two days, according to his own account, he had all the neces-

sary apparatus arranged in his mind. The plan which he devised, indeed, was an extremely simple one, and on that account the more beautiful. He proposed to establish a communication by an open pipe between the cylinder and another vessel, the consequence of which evidently would be, that when the steam was admitted into the former, it would flow into the latter so as to fill it also. If then the portion in this latter vessel only should be subjected to a condensing process, by being brought into contact with cold water, or any other convenient means, what would follow? Why, a vacuum would be produced here—into that, as a vent, more steam would immediately rush from the cylinder—that likewise would be condensed—and so the process would go on till all the steam had left the cylinder, and a perfect vacuum had been effected in that vessel, without so much as a drop of cold water having touched or entered it. The separate vessel alone, or the Condenser, as Watt called it, would be cooled by the water used to condense the steam—and that, instead of being an evil, manifestly tended to promote and quicken the condensation. When Watt reduced these views to the test of experiment, he found the result to answer his most sanguine expectations. The cylinder, although emptied of its steam for every stroke of the piston as before, was now constantly kept at the same temperature with the steam (or 212° Fahrenheit); and the consequence was, that one-fourth of the fuel formerly required, sufficed to feed the engine. But besides this most important saving in the expense of maintaining the engine, its power was greatly increased by the more perfect vacuum produced by the new construction, in which the condensing water, being no longer admitted within the cylinder, could not, as before, create new steam there while displacing the old. The first method which Watt adopted of cooling the steam in the condenser, was to keep that vessel surrounded by cold water—considering it as an objection to the admission of the water into its interior, that it might be difficult in that case to convey it away as fast as it would accumulate. But he found that the condensation was not effected in this manner, with so much rapidity as was desirable. It was necessary for him, too, at any rate, to employ a pump attached to the condenser, in order to draw off, both the small quantity of water deposited by the cooled steam, and the air unavoidably introduced by the same element—either of which, if allowed to accumulate, would have impaired the perfect vacuum necessary to attract the steam from the cylinder. He therefore determined eventually to admit also the additional quantity of water required for the business of condensation, and merely to employ a larger and more powerful pump to carry off the whole. Such, then, was the remedy by which the genius of this great inventor eventfully cured the first and most serious defect of the old apparatus."

Watt's pecuniary resources being at this time extremely limited, he was indebted to his friend Dr Roebuck, who had just established the Carron iron works, for the requisite funds to mature and perfect his invention, and take out a patent. He soon after erected an engine with a cylinder of eighteen inches diameter, at the Kinneal coal-works, of which Dr Roebuck was at this period lessee. In 1774 an advantageous offer of partnership was made Mr Watt by Mr Boulton of Soho near Birmingham; and in the following year, the firm of Boulton and

Watt commenced the business of making steam-engines, upon a prolongation of the patent for twenty-five years.

From this period Mr Watt devoted the powers of his mind chiefly to the improvement of this noble machine; and betwixt the years 1781 and 1785 he took out four different patents relative to its construction. In the latter year he was elected a fellow of the Royal society; in 1806 he received the degree of LL. D. from the university of Glasgow; and in 1808 he was elected a member of the French Institute. He died on the 25th of August, 1819.

His countryman, Mr Jeffrey, has drawn his character in a very beautiful and truthful manner: "This name," says the distinguished critic, "fortunately, needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have 'gathered all its fame.' We have said that Mr Watt was the great *improver* of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility; for the prodigious powers which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility, with which they can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin, or rend an oak, is nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war, like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin, and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves. It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand-fold the amount of its productions. It is our improved steam-engine that has fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged, with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power, which are to aid and reward the labours of after-generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred

less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

"This will be the fame of Watt with future generations; and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society, and enjoyed his conversation, it is not perhaps in the character in which he will be most frequently recalled, most deeply lamented, or even most highly admired. Independent of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information, had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and so well. He had an infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodizing power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense, and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting; such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well-acquainted too with most of the modern languages, and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry. His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting as it were instinctively whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its place among its other rich furniture, and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all incumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it for his own use, to its true value and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most faithful study of the originals; and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

"It is needless to say that, with those vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk, at least in his latter years; but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him, and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme, by the treasures which he drew from the mine which they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another, but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopaedia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavoured to select from his inexhaustible stores what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity, he gave himself no trouble; and, indeed, such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible, that scarcely any one could be aware of such a deficiency in his presence. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing, but on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasure. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation, and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity, and prized accordingly far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful, though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonized admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations, and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour: and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretensions; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostors out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.

"In his temper and dispositions he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous, and considerate of the feelings of all around him, and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years: and he preserved, up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit, and the social gaiety which had illuminated his happiest days. His friends in

this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation, never more delightful or more instructive, than in his last visit to Scotland, in autumn, 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary, and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his 83d year! This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconveniencies through the summer; but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks of his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching; and, with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature, seemed only anxious to point out to the friends around him the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without pang or struggle, and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God!

"He was twice married, but has left no issue but one son, long associated with him in his business and studies, and two grand-children by a daughter who predeceased him. He was a fellow of the Royal societies, both of London and Edinburgh, and one of the few Englishmen who were elected members of the National Institute of France. All men of learning and science were his cordial friends; and such was the influence of his mild character and perfect fairness and liberality, even upon the pretenders to these accomplishments, that he lived to disarm even envy itself, and died, we verily believe, without a single enemy."

Benjamin West.

BORN A. D. 1738.—DIED A. D. 1820.

THIS eminent artist, though by birth an American, as an artist belongs, nevertheless, to England. He was the youngest son of John West and Sarah Pearson, of Springfield, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, where he was born on the 10th of October, 1738.¹

¹ This family has been traced in an unbroken series to the Lord Delaware, who distinguished himself in the wars of Edward III., and particularly at the battle of Cressy. In the reign of Richard II. they settled at Long Crandon, in Buckinghamshire. About the year 1667 they embraced the tenets of the Quakers; and Colonel James West, the friend of Hampden, is said to have been the first proselyte of the family. In 1699 they emigrated to America. Pearson, the maternal grandfather of the artist, was the confidential friend of Penn, and the same person to whom that venerable legislator said, on landing in America, "Providence has brought us safely hither; thou hast been the companion of my perils, what wilt thou that I should call this place?" to which Pearson replied, "that since he had honoured him so far as to desire him to give that part of the country a name, he would, in remembrance of his native city, call it Chester." Mr Pearson built a house and formed a plantation in the neighbourhood, which he

The first display of talent in the infant mind of West was curious, and still more so from its occurring where there was nothing to excite it. America had scarcely a specimen of the arts, and in a Quaker's house, his child had never seen a picture or a print: his pencil was of his own invention,—his colours were given to him by an Indian savage,—his whole progress was a series of invention,—and painting to him was not the result of a lesson, but an instinctive passion.

In 1745 one of his sisters, who had been married, and had a daughter, came with her infant to spend a few days at her father's. When the child was asleep in the cradle, Mrs West invited her daughter to gather flowers in the garden, and committed the infant to the care of Benjamin during their absence, giving him a fan to flap away the flies from molesting his little charge. After some time the child happened to smile in its sleep, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure which he had never before experienced, and observing some paper on a table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait,—although at this period he had never seen an engraving or a picture, and was only in the seventh year of his age. On the return of his mother and sister, Mrs West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally!" and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say, that if it would give her any pleasure, he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her hand; for his genius was awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of any of those things which pleased his sight.

Soon after he was sent to school in the neighbourhood, and during his leisure hours was permitted to draw with pen and ink. In the course of the summer a party of Indians came to Springfield, and, being amused with the sketches of birds and flowers which Benjamin showed them, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they painted their weapons. To these his mother added blue, by giving him a piece of indigo. His drawings at length attracted the attention of the neighbours; and some of them happening to regret that the artist had no pencils, he inquired what kind of things these were; they were described to him as small brushes made of camel's hair fastened in a quill. As there were, however, no camels in America, he could not think of any substitute, till he happened to cast his eyes on a black cat, when, in the tapering fur of her tail, he discovered the means of supplying what he wanted.

In the following year a Mr Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, came to visit Mr West. He noticed the drawings of birds and flowers round the room—unusual ornaments in the house of a Quaker—and heard with surprise that they were the work of his little cousin. Of their merit, as pictures, he did not pretend to be a judge, but he thought them wonderful productions for a boy entering on his eighth year; and being told with what imperfect materials they had been executed, he

called Springfield, in consequence of discovering a large spring of water in the first field cleared for cultivation; and it was near this place that Benjamin West, our illustrious painter, was born. When the West family emigrated in 1699, John, the father of Benjamin, was left to complete his education at the Quaker's school at Uxbridge, and did not join his family in America till 1714.

promised to send him a box of colours and pencils. On his return home he fulfilled his engagement; and, at the bottom of the box, placed several pieces of canvass prepared for the easel, and six engravings. The box was received with delight; in the colours, the oils, and the pencils, young West found all his wants supplied. He rose at the dawn of the following day, and carried the box to a room in the garret, where he spread his canvass, prepared a pallet, and began to imitate the figures in the engravings. Enchanted by his art, he forgot the school-hours, and joined the family at dinner without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to his study in the garret; and for several days successively he thus withdrew and devoted himself to painting. Mrs West, suspecting that the box occasioned his neglect of school, went to the garret and found him employed on the picture. Her anger was appeased by the sight of his performance. She saw, not a mere copy, but a composition from two of the engravings. She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would intercede with his father to pardon him for having absented himself from school. Sixty-seven years afterwards, Mr Galt, the recorder of these anecdotes, had the gratification to see this piece in the same room with the sublime painting of 'Christ Rejected;' on which occasion "the painter declared to him that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent experience, he had not been able to surpass."

When the young painter attained the age of sixteen, a profession was necessary to be chosen for him; and, with a due conformity to the primitive habits of the Quakers, it was chosen in solemn assembly, after harangues by some of the brother or sisterhood, who decided on his adopting the profession for which he appeared to have been born. The men laid their hands on his head, the women kissed him, and this hope of Pennsylvania set out on his travels. In the town of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and the cities of Philadelphia and New York, he painted many portraits, and several historical pictures, with considerable success, till he attained the age of twenty-one, when the produce of his industry, and the predominant desire of acquiring excellence in historical painting, carried him to Italy—the great depository of the ancient and modern arts, and the most favourable school for genius.

In the year 1760 Mr West left the city of Philadelphia, and embarked for Leghorn, where he procured recommendations to Cardinal Albani, and other persons of distinction at Rome. Through these recommendations he was introduced to Raphael Mengs, Pompeo Battoni, and most of the celebrated artists in Rome; and was yet more fortunate in the intimacy he formed with Mr Wilcox, the author of 'Roman Conversations.' The kindness of this gentleman, and that of the late Lord Grantham, then Mr Robinson, procured him an introduction to all that was excellent in the arts both of the ancient and modern school. But the sudden change from the cities of America, where he saw no productions but a few English portraits, and those which had sprung from his own pencil, to the city of Rome, the seat of arts and taste, made so forcible an impression upon his feelings as materially to affect his health. The enthusiasm of his mind was heated with what he beheld, and oppressed at once by novelty and grandeur, the springs of health were weakened, and he was under the necessity of withdrawing from Rome

in a few weeks, by the advice of his physician, or the consequence might have been fatal to his life.

Mr West returned to Leghorn, and received the most flattering attention from the English consul and his lady. His mind was thus relaxed by friendly intimacy and society, which, together with sea-bathing, restored him to health and to the prosecution of his studies in Rome. He here fixed his mind upon the most glorious productions of ancient and modern art; and the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Poussin, engaged most of his attention; but he was again compelled to withdraw from his studies, owing to the loss of health, and to return to his friends at Leghorn. The air and society of this place again restored him, and, by the advice of those in whom he most confided, he proceeded to Florence instead of Rome. He here recommenced his studies with increased ardour in the galleries and the palace Pitti, and was a third time arrested in his progress, and relapsed into an illness which confined him more than six months to his bed and room. The love of his art, however, and the emulation of excellence, triumphed over every pain of body and oppression of mind; and in the severest paroxysms of sickness Mr West never desisted from drawing, reading, and composing historical subjects. He had a frame constructed in order to enable him to paint when obliged to keep his bed, and in that situation he amused himself by painting several ideal pictures and portraits. When he was sufficiently recovered to bear removal, and to be carried out to enjoy the fine air of the Boboli gardens, his youth and an excellent constitution united, so that nature soon made a complete restoration of his health; and, in order to confirm and establish what was so happily begun, he was recommended by his friends to travel. A gentleman from Leghorn, an Englishman of considerable talents and classical education, accompanied him to Bologna, Parma, Mantua, Verona, and Venice, in which cities he made himself acquainted with the paintings of the Caracci, Corregio, Julio Romano, Titian, and the other celebrated masters of the Venetian and Lombard schools, the chief productions of whose pencils are to be found in the above-mentioned cities. From Parma he extended his tour to Genoa and Turin, inflamed with a curiosity to examine the esteemed pictures of the Italian and Flemish masters, which those places are distinguished for possessing.

Having now taken an extensive survey of the treasures of modern Italy, and completed himself in those schools, as far as observation concurring with genius and industry has a tendency to complete the artist, Mr West was desirous of a yet wider survey, and grew unwilling to quit the continent till he should have exhausted whatever was left worthy of inspection. The French ground was still untrodden; he therefore proceeded through Lyons to Paris, in which he remained till he had made himself acquainted with the best productions of the art which France could at that time boast. He passed most of his time in the superb palaces of that city and its environs, in which the paintings of most repute were congregated, and, in August, 1763, he arrived in London. In the autumn of the same year he visited Oxford, Blenheim, Bath, Stourhead, Fonthill, Wilton, Langford, near Salisbury, Windsor, and Hampton-court. This tour, performed, like those in Italy and France, for the purpose of completing his knowledge of the paintings of the eminent masters, introduced him to all the works of art in the

above-mentioned places, particularly the picture, by Vandyke, of the Pembroke family at Wilton, and the Cartoons, by Raphael, at Hampton-court.

Having completed this excursion, it was the intention of Mr West to return to America, and take up his residence in the city of Philadelphia. But in April, 1764, the exhibition of painting, sculpture, and architecture, opened for the inspection of the public, at the great room in Spring-gardens; and, by the express wish of Mr Reynolds, afterwards Sir Joshua, and Mr Richard Wilson, our young artist was induced to send thither two pictures painted at Rome, and a whole-length portrait of General Monckton, which he had painted during the winter in London for that distinguished officer. The favourable reception of those pictures by the artists and the public, together with the earnest entreaties of his friends, induced Mr West to remain in England. In the course of that year the amiable lady with whom, previously to his departure from Philadelphia, he had contracted an affection, left that city, in company with his father, and joined our young artist in London: they were immediately married, and settled in the metropolis.

The artists, who united in 1760 to form an exhibition of their works at the great room in Spring-gardens, became incorporated in the year 1765. Mr West was immediately chosen member, and appointed one of the directors. He drew at their academy in St Martin's-lane, and became one of their constant exhibitors, till the opening of the exhibition of the Royal academy in the year 1768. Mr West was graciously named by his majesty as one of the four artists to wait upon him and submit to his inspection the plan of the institution. This plan happily received the royal approbation, and the king commanded the deputation to take every step in their power to accelerate the establishment. The names of these gentlemen, besides Mr West, were, Mr Chambers, afterwards Sir William Chambers, Mr Moser, afterwards first keeper of the Royal academy, and Mr Coates. In the year previous to this event Mr West had been honourably mentioned to his majesty by Drummond, the then archbishop of York, on his finishing, for that worthy prelate, the picture of 'Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus.' In order most effectually to serve Mr West, the archbishop introduced him, together with that picture, to the king,—a circumstance which gave his majesty his first knowledge of Mr West. His majesty was pleased to commission him at that time for the picture of Regulus, which was the first painting exhibited by Mr West on the opening of the Royal academy, in 1769. His next celebrated work was 'The Death of Wolfe,' painted in the modern costume,—a variation from the rules hitherto observed in historical pictures, which called forth much censure. West's answer to the king, who asked him his reasons for thus deviating from the usual course, is strongly indicative of his good sense and taste: "When it was understood," were his words, "that I intended to paint the characters as they actually appeared on the scene, the archbishop of York called on Sir Joshua Reynolds, and asked his opinion; they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. I remarked, that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no warriors who wore their costume existed. That the subject I had to represent was a

great battle fought and won, and that the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. That if, instead of the facts of the action, I should introduce fiction, how could I be understood by posterity? I admitted that classic dress was certainly picturesque; but, by using it, I should lose in sentiment what I gained in external grace. That I wanted to mark the place, the time, and the people; and to do this that I must abide by truth. They left me, and when I had finished the picture, returned. Sir Joshua seated himself before the work, and examined it minutely for half an hour, then, rising, said to the archbishop, 'West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated: I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art.'" Upon which his majesty observed, "that he wished he had known these reasons before, for that the objection had been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture, but that West should make a copy of it for him." He soon afterwards received an order to paint for the king 'The Death of Epaminondas,' 'Segestus and his Daughter before Germanicus,' and some other historical pictures. His next commission was for a set of seven large pictures illustrative of the reign of Edward III., and one of St George vanquishing the Dragon, all of which were placed in St George's hall, at Windsor, and rank amongst the artist's most successful compositions.

From the era of his pictures of Wolfe and Penn, we must fix a revolution of the dressing of figures in historical pictures, not only in England, but in Italy, France, and other countries where the art of painting is cultivated. It was for this that Mr West was so honourably distinguished by the first men in arts and science, as well as by the lovers of arts in Paris, when he went abroad with his youngest son to visit the Napoleon museum, in the autumn of 1802. He was received among them as a man who had conferred an honour on his country; and they bestowed upon him the appellation of the "Reviver of the Dignity of Historical Painting;" adducing as examples the pictures of Regulus, Wolfe, Penn, &c.

In 1772 his majesty was pleased to honour him with the title of his historical painter; and, in 1790, was pleased to give him the appointment of surveyor of the royal pictures. In 1791 he was unanimously elected president of the Royal academy; and, in the same year, was chosen a member of the society of Dilettanti. On his return to England from France, some cabals in the Royal academy induced him to retire from the chair, to which, however, after it had been, in the meantime, filled by Wyatt, the architect, he was speedily re-elected. In the year 1802 he was, without any previous knowledge, elected a member of the National Institute at Paris, in the department of fine arts. In the year 1804 he was appointed a member of the Academy of Arts at New York.

In his first discourse to the Royal academy on his being chosen president, (a discourse which he permitted to be published,) he lamented, when in Italy, to observe the decline of the art of painting in that country. The more he investigated the cause of such degeneracy, contrasted with the glory and splendour of the art a century and a half before, the more inclined was he to impute it not only to the imbecile and corrupt taste of the patrons, but to the selfish manner of inculcating the principles of the art by those professors who elevated themselves to the dig-

nity of masters, and erected their petty schools in every town and city. The professor was almost always the disciple of some such school as that over which he presided, and was retailing manner after manner, till the whole sunk into mannerism and insipidity. It was the duty of Mr West, in the station which he filled, to reprobate this mannerism, as well by precept as example; and it becomes us to remark, that, in the productions of his own pencil, he has imitated no master, but been content to draw his knowledge from a higher fountain, and instruct himself from the mistress of all art—unchangeable Nature.

In 1802 he commenced painting a series of large pictures from Scripture, the first of which, 'Christ Healing the Sick,' was intended as a present in aid of the funds for building an hospital in his native town. The governors of the British Institution, however, offering him three thousand guineas for it, he consented to sell it, on condition of his being allowed to make a copy of it to send to America. His next works were, 'Death on the Pale Horse,' 'Christ Rejected,' 'The Crucifixion,' 'The Descent of the Holy Ghost,' 'The Ascension,' 'The Inspiration of St Peter,' and several others, all of immense size. His great picture of 'Christ Rejected' will for ages rank among the finest productions of art.

He died at his house in Newman-street, where he had lived for half-a-century, on the 11th of March, 1820, in the 82d year of his age, after a severe illness of many months. His funeral was public, and was splendidly attended. "In all his works," says Allan Cunningham, "the human form was exhibited in conformity to academic precepts—his figures were arranged with skill—the colouring was varied and often harmonious—the eye rested pleased on the performance, and the artist seemed, to the ordinary spectator, to have done his task like one of the highest of the sons of genius. But below all this splendour there was little of the true vitality—there was a monotony, too, of human character—the groupings were unlike the happy and careless combinations of nature, and the figures frequently seemed distributed over the canvass by line and measure, like trees in a plantation. He wanted fire and imagination to be the true restorer of that grand style, which bewildered Barry, and was talked of by Reynolds. Some of his works—cold, formal, bloodless, and passionless—may remind the spectator of the sublime vision of the valley of dry bones, when the flesh and skin had come upon the skeletons, and before the breath of God had informed them with life and feeling. Though such is the general impression, which the works of West make, it cannot be denied that many are distinguished by great excellence. In his 'Death on the Pale Horse,' and more particularly in the sketch of that picture, he has more than approached the masters and princes of the calling. It is, indeed, irresistibly fearful to see the triumphant march of the terrific phantom, and the dissolution of all that earth is proud of beneath his tread. War and peace, sorrow and joy, youth and age, all who love and all who hate, seem planet-struck. The 'Death of Wolfe,' too, is natural and noble, and the 'Indian Chief,' like the Oneyda warrior of Campbell,

A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear,

was a happy thought. The 'Battle of La Hogue' I have heard praised as the best historic picture of the British school, by one not likely to be mistaken, and who would not say what he did not feel. Many of

his single figures, also, are of a high order. There is a natural grace in the looks of some of his women, which few painters have ever excelled. West was injured by early success—he obtained his fame too easily—it was not purchased by long study and many trials—and he rashly imagined himself capable of anything. But the coldness of his imagination nipt the blossoms of history. It is the province of art to elevate the subject in the spirit of its nature—and brooding over the whole with the feeling of a poet, awaken the scene into vivid life and heroic beauty; but such mastery rarely waited upon the ambition of this amiable and upright man.”

William Hayley.

BORN A. D. 1745.—DIED A. D. 1820.

WILLIAM HAYLEY, the friend and biographer of Cowper, was descended from a respectable family at Chichester. He lost his father in very early life, but continued to enjoy the care and protection of a judicious and affectionate mother. After receiving the rudiments of a classical education at home, he was sent to Eton, where he acquired considerable facility in writing both Latin and English verses. At sixteen years of age he was entered of Trinity hall, Cambridge, where he divided his studies between literature and art: taking lessons in drawing and miniature painting, and cultivating an acquaintance with modern continental as well as classical literature. He left college in 1767, without taking a degree, and entered himself at the Middle Temple.

The study of the law, however, did not engage him long. “Like most young poets,” says Mr Southey, in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ “his thoughts were directed toward the drama; and he expected to obtain immediate fame and fortune by writing for the stage. Dryden had engaged to produce four new plays every year: he ‘thought himself modest in his purpose of composing only two in the same space of time, and moderate in calculating upon a thousand a year from the profit. A newspaper supplied him with a subject for his first serious attempt. The story was deeply tragical: a son, condemned for a capital offence, takes poison, with which his father supplies him, to avoid the shame of a public execution; and, when it is too late, tidings come that a pardon has been obtained. It appeared to him singularly adapted for moral as well as dramatic effect. The piece was finished, and, having obtained the approbation of the ‘partial friend’ to whom it had been shown, was presented to Garrick by a gentleman intimate enough with him to expect sincere and summary proceedings. ‘If you think it unfit for the stage,’ said he, ‘send it back to me with any mark of rejection, and we will pester you no more on the subject; but if you think of it as I do, and resolve to produce it, I will then bring to you my friend the author. But remember you are upon honour, and engaged not to ask even his name, unless you have previously determined to try the success of the play.’ After ‘the anxious suspense of a few weeks’ Hayley was informed that he was to breakfast with Garrick, who was delighted with the tragedy, and who accordingly, upon their meeting, declared that he had not seen for years any new piece of which he could entertain such

high expectations. Another breakfast was appointed, at which all particulars were to be settled—when, to the bitter disappointment of the poet and his friends, Garrick told them that he had reconsidered the play, and was afraid it was not calculated for stage-effect; a profusion of compliment and professions followed, and ‘the tragedy ended in a farce of adulation.’ It was understood afterwards, that Mrs Garrick thought the tragedy wanting in pathos, and Hayley suspected that he was indebted for some ill offices on this occasion to one of his literary acquaintance, who, if we guess at him rightly, has the reputation of having done more malicious things than any of his contemporaries.”

In 1778 Hayley published a poetical ‘Essay on Painting,’ in two epistles addressed to Romney the painter. In 1780 appeared his ‘Essay on History;’ and, in the following year, his ‘Triumphs of Temper.’ The latter work was very successful, and—such was the low ebb of poetical literature in England—he the popular poet of the day. Leigh Hunt says of it: “There is something not inelegant or unfanciful in the conduct of Mr Hayley’s ‘Triumphs of Temper,’ and the moral is of that useful and desirable description which, from its domestic familiarity, is too apt to be overlooked, or to be thought incapable of embellishment; but in this as well as in all his other writings, there is so much talking by rote, so many gratuitous metaphors, so many epithets to fill up and rhymes to fill in, and such a mawkish languor of versification, with every now and then a ridiculous hurrying for a line or so, that nothing can be more palling or tiresome. The worst part of Mr Hayley’s style is that smooth-tongue, and over-wrought complimentary style in addressing or speaking of others, which, whether in conversation or writing, has always the ill fortune, to say the least of it, of being suspected of sincerity. His best part is his annotation. The notes to his poems are amusing and full of a graceful scholarship; and two things must be remembered to his honour,—first, that although he had not genius enough to revive the taste in his poetry, he has been the quickest of our last writers to point out the great superiority of the Italian school over the French; and secondly, that he has been among the first and the most ardent of them all in hailing the dawn of our native painting. Indeed, with the singular exception of Milton, who had visited Italy, and who was such a painter himself, it is to be remembered to the honour of all our poets, great and small, that they have shown a just anxiety for the appearance of ‘the sister art;’

‘And felt a brother’s longing to embrace
At the least glimpse of her resplendent face.’

It would appear, from some specimens in his notes, that Mr Hayley would have cut a more advantageous figure as a translator than as an original poet. I do not say he would have been equal to great works; for a translator, to keep any thing like a pace with his original, should have at least a portion of his original spirit; but as Mr Hayley is by no means destitute of the poet, the thoughts of another might have invigorated him, and he would, at any rate, have been superior to such rhymers as Hoole, for instance, who with the smallest pretensions in their own persons, think themselves qualified to translate epics. In the notes to his ‘Essays on Epic Poetry,’ there is a pleasing analysis, with occasional versions of twenty or thirty lines of the *Aurancana* of Alonzo

d'Ercilla, and in the same place is a translation of the three first cantos of Dante, which, if far beneath the majestic simplicity of the original, is at least for spirit as well as closeness much above the mouthing nonentities which have been palmed upon us of late years for that wonderful poet."

In 1782 he published his 'Essay on Epic Poetry,' addressed to Mason; and in the same year he laid the foundation of his best fame in the commencement of his intimacy with Cowper: the origin of his connexion with the gifted and amiable poet is thus narrated by himself: "To Milton I am in a great measure indebted for what I must ever regard as a signal blessing,—the friendship of Cowper! The reader will pardon me for dwelling a little on the circumstances which often led me to repeat those sweet verses of my friend on the casual origin of our most valuable attachments;

'Mysterious are his ways whose power
Brings forth that unexpected hour,
When minds, that never met before,
Shall meet, unite, and part no more.
It is the allotment of the skies,
The hand of the supremely wise,
That guides and governs our affections
And plans and orders our connections.'

These charming verses strike with particular force on my heart when I recollect, that it was an idle endeavour to make us enemies which gave rise to our intimacy, and that I was providentially conducted to Weston, at a season when my presence there afforded peculiar comfort to my affectionate friend under the pressure of a domestic affliction, which threatened to overwhelm his very tender spirits. The entreaty of many persons whom I wished to oblige, had engaged me to write a life of Milton, before I had the slightest suspicion that my work could interfere with the projects of any man; but I was soon surprised and concerned to hear that I was represented in a newspaper as the antagonist of Cowper. I immediately wrote to him on the subject, and our correspondence soon endeared us to each other in no common degree. The series of his letters to me I value not only as memorials of a most dear and honourable friendship, but as exquisite examples of epistolary excellence." Of his intercourse with Hayley, Cowper himself thus speaks in one of his letters to Lady Hesketh: "My correspondence with Hayley proceeds briskly, and is very affectionate on both sides. I expect him here in about a fortnight, and wish heartily, with Mrs Unwin, that you would give him a meeting. I have promised him, indeed, that he shall find us alone, but you are one of the family."

His next publication was a volume of plays written for a private theatre. These were successively followed by 'The Triumph of Music,' a prose 'Essay on Old Maids,' in three volumes; and his 'Life and Correspondence of Cowper.' The death of a natural son having induced him to remove to Felpham, in Sussex, he died there on the 12th of November, 1820.

"It was his wish," says Mr Southey, in the interesting article already quoted, "that, as he himself had endeavoured to render all the justice in his power to some of his most eminent contemporaries, so he might in his turn find an honest chronicler to sum up his merits and defects,

and deduce from them useful literary and moral lessons. That wish has been faithfully performed by the editor of these memoirs ; and the judgment of that reader must be strangely warped by a censorious disposition who does not agree with him in admiring Hayley as a truly generous and gentle-hearted man. His poetry has had its day and is forgotten ; yet during that day it was so generally applauded, that a collection of the English poets would be incomplete without it. Some of his pieces may still be read with pleasure, not a few with advantage ; and the tendency as well as the purport of all is such as left him nothing to repent of in this respect. In those later productions, indeed, some of which have been adduced—the outpourings of an afflicted heart—there is a strain of thought and feeling, which will find sympathy and may afford consolation, and which entitles him to respect, both as a poet and a man.”

Arthur Young.

BORN A. D. 1741.—DIED A. D. 1820.

ARTHUR YOUNG was born in the year 1741. His father, Dr Young, was a beneficed clergyman of the church of England, prebendary of Canterbury, and chaplain to Arthur Onslow, Esq. speaker of the house of commons, from whom the subject of this memoir took his Christian name.

His attention was early drawn towards natural science ; but after attaining manhood he chiefly devoted himself to the study of political economy, and theoretical and practical agriculture. At this period agriculture had scarcely engaged the attention of philosophers in this country ; the field was, in a great measure, new ; and, from the immense importance of the subject, and its intimate connection with political economy, promised to reward the attention and talents that might be bestowed upon it. Mr Young, with an ardour which no disappointments could damp, within six years after his marriage, had pursued this study with so much success, and collected such a mass of important information, (although, as we understand, thus far, with very little or no pecuniary advantage to himself,) that he was enabled to publish several considerable works, proposing various improvements, and exhibiting the results of very extensive observations.

The chief of these works consisted of his northern, southern, and eastern tours through England. The first consisted of five octavo volumes, and the others were in proportion. The valuable and important contents of these productions arrested the attention of his countrymen, and excited a considerable degree of interest in the minds of many extensive landholders and farmers. The fame of his writings passed to the continent of Europe, and the author had the honour of seeing, we believe, all these works translated into the Russian language, by the order of Queen Catherine. Soon after, Mr Young took several young Russians under his care, to receive practical instruction in the best system of English farming. The success which had attended his tours through England, and the valuable stock of information thereby gained, induced him to turn his attention to Ireland—a country remarkable for

its fertility, and from the low and neglected state of agriculture, promising amply to repay the attention of the philanthropist and philosopher. He therefore undertook a tour through Ireland, and in 1778, published two volumes, in octavo, consisting of facts and suggestions, relating to the internal economy of that injured country. We design no reflection upon subsequent tourists, nor do we intend to deny that much useful information has since been communicated by several eminent agriculturists and philosophers, who have visited Ireland; but, we believe, we state the opinion of the best judges, when we say, that for useful information, and well-selected facts, Mr Young's work will be found at least equal to any that has subsequently appeared. It is no slight praise to say of it, that the lapse of above forty years since its publication, has not produced any thing which can be said to supersede it, or even to equal it, as a repository of practical information.

Mr Young was now become well-known both in England and America, and on the continent of Europe, though not yet forty years old, as one of the first practical and scientific agriculturists of the age. His reputation had risen gradually, and was now universally confessed. In the year 1784 he commenced his '*Annals of Agriculture*,'—a monthly publication, containing essays, communications, and facts on agriculture and political economy; comprising a most valuable mass of information. This work continued under his superintendence till his death, and consists of forty-five octavo volumes. But Mr Young did not limit his pursuits to the economy of his native land. His ardent thirst for knowledge and science led him to the continent, where he expected to reap a rich harvest of improvement, among the philosophers and economists of France. He also traversed, in pursuit of his favourite subjects, both Spain and Italy; and in 1791 published his travels in these countries, comprised in two volumes, quarto.

At this period his attention, with that of most political speculators and economists, was powerfully arrested by the events which convulsed all Europe, and the influence of which seemed likely to produce very extensive and momentous changes in all the established governments of Christendom. The French revolution was the topic of general conversation, and of a warm public controversy. It was viewed by all parties not as a mere war of power; but of principle. In this controversy, Mr Young appeared as the author of a bold and vigorous pamphlet, entitled, '*The Example of France—a Warning to Great Britain*.' This pamphlet was published in 1792, and in the year following, Mr Young was appointed secretary to the Board of Agriculture—then recently established. From this period he was much engaged in public business, and frequently came forward with small publications on the politics of the day, and on questions of national interest. All his productions, as they flowed from a vigorous mind, and strong feelings, arrested a large share of public attention, and were extensively read out of his own country. Besides his occasional pieces, which were numerous, he continued his '*Annals of Agriculture*' monthly, and published at intervals surveys and reports of the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, Hertford, Essex, and Oxford. The French Directory, at the suggestion, it is said, of Carnot, ordered all his works, then published, to be translated into French, and published at Paris: and a copy of the translation, consisting of 20 volumes, octavo, was presented to the author.

The death of a beloved daughter, in 1797, made a deep and happy impression upon Mr Young's mind: it gave a religious impulse to his feelings, and he thenceforward maintained a high character in the Christian world. In 1811 he lost the sight of both eyes by cataract. He prepared, after this distressing calamity, several useful publications, both on his favourite study of agriculture, and on practical and experimental religion. Two of the most celebrated of the non-conformist divines were among his chosen authors; and from their writings he made interesting selections of the most choice and favourable passages, and published them, in two duodecimo volumes, entitled, 'Oweniana,' and 'Baxteriana.' Up to the very period of his last illness, he was employed in useful studies, and was preparing a new work on agriculture, containing the chief results of his observations and experience, through the space of sixty years.

The closing scenes of his valuable and useful life were worthy of so great a man, and truly honourable to that grace of which he enjoyed no common share. The disease with which he was afflicted was of the most painful nature. Under its progress to the fatal issue, he manifested the strongest confidence in the reality of religion, and the all-sufficient grace of the Redeemer. He was never heard to repine against the will of his heavenly Father, but frequently admonished himself, by pious and solemn reflections, which he would utter aloud. His last hours were chiefly occupied in prayer, and in ejaculations of the most spiritual character. Towards the last, he expressed strong confidence in the hopes and promises of the gospel, and earnestly sought deliverance from the body of sin and death, under which he groaned. He expired on 12th of April, 1820, in the house of the Board of Agriculture, in Sackville-street, in the 79th year of his age.¹

Thomas Brown.

BORN A. D. 1778.—DIED A. D. 1820.

THIS eminent metaphysician was the youngest son of the Rev. Samuel Brown, minister of Kirkmabreck. His father survived his birth only a year and a half, and his early education was conducted solely by his mother. When seven years of age he was sent to England, and placed successively at different private schools in the neighbourhood of London; but on the death of the relative to whose care he had been consigned in England, he returned to Edinburgh in his fourteenth year. "Of the particular progress," says his biographer Dr Welsh, "that he made at the different schools he attended, I have not learned any thing with accuracy. He certainly distinguished himself in them all, and his proficiency in classical literature was very great. Upon his return to Scotland, he used to read aloud to his sisters in English from a Latin or Greek author, and no person could have suspected that he was translating. Hitherto his reading had been extensive but desultory. Works of imagination were what he most delighted in. His appetite for books was altogether insatiable. At one school he read

¹ Abridged from memoir in 'Congregational Magazine' for 1820.

through the village circulating library. The librarian was prevailed upon by him to put the books under the door of the play ground. His uncle's library was not very extensive; fortunately, however, there was a copy of Shakspeare in it, which he regularly read through every time he paid him the accustomed visit during the holidays."

In the winter of 1794 he attended Professor Dugald Stewart's course of lectures on the Philosophy of the Mind, and gained the notice and friendship of that eminent man by modestly offering some objections to one of his metaphysical theories which evinced great acuteness and force of mind, especially in one so young. In 1798 our young metaphysician first appeared as an author in a dissertation on Dr Darwin's 'Zoonomia,' which was very favourably received by the public, and exhibited astonishing prematurity of talents and attainments. In 1796 he commenced the study of law, with a view to the bar; but he soon relinquished the legal profession, and devoted himself to the study of medicine, in which he took a doctor's diploma in 1803. A few months after receiving his degree, he gave to the world the first edition of his poems in two volumes. His next publication was occasioned by the famous controversy relative to the election of Mr Leslie to the mathematical chair in the university of Edinburgh. The tractate which on this occasion fell from his pen was afterwards matured and perfected into his celebrated essay, entitled, 'An Enquiry into the relation of Cause and Effect.'

In 1806 he entered into partnership with the celebrated Dr Gregory, a circumstance which sufficiently marks the high sense entertained of his professional abilities by that eminent man; but still, says his biographer, "philosophy was his passion, from which he felt it as a misfortune that his duty should so much estrange him." In the winter of 1808-9, Professor Stewart, feeling himself severely indisposed, engaged Dr Brown to read lectures for him in the Moral Philosophy class. In the following winter, Mr Stewart had again recourse to his assistance. "At this period," says Dr Welsh, "the course of my studies had brought me to Mr Stewart's class, and I trust I may be excused for mentioning, that this was the first time that I had the pleasure of seeing Dr Brown. I shall never forget his appearance, or the reception he met with. The eloquent panegyric he pronounced upon Mr Stewart, and the unaffected modesty with which he announced his intention of coming forward with three lectures in the week, had already secured the attention of his hearers, and prepared them for all the ingenuity and eloquence of his introductory discourse. The expectations that were excited by his first appearance were more than equalled by the marvellous display of profound and original thought, of copious reading, of matchless ingenuity, and of great powers of eloquence which were displayed in his succeeding lectures. His elocution also attracted much notice. It was already observed that nature had led him to delight in recitation; and in the English academies, by frequent recitations of select passages in prose and verse, he was trained up to that command of voice and correctness of pronunciation which now obtained for him so decided a superiority in our Scottish University. The classical finish to which he was able in so brief a period to bring his lectures, must no doubt have added greatly to the enthusiastic admiration that day after day was exhibited, and which was beyond any thing of the kind that I can recollect.

The Moral Philosophy class at this period presented a very striking aspect. It was not a crowd of youthful students led away in the ignorant enthusiasm of the moment; distinguished members of the bench, of the bar, and of the pulpit, were daily present to witness the powers of this rising philosopher. Some of the most eminent of the professors were to be seen mixing with the students, and Mr Playfair, in particular, was present at almost every lecture. The originality, and depth, and eloquence of the lectures, was the subject of general conversation, and had a very marked effect upon the young men attending the university, in leading them to metaphysical speculations."

In 1810 Dr Brown was appointed Mr Stewart's colleague in the chair of Moral Philosophy. For some years after this appointment, he had little leisure for engaging in any literary undertaking. In 1814 he brought to a conclusion his poem entitled 'The Paradise of Coquettes,' with the composition of which he had amused himself, at intervals, during a period of some years. This poem was published anonymously, and very favourably received. A well-known reviewer characterized it as "by far the best and most brilliant imitation of Pope that has appeared since the time of that great writer; with all his point, polish, and nicely balanced versification, as well as his sarcasm and witty malice—deficient, indeed, in the strong sense and compressed reasoning by which he is sometimes distinguished, and a great deal too long for a work without incident or passion—but possessing all the brightness and elegance and vivacity of his lighter and more exquisite productions—and almost entitled, if it were not for its injudicious diffuseness and the defect of its machinery, to take its place by the side of the 'Rape of the Lock.' It is a poem, unfortunately, of not less than three thousand verses—a complete drawing-room Epic in short, but pruned and polished with the most laborious nicety, and scarcely presenting, we will venture to say, in the course of nine books, as many flagrant violations of euphony and the rules of harmonious cadence." "There is some feebleness," says the same elegant critic, "and some affectation;—but a great deal of cleverness, of elegance, and of beauty: and the poem would be worthy of all the notice we have given it, if it were only to be considered as a specimen of what may be effected by the steady application of good taste, patient retouching, and laborious correction. If the author has not the elevated genius necessary to soar in the higher flights of poetry, he possesses light fancy and playful wit in considerable abundance;—his satire is polished and yet pungent—and he has a very considerable power of arresting the light irregular shades which diversify human disposition. His versification, in particular, is almost invariably flowing and harmonious, and abundantly embellished with all the light graces, and artificial elegancies, of the school of poetry which he evidently and successfully imitates. His model is incontestably Pope;—but he imitates occasionally the manner of most intervening poets, from Goldsmith at least, to Campbell and Crabbe;—the last of whom he chooses to mimic in such lines as the following—

'Which, if not fear, was what the fearful feel,'

and,

Knave-sending boroughs, and the knaves they send.'

Of himself or his quality we profess to know nothing, and have really no conjectures to offer. It is rather extraordinary that this brazen age should produce so much anonymous genius. The coming on of time, we suppose, will solve all our difficulties;—but this author, we think, may drop his mask when he pleases, and place his name, whenever he chooses to disclose it, among the few classical writers of this scribbling generation.”

Betwixt the years 1814 and 1818, Dr Brown published in succession a series of pleasing but not remarkably powerful poems, entitled, ‘The Wanderer in Norway,’ ‘The Bower of Spring,’ and ‘Agnes.’ In the summer of 1819 he began to prepare his Text book for the press; but towards the close of that year, pulmonary symptoms began to manifest themselves in his constitution, and he was compelled to abridge his sessional labours. In the spring of 1820 he embarked for London, with the intention of proceeding thence to Leghorn; but the springs of life were fast ebbing to their exhaustion, and he expired soon after his arrival in the English metropolis.

Dr Brown’s biography has been ably and affectionately written, and his metaphysics illustrated and defended, by his pupil and friend Dr Welsh. The following is, perhaps, not an overcharged estimate of his philosophical powers: “In the philosophic love of truth, and in the patient investigation of it, Dr Brown may be pronounced as at least equal, and in subtlety of intellect and powers of analysis, as superior, to any metaphysician that ever existed. Or if there ever was any philosopher who might dispute with him the palm for any one of these qualities, of this at least I am certain, that no one ever combined them all in equal perfection. The predominating quality in his intellectual character was unquestionably his power of analysing—the most necessary of all qualities to a metaphysician. In itself, indeed, it is not, in however high a degree it may be possessed, sufficient to make a perfect metaphysician; but it is the most essential ingredient in the formation of such a character. Without it, a man may make many useful practical observations on the constitution of our nature, and from these he may deduce important conclusions as to the wisdom of God, and as to the conduct becoming a man in the various situations in which he may be placed; but this is all that he can do,—he throws no new light upon the science of mind,—he is acquainted with the mental phenomena as an artist merely, and not as a philosopher. In the quickness and subtlety of intellect of which the power of analysing is compounded, and which, whatever may be the estimation in which they are held by men of merely practical understandings, are so indispensably necessary to the philosopher of mind, there cannot be named, after Dr Brown, any one who can be considered ‘aut similis aut secundus.’ It is impossible, indeed, to turn to a single page in his writings that does not contain some feat of ingenuity. But it was in metaphysics that he turned this power to most account, and where the results are most astonishing. States of mind that had been looked upon for ages as reduced to the last degree of simplicity, and as belonging to those facts in our constitution which the most sceptical could not doubt, and the most subtle could not explain, he brought to the crucible, and evolved from them simpler elements. For the most complicated and puzzling questions that our mysterious and almost inscrutable nature presents to our in-

quiry, he found a quick and easy solution. No intricacy was too involved for him to unravel, no labyrinth too mazy for him to explore. The knot that thousands had left in despair, as too complicated for mortal hand to undo, and which others, more presumptuous, had cut in twain, in the rage of baffled ingenuity, he unloosed with unrivalled dexterity. The enigmas which a false philosophy had so long propounded, and which, because they were not solved, had made victims of many of the finest and highest-gifted of our race, he at last succeeded in unriddling."

"But a mere capacity of analysing," the biographer resumes, "though indispensably necessary to all those who would extend the boundaries of science of any description, and above all of metaphysical science, is not of itself sufficient to constitute a philosopher. To form a perfect philosopher, another quality is necessary; a quality which, as Dr Brown has observed, 'sees through a long train of thought a distant conclusion, and separating at every stage the essential from the accessory circumstances, and gathering and combining analogies as it proceeds, arrives at length at a system of harmonious truth. This comprehensive energy is a quality to which acuteness is necessary, but which is not itself necessarily implied in acuteness; or, rather, it is a combination of qualities for which we have not yet an exact name, but which forms a peculiar character of genius, and is, in truth, the very guiding spirit of all philosophic investigation.' The idea is very prevalent, that this comprehensive energy, though involving acuteness, is incompatible with that quality when it exists in a more than usual degree. And it certainly has generally happened that those who have been distinguished for their ingenuity, have wasted their powers in unprofitable displays of subtlety, satisfied with detecting error, or discovering particular truths, without arranging the result of their analytical efforts into a regular system; and that men of more comprehensive minds have employed themselves in recording the more obvious analogies of things, without attending to their minor differences, in consequence of which their arrangements, however practically useful, have been philosophically erroneous, and liable to be exposed by subtler intellects. It might easily be shown, from the principles of our nature, that this has arisen merely from accidental causes, and that there is no real incompatibility between the two qualities. But an abstract discussion of the question is unnecessary: the case of Dr Brown sets it at rest. His comprehensiveness, though not equally remarkable, was almost equally remarkable with his acuteness. And I recollect no philosopher to whom, with so much justice, can be applied the admirable passage in Bacon, where, in his address '*Ad Regem Suum*' he paraphrases the sacred comparison of the heart of the king to the sand of the sea—'*Cujus quanquam massa prægrandis, partes tamen minutissimæ; sic mentis indidit Deus majestati tuæ crasim plane mirabilem, quæ cum maxima quæque complectatur, minima tamen prehendat, nec patiatur effluere: cum perdifficile videatur, vel potius impossibile in natura, ut idem instrumentum et grandia opera et pusilla apte disponat.*'¹ It is by the union of these two qualities that Dr Brown may most easily be distinguished from other philosophers. For example, he may thus easily

¹ De Augmentis Scientiarum, lib. i.

be distinguished from Smith and Hume. Smith had more, perhaps, of the comprehensive quality, and Hume was nearly as acute; but Smith was inferior in metaphysical acumen; and Hume, with all his ingenuity, could not rear a consistent system. The names of Hume and of Smith may be considered as representative of two numerous classes of philosophers. There is another class, at the head of whom may be placed Dr Reid, who employ themselves chiefly in the induction of facts, in the choice of which they are determined by their practical importance alone, and who scarcely pay any attention to the relations that bind them together. From this class Dr Brown may be more easily distinguished than from any other. Facts to him had little other interest but as they were to be analysed and arranged. And his arrangements were made, not according to the accidental uses, but according to the essential properties of objects. He valued truth for its own sake, and no accidental interest or temporary subserviency to particular purposes had any influence with him. He was, in the strictest sense of the word, a man of science. To this last circumstance, more, perhaps, than to any other, is to be ascribed the fact, that the fame he has enjoyed is so little when compared with the character that has been given him. The great bulk of readers value truth, at least such truth as does not interest their passions, merely in reference to its application to use; and abstract truth can never be very useful to any one in the intercourse of life, till the progress of observation and of science brings remote relations frequently before the view of a great proportion of the members of society. The more subtle and profound, therefore, that a philosopher is, if he does not join to his subtlety and comprehensiveness of intellect a practical understanding, the more contracted, for a time, must be his fame. I am aware, accordingly, that my opinion as to the rank that Dr Brown holds among philosophers must appear to many to be higher than his merits entitle him to. But I am confident, that those who are able to judge for themselves, and who will carefully compare the views of Dr Brown with the views of the philosophers that preceded him, will ultimately confirm the decision."

Elizabeth Inchbald.

BORN A. D. 1756.—DIED A. D. 1821.

THIS well-known actress, and dramatic writer and novelist, was the daughter of a small farmer in Suffolk. "Having lost her father in her infancy, she was left under the care of her mother, who continued to manage the farm; and, in the pleasant seclusion of this cottage home, Miss Simpson was presented with abundant opportunities of gratifying her literary propensities. So sensibly had her imagination been wrought upon by the tales of fictitious grief and happiness she had met with in the course of her desultory reading, that she formed the romantic resolution of visiting the metropolis, the scene of many of the stories which had so powerfully excited her sympathies. This intention did not, as may be supposed, meet with the approbation of her friends; but so fixed was her determination to accomplish *à tout prix*, the object she had in view, that she seized an opportunity of eloping from her home, entirely

without the knowledge of her family. Early one morning in February, 1772, she left Staningfield for London, and, with a few necessary articles of apparel packed in a band-box, walked, or rather ran, a distance of two miles, to the place from whence the coach set out for the metropolis. This step, in a girl of sixteen years of age, did not augur very favourably of her future conduct and respectability; but the subsequent tenor of her life affords additional proof that very admirable results will often arise out of indifferent, and even reprehensible, beginnings. On her arrival in London, she sought a distant relation, who lived in the Strand; but, on reaching the house, was, to her great mortification, informed that she had retired from business, and was settled in North Wales. It was near ten o'clock at night, and her distress at this disappointment moved the compassion of the people of whom she had made her inquiries, who kindly accommodated her with a lodging. This civility, however, awakened her suspicions: she had read in *Clarissa Harlowe*, of various modes of seduction practised in London, and feared that similar intentions were meditating against her. A short time after her arrival, therefore, observing that she had awakened their curiosity, our young heroine seized her band-box, and, without uttering a single word, rushed out of the house, and left them to their conjectures, that she was either a maniac or an impostor."¹

Her necessities drove her to the stage, where she met with considerable success, and performed principal characters when only eighteen years of age. After a residence of four years in Edinburgh, with her husband, Mr Inchbald, also an actor of some celebrity, she removed to London, where she acted for several years at Covent Garden.

Soon after her return to the metropolis she became an authoress. Her first piece, the comedy entitled 'I'll tell you What,' was at first rejected by Colman of Haymarket, but finally approved and brought out with considerable success, in 1785. In 1789 she retired from the stage, and devoted herself from that period entirely to literature. She wrote a number of popular dramatic pieces, and edited a new edition of 'The British Theatre,' and other dramatic collections. But it is to her two novels, 'Nature and Art,' and 'The Simple Story,' that she chiefly owes her literary reputation.

Mrs Inchbald died at Kensington in 1821. The following character of her is from the pen of Mr Taylor, then editor of the *Sun* newspaper: "Her mind had an original cast, and her literary style was peculiar, terse, pointed, and impressive. By exemplary industry and prudence she had raised herself into a state of comfortable independence; but she had a liberal heart, and deprived herself of many enjoyments, in order to provide for relations who stood in need of her assistance. She was animated, cheerful, and intelligent in conversation, and her remarks were not taken on trust, but were the effects of acute penetration. Her dramatic productions and her novels, a 'Simple Story,' and 'Nature and Art,' show a deep knowledge of the human heart, and those novels in particular are well calculated to improve it. She was very handsome in youth, and retained much of her beauty and elegance till her death. Those who did not know her real character, and the benevolence of her nature, considered her prudence as parsimony; but she was capable of

¹ Annual Obituary, vol. vi.

the most generous actions, and, having secured her great object, independence, she was always the ready friend of distress. As a proof that prudence, and not parsimony, governed her actions, she was offered a thousand pounds, by two different booksellers, for memoirs of herself, which she was known to have written, and which only extended to the period when she fixed her residence in London, but she declined both offers, conceiving that such a publication would be improper during her life. She was about sixty-six years of age, but appeared to be much younger. Though beautiful in person, and in the early part of her life exposed to the hardships and vicissitudes of the theatrical profession, in a provincial career, her conduct was unimpeached, and unimpeachable, and society has seldom suffered a heavier loss than in the death of this truly estimable woman." Mrs Inchbald's published productions are : 1. *Appearance is against Them*, a farce ; 8vo. 1786. 2. *I'll tell you What*, a comedy ; 8vo. 1786. 3. *The Widow's Vow*, a farce ; 8vo. 1786. 4. *The Child of Nature*, a play ; 8vo. 1788. 5. *Midnight Hour*, a comedy ; 8vo. 1788. 6. *Such Things are*, a play, 8vo. 1788. 7. *The Married Man*, a comedy ; 1789. 8. *Next-door Neighbours*, a comedy ; 1791. 9. *A Simple Story*, a novel ; 4 vols. 12mo. 1791. 10. *Every One has his Fault*, a comedy ; 8vo. 1793. 11. *The Wedding-day*, a comedy ; 8vo. 1794. 12. *Nature and Art*, a novel ; 2 vols. 12mo. 1796. 13. *Wives as they were, and Maids as they are* ; 1797. 14. *Lover's Vows*, a play ; 8vo. 1798. 15. *Wise Man of the East* ; 8vo. 1799. 16. *To Marry or not to Marry*, a comedy ; 8vo. 1805. 17. *A Collection of Plays, with Biographical and Critical Prefaces* ; 25 vols. 12mo. 1806—1809. 18. *A Collection of Farces, and other After-pieces* ; in 7 vols. 12mo. and 18mo. 1808. 19. *The Modern Theatre* ; 10 vols. 12mo. 1809.

Hester Lynch Piozzi.

BORN A. D. 1739.—DIED A. D. 1821.

THIS lady was the daughter of John Salusbury, Esq., a Welsh gentleman. She was born at Bodville, in Caernarvonshire. Her education was conducted with great care and skill, and, in very early life, her literary acquirements rendered her the object of considerable admiration in the fashionable circles to which she was introduced. In her 24th year she married Mr Thrale, a brewer of opulence, and then M. P. for Southwark. "Dr Johnson," says Boswell, "had a very sincere esteem for Mr Thrale, as a man of excellent principles, a good scholar, well-skilled in trade, of a sound understanding, and of manners such as presented the character of a plain English squire. As a false notion has prevailed that Mr Thrale was inferior, and, in some degree, insignificant, compared with Mrs Thrale, it may be proper to give a true state of the case from the authority of Johnson himself, in his own words : 'I know no man (said the doctor) who is more master of his wife and family than Thrale ; if he but holds up a finger he is obeyed. It is a great mistake to suppose that she is above him in literary attainments : she is more flippant ; but he has ten times her learning : he is a regular

scholar; but her learning is that of a school-boy in one of the lower forms."

Mr Thrale died in 1781, and, in 1784, his widow, greatly to the annoyance of Dr Johnson, who had assumed a sort of guardianship over her, gave her hand to an Italian gentleman of the name of Piozzi. Shortly after her marriage she accompanied her husband to Florence, where her literary tastes found exercise in 'The Florence Miscellany,' of which the author of the 'Baviad' gives the following amusing account: "In 1785 a few English of both sexes, whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high-flown panegyrics on themselves; and complimentary canzonnettas on two or three Italians, who understood too little of the language in which they were written to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm; nor, indeed, much good; but as folly is progressive, they soon wrought themselves into an opinion that they really deserved the fine things which they mutually said and sung of each other. Thus persuaded, they were unwilling their inimitable productions should be confined to the little circle that produced them; they, therefore, transmitted them to England; and as their friends were enjoind not to show them, they were first handed about the town with great assiduity, and then sent to the press. A short time before the period we speak of, a knot of fantastic coxcombs had set up a daily paper, called 'The World.' It was perfectly unintelligible, and, therefore, much read; it was equally lavish of praise and abuse; (praise of what appeared in its own columns, and abuse of everything that appeared elsewhere;) and as its conductors were at once ignorant and conceited, they took upon them to direct the taste of the town, by prefixing a short panegyric to every trifle that came before them. At this auspicious period the first cargo of poetry arrived from Florence, and was given to the public through the medium of this favoured paper. There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics, which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove, with an ostentatious display of 'blue hills,' and 'crashing torrents,' and 'petrifying suns.' From admiration to imitation is but a step. Honest Yenda tried his hand at a descriptive ode, and succeeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda; in a word

———— contagio labem

Hanc dedit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris

Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

While the epidemic malady was spreading from fool to fool, Della Crusca came over, and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to love. Anna Matilda wrote an incomparable piece of nonsense in praise of it; and the two 'great luminaries of the age,' as Mr Bell calls them, fell desperately in love with each other. From that period not a day passed without an amatory epistle fraught with lightning and thunder, 'et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria coeli.' The fever turned to a frenzy. Laura Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names, caught the infection; and from one end of the kingdom to the other all was nonsense, and Della Crusca."

On her return to England, Mrs Piozzi published an account of her travels, which little interested the public. She continued, however, to write on in spite of an undiscerning public, and produced several vo-

lumes, none of which seem to have excited much interest, with the exception of her 'Anecdotes of Dr Johnson.'

She died at Clifton, on the 2d of May, 1821. Her life has been thought memorable enough to furnish a volume of *Piozziana*, from which we shall extract one anecdote of her: When Gifford had abused her, in his *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, as 'Thrale's grey widow,' she contrived to get herself invited to dine at the same table with him, just after the publication of his poem, when she sat opposite to him, and removed his perplexity by proposing a glass of wine as a libation to their future good fellowship.

John Rennie.

BORN A. D. 1761.—DIED A. D. 1821.

THIS eminent architect and engineer was born at Phantassie, in East Lothian, on the 7th of June, 1761. His father was a respectable farmer in that celebrated agricultural district, but died while the subject of this notice was yet in his fifth year. At twelve years of age he was apprenticed to an ingenious mill-wright, the proximity of whose shop to the farm occupied by the Rennies had first drawn the attention of the boy to mechanical arts. He speedily acquired a competent practical knowledge of mill-wright work, and further improved himself by removing to Edinburgh, and attending the lectures of Professors Robison and Black. The former of these gentlemen, pleased with his intelligence, and the mastery which he displayed in practical mechanics, introduced him to Messrs Boulton and Watt of Birmingham, by whom he was engaged to superintend the erection of the Albion mills at Blackfriar's Bridge. These mills were completed about 1787, and wilfully destroyed by fire in 1791, in consequence of a popular notion that they created a monopoly injurious to the public good. Mr Watt has, in his notes to Professor Robison's account of the steam-engine, borne unqualified testimony to the skill displayed by Mr Rennie in the works thus wantonly destroyed: "In place of wooden wheels," he says, "always subject to frequent derangement, wheels of cast-iron, with the teeth truly formed and finished, and properly proportioned to the work, were here employed; and other machinery, which used to be made of wood, was made of cast-iron, in improved forms; and, I believe, the work executed here may be said to form the commencement of that system of mill-work which has proved so useful to this country. In the construction of that mill-work and machinery, Boulton and Watt derived most valuable assistance from that able mechanic and engineer, Mr John Rennie, then just entering into business, who assisted in planning them, and under whose direction they were executed."

Soon after this Mr Rennie was employed to construct the machinery of Whitbread's brewhouse, and of the powder-mills at Tunbridge. "In these mills, and all the mill-work which he erected, he effected one great improvement, by making the horizontal bridgetree perfectly immoveable, and thus freeing the machinery from that irregular play which must, in the end, have destroyed every kind of mechanism. Formerly, it had been usual to place the vertical axis of the running

millstone in a bush, placed in the middle of the horizontal bridgetree which was supported only at its two extremities, in consequence of which the bridgetree yielded to the variations of pressure, arising from the greater or less quantity of grain which was admitted between the millstones; and was conceived (till Mr Rennie showed it to be an injurious one,) to be a useful effect."¹

Mr Rennie was destined, however, to reap a higher fame in another department of practical engineering. He early turned his attention to architectural works, and from the death of Smeaton, to the day of his own death, stood at the head of our civil engineers. One of the first bridges which he planned and executed, was the much admired one immediately below the junction of the Teviot with the Tweed, at Kelso. It consists of a level roadway, resting on five elliptical arches, each of which has a span of twenty-three feet, and a rise of twenty-one feet, and is in perfect accordance with the scenery which surrounds it. He was also architect of the aqueduct bridge over the Lune at Lancaster, the new bridges at Leeds, Musselburgh, Newton-Stewart, and New Galloway; and that noble structure the Waterloo bridge over the Thames, of which the foundation-stone was laid on old Michaelmas day, in 1811, and the last a short time previous to the 18th of June, 1816, the first anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; when it was opened, with great pomp, by the Duke of Wellington, the Prince Regent, and other persons of the first distinction. The expense of this magnificent structure was a million, all of which was raised by private shares. The execution of this bridge, which has not altered more than five inches in any part, is worthy of the design; the arches and piers are built of large blocks of granite, with short counter-arches over each pier; the curve of equilibrium passes everywhere extremely near to the middle of the blocks,—in short, "the accuracy of the whole execution seems to have vied with the beauty of the design, and with the skill of the arrangement, to render the bridge of Waterloo a monument, of which the metropolis of the British empire will have abundant reason to be proud for a long series of successive ages."

"Mr Rennie was also the architect of the Southwark bridge, which," says M. Dupin, "is the first in which the bold idea of using cast-iron in solid masses, and of an extent greatly surpassing that of the largest stones employed in arches. The arches of this bridge are formed by metallic masses, of a size which could only be cast in a country in which metallurgy is carried to the highest degree of perfection. Mr Rennie derived from this advanced state of industry all the advantage which it could furnish to his talents. When we consider the extent and the elevation of the arches of this bridge, and the enormity of the elements of which it is composed, we acquire a higher idea of the force of man, and we exclaim involuntarily, in our admiration of this *chef d'œuvre*, 'This is the bridge of giants!' If, from the incalculable effect of the revolutions which empires undergo, the nations of a future age should demand one day, what was formerly the New Sidon, and what has become of the Tyre of the West, which covered with her vessels every sea?—most of the edifices, devoured by a destructive climate, will no longer exist to answer the curiosity of man by the voice of monuments; but the

¹ Memoir in 'Georgian Era.'

bridge built by Rennie, in the centre of the commercial world, will subsist to tell the most distant generations, here was a rich, industrious, and powerful city. The traveller, on beholding this superb monument, will suppose that some great prince wished, by many years of labour, to consecrate for ever the glory of his life by this imposing structure. But if tradition instruct the traveller that six years sufficed for the undertaking and finishing of this work; if he learns that an association of a number of private individuals was rich enough to defray the expense of this colossal monument, worthy of Sesostris or Cæsar, he will admire still more the nation in which similar undertakings could be the fruits of the efforts of a few obscure individuals, lost in the crowd of industrious citizens."

Another magnificent work executed by Mr Rennie is the celebrated Breakwater across Plymouth sound. "This great national work," says a writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' "was first contemplated by Lord Grey, when at the head of the naval administration; but to Mr Yorke is due the merit of having adopted the plan and caused it to be carried into execution, notwithstanding the sinister bodings of those who were hostile to it; his own sound judgment, however, backed by the opinion of Mr Rennie, gave him assurance of the propriety, and of the successful issue of the undertaking. M. Dupin assures us that in planning this work, Mr Rennie availed himself of all the experience which his countrymen had acquired at Cherbourg. He is mistaken: Mr Rennie has indeed avoided their errors; but he trusted to the resources of his own powerful mind, and imitated nothing that was done at Cherbourg. He never supposed that a set of wooden tubs filled with rubble could brave the violence of the waves; nor that a dyke of such materials cased with stones of a larger description, could maintain its ground against the continued action of the sea. He was perfectly aware of the total disappearance of Fort Napoleon, which had been erected on the centre of the great dyke of Cherbourg, and finally of that of the dyke itself,—a fate which might have been anticipated by reflecting that the rubble stones, upon the sloping sides of which the casing was let down, would, when once put in motion, act as so many rollers and facilitate the passage of the larger stones beyond the extremities of the base. Mr Rennie set to work with juster notions. He knew that to resist the force of the heavy sea which rolls in from the south and south-west, a very considerable slope would be necessary, and that great masses of stones from one to ten tons each would be required. The quarries from which these were procured are situated at Oreston on the eastern shore of Catwater; they lie under a surface of about twenty-five acres, and were purchased from the duke of Bedford for £10,000."

Among the canals which Mr Rennie executed, and gave his chief personal attention to, were: the Crinan, the Lancaster, Aberdeen, Brechin, Grand Western, Kennet and Avon, Portsmouth, Worcester, Birmingham, and several others. Some of our finest docks and harbours were also constructed, or improved, under his superintendence. The docks at Hull, Greenock, Leith, Liverpool, and Dublin, attest his skill; as do the harbours of Queensferry, Berwick, Howth, Holyhead, Dunleary and Newhaven. His chief works in this way, however, are in the dock-yards, at Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, and Sheerness.

His design for the projected naval arsenal, at Northfleet, was on so grand a scale as to be thought capable of containing, afloat, two-thirds of the whole navy; but the estimated sum of eight millions, probably, induced government to abandon the scheme. The pier-head, at Ramsgate, owes much of its durability to the ingenuity of Rennie; and he also effected, what had long baffled some of the ablest civil engineers,—the drainage of that vast tract of marsh-land, bordering upon the rivers Trent, Witham, New Welland, and Ouse.

This eminent man died on the 16th of October, 1821. He was buried in St Paul's, where his remains are interred near those of Sir Christopher Wren. "Rennie," says one of his biographers, "has been compared with Smeaton, as an engineer; but the parallel is, in our opinion, not a correct one. Smeaton possessed much more theoretical knowledge than Rennie, and Rennie surpassed Smeaton in his practical resources. The latter was more of a man of science; and, if he was less of a practical engineer, we may ascribe it, in some degree, to his having flourished at an earlier period of the arts, and at a time when the military and naval resources of our country were not called forth for its defence; and when British capital, and British enterprise, had not dared to embark themselves in works of national magnitude and interest."

Sir Joseph Banks.

BORN A. D. 1743.—DIED A. D. 1820.

THIS distinguished naturalist was born in London, on the 13th of February, 1743. He was the son of William Banks, Esq. of Revesby abbey, in Lincolnshire. He passed successively through the classical schools of Harrow and Eton, and completed his studies at Christ-church, Oxford. His father died in 1761, and left him an ample fortune, which, however, had not the effect of inducing the young student to abandon for lighter pleasures and more frivolous pursuits, those studies on the prosecution of which he had already entered with all the vigour and greatly more than the ordinary perseverance of youth. Natural history in its various branches had formed his chief amusement while a schoolboy; and his love of this most attractive branch of science increased with the enlarged facilities which he possessed for its pursuit. In 1766 he made a voyage to Newfoundland, in company with his friend Lieutenant Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave. In 1768 he obtained permission from the admiralty to accompany Captain Cook on his projected voyage of discovery in the southern hemisphere. His preparations for this voyage were made on the most liberal scale, and enabled him greatly to extend the boundaries of his favourite science. The success also with which he cultivated the friendship of the rude inhabitants of those islands at which the ships touched, proved in various instances of essential service to the expedition; and both hemispheres owe to him a debt of gratitude,—for while he gave the savages the improved tools and more useful productions of Europe, his exertions led to the introduction of the bread-fruit tree and the sugar-cane into our West Indian colonies.

In the summer of 1772 he went to Iceland. The result of his scientific researches on this occasion was communicated to the world by M. Von Troil, a Swedish clergyman, who formed one of his party, Mr Banks himself, although indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, having always disregarded the fame of authorship.

From the period of his return from Iceland, Mr Banks undertook no more distant expeditions, but continued to cultivate assiduously the principal branches of his favourite science. His house, library, and museum were thrown open to men of science whether British or foreign, and his patronage was never solicited in vain for any object connected with the advancement of the general interests of science. By such means he acquired that popularity which in a few years led to his elevation to the president's chair in the Royal society. The election was indeed strenuously opposed by Bishop Horsley and a party of mathematicians, who were indignant at beholding the chair of Newton occupied by a man whom they could not regard as an adept in the stricter sciences; but Banks triumphed over all opposition, and held the honourable office, from which it was sought to drive him, during the remainder of his life,—a period of forty-one years.

Mr Banks had early attracted the notice and regards of George III., whose tastes were somewhat akin to his own. In 1781 he received a proof of the royal favour in being created a baronet, and in 1795 he received the order of the Bath. Two years afterwards he was made a privy counsellor. His influence with his sovereign enabled him to perform some valuable services to men of science throughout Europe, during the long interruption of friendly communication betwixt Great Britain and the continent. An eminent member of the French Institute, in his eulogy upon Banks, asserts that no less than ten times, different collections of plants addressed to the Jardin du Roi at Paris, but which had been captured by English vessels, were restored by Sir Joseph's intercession to their original destination.

In 1802 the National Institute of France elected Sir Joseph Banks one of their eight foreign associates. This circumstance drew down upon him the vituperation of his old opponent Horsley, who immediately addressed to him, and printed and circulated, the following letter :

TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS, &C. &C.

“ Sir,—The following article, extracted from the official French paper of the 18th instant, is not only so little honourable to your own character, but so insulting to the society over which you have long presided, and so repugnant to the genuine feelings of an Englishman, that the public voice demands from you an explanation of the letter, if it be authentic, or a disavowal of it, if it be a forgery.

“ NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

Letter of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society of London, to the President and Secretaries of the National Institute of France.

ndon, January 21st, 1802.

“ Citizens,—Be pleased to offer to the National Institute my warmest thanks for the honour they have done me, in conferring upon me the

title of associate of this learned and distinguished body. Assure, at the same time, my respectable brothers, that I consider this mark of their esteem as the highest and most enviable literary distinction which I could possibly attain. To be the first elected to be an associate of the first literary society in the world, surpasses my most ambitious hopes; and I cannot be too grateful towards a society which has conferred upon me this honour, and towards a nation of which it is the literary representative; a nation which, during the most frightful convulsions of the late most terrible revolution, never ceased to possess my esteem; being always persuaded, even during the most disastrous periods, that it contained many good citizens, who would infallibly get the upper hand, and who would re-establish in the hearts of their countrymen the empire of virtue, of justice, and of honour. Receive more especially, citizens, my warmest acknowledgments, for the truly polite manner in which you communicated this agreeable intelligence. I am, with sincere esteem for your distinguished talents, &c.

“JOSEPH BANKS.”

“Now, Sir, notwithstanding my disgust at this load of filthy adulation, I shall trouble you with some calm remarks upon it. Supposing your acceptance of the nomination to be perfectly consistent with your dignity, (which, however, I deny,) there would be no material objection to the first and concluding paragraphs of your letter, which would have been amply sufficient for the purpose of acknowledgment: but the intermediate part is highly reprehensible: it is replete with sentiments which are a compound of servility, disloyalty, and falsehood; sentiments which ought never to be conceived by an English heart, never written by an English hand, and, least of all, by yours, distinguished as you are by repeated (out of respect to his majesty I will not say unmerited) marks of royal favour, and elevated to a station in which the country might be excused for looking up to you as the jealous guardian, not the betrayer, of its literary credit. Your ‘respectable brothers’ of the French Institute may, perhaps, be intoxicated by the incense which you have lavished before their altar of atheism and democracy; for, although they were companions of the respectable Bonaparte in his expeditions, and plundered libraries and cabinets with as much alacrity, and as little scruple, as he displayed in treasuries and in churches, I do not believe that the ungrateful nations whom they robbed ever composed such a brilliant eulogium on their talents and their virtues. No, Sir; it was reserved for the head of the Royal society of London, to assure an exotic embryo academy, that he is more proud of being a mere associate of the latter than president of the former; that he considers their election of him as ‘the highest and most enviable literary distinction which he could possibly attain;’ and that he deems them the ‘first literary society in the world.’ Sir, I have read with pleasure and with profit many volumes published by the Royal society; and, with due submission to you, I assert that the cultivation of science is more indebted to their exertions than to those of any other institution whatsoever. But I am yet to learn the merits of this novel association of revolutionary philosophers into which you have been enlisted. What acts, but acts of robbery, have we seen of theirs? Where are the proofs of their pre-eminence? It is incumbent on you to produce

those proofs, and to convince the British literati that your contempt of them is just. But the plenitude of your joy admits no consideration for English societies, or the English nation : you exult in your new honours, and your gratitude knows no limits but those of France; it overleaps the cradle of the infant institute, and expands itself throughout a nation which you say has 'never ceased to possess your esteem during the most frightful convulsions of the revolution ; being always persuaded, even during the most disastrous periods, that it contained many good citizens who would infallibly get the upper hand (as you elegantly express it), and who would re-establish in the hearts of their countrymen the empire of virtue, of justice, and of honour.' Really, Sir, I know not which excites the greater admiration, the impetuous torrent of your esteem, which bears away the feeble impediments of loyalty, patriotism, morality, and religion, or the wonderful sagacity of your prognostics, some of which are accomplished, and for the rest we must wait for the consul's leisure. The good citizen Bonaparte has already got the upper hand, but when he will re-establish the empire of virtue, of justice, and of honour, in the hearts of the republican Frenchmen (where I suspect they never had much foundation) your penetration only can foresee. As to religion, you seem yourself to despair of its restoration, since you do not even mention it ; or perhaps you deemed it a matter of too little importance to merit the consideration of philosophers. I must not omit another observation, that the French people 'never ceased to possess your esteem during the most frightful convulsions of the revolution.' There is a singular coincidence between the sentiment and the time at which it is uttered. Your letter is dated January 21st. Sir, the 21st of January was the day on which the ill-fated Louis XVI. was executed by his treacherous subjects ; and it is the anniversary of that day which you select to assure his assassins that 'they never ceased to possess your esteem !!!' I will not assert that you designedly combined the declaration and the date ; but the French jacobins are too quick-sighted not to remark the circumstance, and to deduce their inference ; and the English jacobins will do the same : nay, I verily believe that this circumstance, together with an opportunity (which they are ever ready to embrace) of wounding the pride of Englishmen, were the motives which induced the publication of your letter. But after all, Sir, why this display of gratitude ? You must acknowledge it to be at least superfluous ; because the French nation, by electing you a member of their institute, merely discharged an old account. You understand me, Sir ; but as the public are probably not so well informed, I must solicit their attention to the following anecdote. Soon after the judicial murder of Louis XVI. one of the officers who accompanied the unfortunate La Perouse returned to Europe with numerous specimens of natural history, collected during the early part of his voyage of discovery. In these latitudes he first obtained intelligence of the revolution, and being a man of honour, felt that he was accountable only to the crown of France, from which he had accepted his commission. Accordingly he brought his vessel to an English port, from whence, by permission of our government, the cargo was conveyed to London, and committed to the custody of a nobleman, who, at that time, was the agent of the French princes. This nobleman, having communicated the circumstance to Louis XVIII., was instructed to

offer to the queen any part of the curiosities of which her majesty might approve, and to present the remainder to the British museum. You must remember, Sir, that, in pursuance of these instructions, the entire (or nearly the entire) collection was confided to you, in order to be deposited in the museum; and you cannot forget that you disposed of it by sending it all to France, with no authority but your own, with no pretence except that the philosophers of the two nations were not at war. Thus, Sir, you imposed an obligation on the French, which they have repaid it seems to your exquisite gratification. By the sacrifice of what duties and what principles that obligation was imposed, it is not for me to say; but I will without hesitation assert, that your acknowledgment of its discharge has brought disgrace upon your country, and discredit on the Royal society, the guardianship of whose honour was confided to you by your sovereign.—I am, Sir, &c. &c.

“MISOGALLUS.”

He died on the 19th of June, 1820, after a lingering illness, which he endured with much patience and even cheerfulness. His magnificent library of natural history, of which an admirable catalogue was compiled by his librarian in five volumes, octavo, he devised to the British museum. His published writings are neither very numerous nor very important. They consist of a few papers in the ‘Philosophical Transactions,’ the ‘Archæologia,’ and some other periodical works, and an essay on the causes of Mildew, first published in 1803.

John Aikin.

BORN A. D. 1747.—DIED A. D. 1822.

JOHN AIKIN, the only son of the Rev. John Aikin, D. D., was born at the village of Kibworth-Harcourt, in Leicestershire, on the 15th of January, 1747. He was originally destined for the study of divinity; but “the weakness of his voice, and perhaps the native vivacity of his temper,” caused a change in his prospects, and he was subsequently articled to a surgeon and apothecary at Uppingham. At the age of eighteen he was sent to pursue his medical studies at the university of Edinburgh, where he spent two winters and the intermediate summer, after which he became once more a pupil under Mr White of Manchester. In 1769 he attended Dr William Hunter’s lectures in London, and the next year repaired to Chester with the view of commencing practice in that city. He found Chester, to use his own expression, “a coy but very agreeable mistress,” whom he should probably have courted with success, but that her favours were already engaged; in other words, he soon became sensible that the ground was fully pre-occupied in that city; and after a residence of somewhat more than a year, he quitted it, and returned to Warrington, then the residence of his revered parents.

Early in 1772 he first ventured to solicit the notice of the public as a cultivator of elegant literature, in a small volume, entitled, ‘Essays on Song-writing.’ A few months afterwards he married Martha, youngest daughter of his maternal uncle, Mr Arthur Jennings. In the following year he published in conjunction with his sister, afterwards Mrs Bar-

bould, a small volume of 'Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose.' He next appeared as the translator of those two exquisite tracts of the Roman historian, the 'Life of Agricola,' and 'On the Manners of the Germans.' A fresh proof of his indefatigable industry was soon after afforded by the appearance of his 'Specimen of the Medical Biography of Great Britain,'—a work, the original plan of which he was afterwards obliged to curtail, but which led to the publication of his 'Biographical Memoirs of Medicine in Great Britain, from the Revival of Literature to the time of Harvey,' in one volume, 8vo. In 1776 he superintended the publication of a selection of pieces from 'Pliny's Natural History,' for the use of schools, to which his father contributed an elegant Latin preface; and soon afterwards a similar selection from Seneca, and a complete edition of Statius, were printed at Warrington under his eye. 'An Essay on the application of Natural History to Poetry,' printed in 1777, was Mr Aikin's next contribution to the amusement and instruction of the public. This was followed by an essay on Thomson's 'Seasons,' which was prefixed to an ornamented edition of that popular poem. Botany next engaged his attention; and in 1778 he published a translation of Baume's 'Manuel de Chymie.' His professional engagements were now too numerous to admit of his devoting a very considerable portion of his time to literary composition; but in 1784 appeared an enlarged and corrected edition of 'Lewis' Experimental History of the Materia Medica,' by Mr Aikin. In July, 1784, he set out for Leyden, furnished with a thesis, 'De Lactis secretionibus in Puerperis,' which procured for him the degree of M. D. from that university. At the close of this year he quitted Warrington, and went to Yarmouth.

In 1792 Dr Aikin published 'A View of the Character and Public Services of the late John Howard,' the eminent philanthropist, with whose friendship he had been long favoured; a few months previously to the appearance of this work, he printed a small volume of poems. The same year the literary attractions of the metropolis prevailed on him to leave Yarmouth, and commence a new career in the capacity of a London physician; in this year he produced, in conjunction with his sister, the first volume of 'Evenings at Home,'—the most popular perhaps of all his works, and one of the most useful, its leading idea being that of teaching things rather than words. In the beginning of 1794 appeared the first volume of his 'Letters from a Father to his Son,' which were received with general favour. In June, 1795, he published a 'Description of the Country from Thirty to Forty Miles round Manchester,' besides preparing a new edition of a previous topographical publication, entitled, 'England Delineated.' Both these works are highly respectable in their line, and may still be consulted with advantage. In 1796 he undertook the literary editorship of the 'Monthly Magazine,' which he enriched to a great extent with his own pieces; and in the conclusion of that year, having secured the co-operation of Dr Enfield, he engaged in the preparation of his great work, the 'General Biography,' which employed the larger portion of his time during a period of nineteen years, and extended to 10 volumes, 4to. On Dr Enfield's death, which took place before the completion of the first volume, Dr Thomas Morgan succeeded to his portion of the work. These incessant labours, added to the fatigues of a necessarily laborious profession, impaired Dr Aikin's health; and in October, 1798, he re-

fired to the village of Stoke-Newington, where he resided to the end of his life. Here he still continued zealously to devote himself to literary labours, and besides editing the 'Monthly Magazine,' and continuing the publication of the 'General Biography,' produced a variety of minor essays, translations, and fugitive pieces. In 1801 he composed for the use of young people a very instructive little volume, entitled 'The Arts of Life.' In 1803 he amused himself with the composition of a volume of 'Letters to a Young Lady on a course of English Poetry;' and shortly afterwards undertook a work, entitled, 'Geographical Delineations,—a performance for which his daughter claims the title of "the philosophy of geography." In 1806 Dr Aikin's connection with the 'Monthly Magazine' ceased, and he engaged in the establishment of a new periodical, entitled, 'The Athenæum,' which was carried on during two years and a half. In 1809, during a suspension of the publication of the biography, he translated, from the Latin, 'Memoirs of the Life of P. D. Huet, Bishop of Avranches; written by Himself;' and in 1812 appeared his 'Memoirs of Selden and Usher.' Towards the close of 1811 he accepted the editorship of 'Dodsley's Annual Register;' and in 1815 he completed the 'General Biography,'—the task of twenty years. Dr Aikin was now 68 years of age, but he still kept planning new literary designs. His last publications were his 'Select Works of the British Poets,' and 'Annals of the Reign of George III.' Shortly after the appearance of the latter work he had a severe and dangerous shock of the palsy, after which his health and spirits gradually sunk, until a stroke of apoplexy closed the scene, on the 7th of December, 1822. He was interred in the church-yard of Stoke-Newington, where a simple monument is erected to his memory.

Dr Aikin, to quote his daughter's description, "was of the middle stature, and well-proportioned though spare; his carriage was erect, his step light and active. His eyes were grey and lively, his skin naturally fair, but in his face much pitted with the small-pox. The expression of his countenance was mild, intelligent, and cheerful; and its effect was aided in conversation by the tones of a voice clear and agreeable, though not powerful." In his political principles Dr Aikin was a devoted admirer of free and liberal institutions, and a staunch contender for the liberty of the subject.

Robert Bloomfield.

BORN A. D. 1766.—DIED A. D. 1823.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD was the youngest son of George Bloomfield, a tailor, and his wife, Elizabeth, a school-mistress, in the village of Honington, in Suffolk, and was born on the 3d of December, 1766. Before Robert was a year old his father died, leaving his widow with six children. Assisted by her friends she managed to give each of them a little education: two or three months' instruction in writing, however, from Mr Rodwell of Ixworth, was all the scholastic accomplishment that Robert obtained. When he was about eleven years old he was taken into the house, and employed in the farm of Mr W. Austin, of Sapiston, who was married to Bloomfield's maternal aunt; but, after some time,

finding him so small of his age, and unfit for such hard labour, Mr Austin signified the same to his mother, who, having married again, and got a second young family to attend to, wrote immediately to two of his eldest brothers, George and Nathaniel—then settled in London—for their advice and assistance,—when the former readily offered to teach him the business of a shoemaker, and the latter undertook to clothe him. The mother came to London, accordingly, and placed Robert in the care of his brother George, charging the latter “as he valued a mother’s blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples before him, and never to forget that he had lost his father.”

“It is customary,” says Mr G. Bloomfield, who at that time lived at No. 7, Fisher’s-court, Coleman-street, “in such houses as are let to poor people in London, to have light garrets fit for mechanics to work in. In the garret, where we had two turn-up beds, and five of us worked, I received little Robert. As we were all single men, lodgers at a shilling per week each, our beds were coarse, and things were far from being neat and snug, as Robert had been accustomed to at Sapi-ton. He was our man, to fetch all things to hand. At noon he brought our dinner from the cook’s shop: and any of our fellow-workmen that wanted any thing fetched in, would send him, and assist in his work and teach him by way of recompense for his trouble. Every day when the boy from the public house came for the pewter-pots, and to hear what porter was wanted, he always brought the yesterday’s newspaper. The reading of the paper we had been used to take by turns; but after Robert came, he mostly read for us,—because his time was of least value. He often met with words he was not acquainted with: and of this he frequently complained. I one day happened, at a book-stall, to see a small dictionary, which had been very ill-used. I bought it for four-pence. By the help of this, in a little time, he could read and comprehend the long and beautiful speeches of Burke, Fox, or North. One Sunday, after a whole day’s stroll in the country, we, by accident, went into a dissenting meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where a gentleman was lecturing. This man filled little Robert with astonishment. The house was amazingly crowded with the most genteel people; and though we were forced to stand still in the aisle, and were much pressed, yet Robert always quickened his steps to get into the town on a Sunday evening soon enough to attend this lecture. The preacher lived somewhere at the west end of the town—his name was Fawcett. His language was just such as the Rambler is written in; his action like a person acting in tragedy; his discourse rational, and quite free from the cant of Methodism. Of him Robert learned to accent what he called hard words; and otherwise improved himself; and gained the most enlarged notions of Providence. He went sometimes with me to a debating society at Concham’s Hall, but not often; and occasionally to Covent Garden theatre. These are all the opportunities he ever had of learning from public speaking. As to books, he had to wade through two or three folios: a ‘History of England,’ ‘British Traveller,’ and a Geography. But he always read them as a task, or to oblige us who bought them. And as they came in sixpenny-numbers weekly, he had about as many hours to read as other boys spend in play. I, at this time, read the ‘London Magazine,’ and in that work about two sheets were set apart for a review, which Robert was always very eager to read. Here he

could see what the literary men were doing, and could learn how to judge of the most of the works that came out. And I observed that he always looked at the Poet's corner. One day he repeated a song which he had composed to an old tune. I was surprised that a boy of sixteen should make so smooth verses; and I persuaded him to try whether the editor of our paper would give him a place in the Poet's corner. He succeeded, and they were printed; and as I forget his other early productions, I shall copy this.

THE MILK-MAID ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

Hail May! lovely May! how replenished my pail!
The young dawn overspreads the East streak'd with gold!
My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vale,
And Colin's voice rings through the woods from the fold.

The wood to the mountain submissively bends,
Whose blue misty summits first glow with the sun!
See thence a gay train by the wild rill descends
To join the glad sports:—hark! the tumult's begun

Be cloudless ye skies!—Be my Colin but there,
Not the dew-spangled bents on the wide level dale,
Nor morning's first blush can more lovely appear
Than his looks, since my wishes I could not conceal.

Swift down the mad dance, while blest health prompts to move,
We'll count joys to come, and exchange vows of truth;
And haply when age cools the transports of love,
Decry, like good folks, the vain pleasures of youth.

"I remember a little piece which he called 'The Sailor's Return,' in which he tried to describe the feelings of an honest tar, who, after a long absence, saw his dear native village first rising into view. This, too, obtained a place in the Poet's corner. And, as he was so young, it shows some genius in him, and some industry, to have acquired so much knowledge of the use of words in so little time. Indeed, at this time, myself and my fellow-workmen in the garret began to get instructions from him, though not more than sixteen years old. About this time there came a man to lodge at our lodgings that was troubled with fits. Robert was so much hurt to see this poor creature drawn into such frightful forms, and to hear his horrid screams, that I was obliged to leave the lodgings. We went to Blue Hart-court, Bell alley. In our new garret we found a singular character, James Hay, a native of Dundee. He was a middle-aged man, of a good understanding, and yet a furious Calvinist. He had many books,—and some which he did not value: such as the 'Seasons,' 'Paradise Lost,' and some novels. These books he lent to Robert; who spent all his leisure hours in reading the SEASONS. I never heard him praise any book equal to that.

"I think it was in the year 1784, that the question came to be decided between the journeymen shoemakers, whether those who had learned without serving an apprenticeship could follow the trade. The person by whom Robert and I were employed, Mr Chamberlayne of Champside, took an active part against the lawful journeymen; and even went so far as to pay off every man that worked for him that had joined their clubs. This so exasperated the men, that their acting committee sent

looked for unlawful men, as they called them, among Chamberlayne's workmen. Robert, naturally fond of peace, and fearful for my personal safety, begged to be suffered to retire from the storm. He came home; and Mr Austin kindly bade him make his house his home till he could return to me. And here, with his mind glowing with the fine descriptions of rural scenery which he found in Thomson's 'Seasons,' he again retraced the very fields where first he began to think. Here, free from the smoke, the noise, and the contention of the city, he imbibed that love of rural simplicity and rural innocence which fitted him, in a great degree, to be the writer of 'The Farmer's Boy.' Here he lived two months: at length, as the dispute in the trade remained undecided, Mr Dudbridge offered to take him as his apprentice, to secure him, at all events, from any consequences of the litigation, and he was accordingly bound. When I left London he was turned eighteen; and much of my happiness since has arisen from a constant correspondence with him. After I left him he studied music, and became a good player on the violin. As my brother Nat had married a Woolwich woman, it happened that Robert took a fancy to a comely young woman of that town, whose father is a boat-builder in the Government-yard there. His name is Church. Soon after he married, Robert told me in a letter 'he had sold his fiddle and got a wife.' Like most poor men, he got a wife first, and had to get household stuff afterward. It took him some years to get out of ready furnished lodgings. At length, by hard working, &c., he acquired a bed of his own, and hired the room up one pair of stairs at 14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street. The landlord kindly gave him leave to sit and work in the light garret, two pair of stairs higher. In this garret, among six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing 'The Farmer's Boy.'

The MS., when completed, was put into the hands of Capel Lofft, Esq. of Troston, near Bury St Edmund's, who benevolently revised it, superintended its progress through the press, and prefixed to it an ample biographical and critical memoir, from which we have selected such passages only as are given in the words of George Bloomfield. Reflecting this poem an anecdote has been related by Mr Swan, in a letter to Mr Lofft: "Among other subjects of conversation, with respect to 'The Farmer's Boy,' I wished to be informed of his manner of composition. I inquired, as he composed it in a garret, amidst the bustle and noise of six or seven fellow-workmen, whether he used a slate, or wrote it on paper with a pencil, or pen and ink; but what was my surprise when he told me that he had used neither! My business during the greatest part of my life, having led me into the line of literary pursuits, and made me acquainted with literary men, I am consequently pretty well informed of the methods used by authors for the retention of their productions. We are told, if my recollection is just, that Milton, when blind, took his daughters as his amanuenses; that Savage, when his poverty precluded him from the conveniency of pen, ink, and paper, used to study in the streets, and go into shops to record the productions of his fertile genius; that Pope, when on visits at Lord Bolingbroke's, used to ring up the servants at any hour of the night, for pen and ink, and was any thought that struck his lively and wakeful imagination; that Dr Blacklock, though blind, had the happy facility of writing down, in a very legible hand, the choice and elegant productions of his muse.

With these, and many other methods of composition we are acquainted, but that of a great part of 'The Farmer's Boy,' in my opinion, stands first on the list of literary phenomena. Sir, Mr Bloomfield, either from the contracted state of his pecuniary resources to purchase paper, or for other reasons, composed the latter part of his 'Autumn,' and the whole of his 'Winter,' in his head, without committing one line to paper! This cannot fail to surprise the literary world, who are well acquainted with the treacherousness of memory, and how soon the most happy ideas, for want of sufficient quickness in writing down, are lost in the rapidity of thought! But this is not all, he went still a step farther:—he not only composed and committed that part of his work to his faithful and retentive memory, but he corrected it all in his head!!!—and, as he said, when it was thus prepared, 'I had nothing to do but to write it down.' By this new and wonderful mode of composition, he studied and completed his 'Farmer's Boy' in a garret, among six or seven of his fellow-workmen, without their ever once suspecting or knowing any thing of the matter!"

Bloomfield continued to employ his poetical powers, and, besides contributing several pieces to 'The Monthly Mirror,' published three volumes of poems, in 1802, 1804, and 1806, successively. In 1811 appeared his 'Banks of the Wye,' the result of a tour made by him into South Wales, the mountain scenery of which country made a novel and pleasing impression on his mind. Not long afterwards, owing to his engaging in the book trade, he became a bankrupt; and about the same time, suffering much from the dropsy, he left London and took up his abode at Shefford in Bucks, for the benefit of his health. His death took place at Shefford, on the 19th of August, 1823. He left a widow and four children; and had published, shortly before his death, 'May Day with the Muses,' and 'Hazlewood Hall,' a village drama, in three acts.

The characteristics of 'The Farmer's Boy' are well-known. Parr, Southey, Aiken, Watson, and all our most eminent critics have praised it. Dr Drake, in his 'Literary Hours,' says, "such are its merits, that, in true pastoral imagery and simplicity, I do not think any production can be put in competition with it since the days of Theocritus."

Edward Jenner.

BORN A. D. 1749.—DIED A. D. 1823.

EDWARD JENNER was born at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, where his father, Stephen Jenner, was vicar, on the 17th May, 1749. At an early period of his life he lost his father, and at the age of eight years he was put to school at Wotton-under-Edge, and soon after at Cirencester under the care of Dr Washbourn. One of his early propensities was for the study of natural history, and the hours usually devoted to play were spent by him in collecting fossils or studying the habits of birds and insects. His professional education commenced under the care of Mr Ludlow, a surgeon at Sudbury, near Bristol. His apprenticeship being finished, he went to London, and had the good fortune to be taken under the care of the celebrated John Hunter, with whom

he resided. Under these favourable circumstances his zeal for natural history could not fail to be increased, his views became more enlarged, and his talents and industry progressed in a like proportion. Between such congenial spirits as those of John Hunter and Edward Jenner, a friendship of the closest description was, notwithstanding the disparity in years, unavoidable; and though the amount of benefit received was on the side of Jenner much the greater, there is not a doubt that the great master found, in the rising talents of his favourite pupil a reward which fully recompensed him for all that he bestowed. So long as Mr Hunter lived their correspondence was uninterrupted, and the respect of the pupil was never diminished. The recommendation of Mr Hunter procured for Jenner, in 1771, the task of arranging the collection of specimens of natural history of Sir Joseph Banks, when Captain Cook returned from his first voyage of discovery. His reputation being thus increased, he was requested to accompany the expedition of 1772 as naturalist; but a desire to return to his native place led him to decline the tempting offer. He returned accordingly to Berkeley, where he settled as a general practitioner, and soon acquired a high reputation and an extensive practice. He continued to improve every advantage which presented itself for the study of his favourite science, and prepared a paper on the Cuckoo, which was read before the Royal society in 1788, and appeared in their transactions. He used to indulge himself occasionally in writing poetry; many of his little pieces display considerable feeling and versatility of talent. About 1778 Jenner took an active part in the formation of a medical society, intended to promote at the same time medical science, conviviality, and good fellowship. He is known to have communicated some very valuable papers to this society, some of which were unfortunately dispersed and could not be recovered. Of another society in Alveston he was an active member, and first made known to the members of it his views on the prophylactic virtues of cow-pox, but did not receive that encouragement which he so eminently deserved. On the 6th of March, 1788, he married Miss Catharine Kingscote, daughter of Anthony Kingscote, Esq., a kinsman of the great Sir Matthew Hale. This marriage proved the source of much happiness to him. In 1792 he resigned his general practice as being too fatiguing, and, obtaining the degree of M. D. from the university of St Andrews, practised afterwards only as a physician. In 1794 he suffered severely from typhus fever, along with several other members of his family.

In 1796 the first part of his 'Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of Variola Vaccina' was laid before the public. This was the result of much labour and long experience, and on account of it the name of Jenner will ever stand high on the list of the benefactors of the human race. An account of the history of the cow-pox can no where be with more propriety introduced than in connection with the name which it has rendered illustrious.

The history of the origin and progress of Dr Jenner's discovery is very well given by his biographer, Dr Baron; and perhaps the best thing that can be done here will be to give an analysis of that portion of the work of Dr Baron. The attention of Jenner was drawn to the subject while he was yet little more than a boy, by the observation of a countryman, in whose presence the subject of small-pox was men-

tioned, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." This shows that the notion was a popular one, and though it takes away from Jenner the merit of actual discovery, it does not at all detract from the honour which has been so long acknowledged as justly and peculiarly his own. His mind became first alive to the possibility of averting the evils arising both from the natural and the inoculated small-pox, and he exerted his powers to the utmost, in the face of neglect and ridicule, to convince the world of the efficacy of the means he proposed. John Hunter was early made acquainted with the ideas of Jenner on this subject, and though not impressed so fully with the importance of them, he did not fail to give the young student every encouragement to perseverance, and to communicate his notions to other men of science. To most of these the evidence seemed unsatisfactory, and it was not till 1780 that Jenner was able to acquire sufficient information to confirm his own confidence in the new means he proposed for guarding against this dangerous disease. In that year he communicated his information to his friend Edward Gardner. Among the difficulties which at different times impeded his progress, was one which arose from a considerable similarity between two diseases, both of which were commonly called the cow-pox, but which differed in this essential point, that the one did, and the other did not, afford a protection against the contagion of small-pox. Fortunately he discovered in a disease called the grease, affecting the heels of horses, the origin of the *true* cow-pox, as he denominated that which was the object of his researches, in contradistinction to the *false*, which did not produce the same beneficial effects. In 1788 he got a drawing of the disease, as produced on the hands of milk-women when the cows are affected, and showed it to Sir Everard Home, who gave him every encouragement to proceed in his researches. It was not till the 14th May, 1796, that he was enabled to make an experiment, which decided the virtues of his method. It remained to be proved whether the disease propagated from one human being to another continued to produce the same desirable effect upon the constitution, as that obtained directly from the diseased animal. This was completely decided by the experiment now referred to. In May the matter taken from the hand of a woman was used to inoculate a boy of eight years of age. The pustule was produced, and run its course in a regular manner. In July variolous matter was taken from a pustule and inserted in several places under the skin of the boy, and the gratification of Jenner may well be conceived, when the result is stated—no disease followed. "I shall now," he said, in a letter to a friend, "pursue my experiments with redoubled ardour." In 1798 Dr Jenner repaired to London for the purpose of making an experiment in order to satisfy his medical friends there. It will hardly be credited that in the space of three months he could not procure one person on whom he might exhibit the disease. It is to the honour of Mr Cline, surgeon of St Thomas' hospital, that he exerted himself in favour of Jenner and his views. Much opposition had to be encountered from the less liberal members of the profession; but Jenner lived to see his triumph over it all. It was the opinion of Dr Jenner that the cow-pox and small-pox are modifications of the same disease. Of course the discussion of that question does not belong to this place.

In 1796 he fell in with Dr Ingenhousz, with whom he had a contru-

versy on the subject, the details of which do no honour to the foreign physician, whose name stands otherwise high as a man of science. In the same year Dr Pearson exerted himself to forward the cause of vaccination, with considerable success. Experiments were made in the small-pox hospital, but from the want of attention to many important particulars, they failed. In 1799 the researches of Jenner became known at Geneva, Hanover, and Vienna. In December of the same year, application was made to Jenner, from the Princess Louisa of Prussia, for vaccine matter, whereby the disease was introduced into that country. In the same year, through the exertions of Dr Pearson, the London Vaccine Institution was founded, and Dr Jenner was appointed extra-corresponding physician to the infant establishment. The fame of Dr Jenner was now established; the duke of York recommended the introduction of vaccination into the army; and the duke of Clarence honoured Jenner with a personal interview, wherein he conversed with him on the subject. In 1800, March 7th, he had an interview with the king, to whom he presented his treatise on the cow-pox, and was graciously received. In February, 1801, Dr Trotter, physician to the fleet, in conjunction with the other officers of the navy, presented Dr Jenner a gold medal, as a proof of their admiration of the man, and their confidence in the means he proposed. The obverse exhibits Apollo, as the god of physic, introducing a sailor recovered from vaccination to Britannia, who holds out a civic crown inscribed with the name of 'Jenner.' Below is the appropriate motto, "*Alba nautes stella refulsit.*" On the reverse is an anchor, and above it "*Georgio Tertio Rege;*" below, "*Spencer Duce.*" A diploma, constituting him M.D. of Oxford, was also presented to Jenner by that learned body. As a proof of the zeal of Dr Jenner for the good of the human race, may be quoted an offer of £1000, which he made towards the furtherance of a proposal for sending out the cow-pox to Ceylon. This liberality was rendered unnecessary by the success of another plan. During the years 1799, 1800-1-2, the method of Dr Jenner spread over America, France, Spain, the Mediterranean, Constantinople, Bombay, &c. For information respecting the progress of it in these places, the work of Dr Keir on the introduction of the cow-pox into Bombay, and that of Dr de Carro, published at Vienna in 1804, may be referred to. Not less favourable was the reception which it met with in the north of Europe; an institution was founded in Berlin, and a medal struck in honour of Jenner. By the exertions of an Austrian nobleman, the people of Bremen in Moravia were made partakers in the benefit of Dr Jenner's discovery, and their gratitude to the founder of the system was testified by erecting a temple dedicated to Jenner. On the 10th August, 1802, the empress of Russia wrote a letter to Jenner, signed with her own hand, and sent along with it a valuable diamond ring. He replied in a letter of thanks, and sent a copy of his works on vaccination to the empress. About the same time he was elected an honorary member of the Royal society of Gottingen. He received also a service of plate from his friends in Gloucestershire, among whom Earl Berkeley was most active in promoting the subscription. While Jenner was thus covered with honours, he was labouring entirely for the public good, to the detriment of his own private fortune. The constant change of residence between Berkeley, Cheltenham, and London, effectually de-

stroyed his private practice, and he was likely to have become a loser by his philanthropy. After due consideration, therefore, parliament was petitioned on his account, and after the house of commons had received the evidence of the first men of science in the kingdom, the very inadequate sum of £10,000 was voted to him. In 1807 an additional sum of £20,000 was voted.

Little more can be said of this valuable man. The incidents of the life of a man of science are seldom numerous or interesting, except in so far as they appear in connection with his discoveries. After having achieved a most important benefit for man, having lived to witness the gratitude of the world, having been covered with honours by sovereigns and by learned men, the illustrious Jenner was called from the world in February, 1823. He was then 74 years old, and the cause of his death was a sudden attack of apoplexy. His name will never be forgotten, and he will for ever remain, in the words of Rudolphi, "dear to the human race."

Anne Radcliffe.

BORN A. D. 1764.—DIED A. D. 1823.

THIS distinguished novelist was born in London in the year 1764. Although her immediate progenitors were engaged in trade, they were of no plebeian descent,—a branch of the celebrated Dutch family of the De Witte being to be found among her remoter ancestry, and several individuals of consideration being her near connexions. Educated rather after the more business-like style of our ancestors than in the manner in which it has now become fashionable for young ladies to be "finished off," she was married at Bath in her 23d year to Mr William Radcliffe, a graduate of Oxford, and at that time a student at one of the Inns of Court. The young pair, shortly after their marriage, having come to reside at London, Mr Radcliffe became proprietor and editor of the 'English Chronicle'; and it was owing, we are told, to his frequent absence from home till a late hour, that his wife, to beguile the time, was first induced to resort to the practice of composition, and the invention of those romantic fictions from which she afterwards derived so large a revenue of fame. It was her husband's encouragement, too, which first prompted her to adventure upon the hazard of publication; and the suggestion of a heart which might naturally enough have been suspected of some degree of partiality, was very soon confirmed in a manner the most decided and most gratifying, by the award of the public approbation.

Excited in this way, both by the voice of domestic affection and the intoxication of successful authorship, it is no wonder that a mind like that of Mrs Radcliffe's gave forth for a time ungrudgingly of its fulness. It was, in fact, in the course of a very few years of her life that all the works for which the world is indebted to her pen were written; 'The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne,' her first production, having appeared in 1789, 'The Sicilian Romance' in 1790, 'The Romance of the Forest' in 1791, 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' in 1794, and 'The Italian' in 1797. This was her last publication,—although to the list

we have given must be added, her notes on the English Lakes, which were sent to press in 1795, and the tale of 'Gaston de Blondville,' which, although written in the winter of 1802, was not published during the lifetime of its author.

Mrs Radcliffe lived twenty-five years after the composition of 'The Italian;' but her literary exertions during that long period consisted merely, with the exception of the posthumous romance of 'Gaston de Blondville,' in the fabrication of a few occasional verses, which do not appear to have been very painfully elaborated. She was in the habit, it is stated, of giving much of her time to the perusal of the novels and poems of the day, occasionally attending the opera, the oratorios, or the theatres with her husband, and occupying herself, besides, very assiduously in the management of her household concerns. During part of almost every summer she used to accompany her husband on some excursion of pleasure, which was never, however, extended beyond the limits of England, except on one occasion, in 1794, when they made a tour together through Holland, and the western frontier of Germany, returning down the Rhine. When engaged in this way she generally kept a pretty full journal of occurrences. Another of her favourite amusements—and this, by the bye, reminds us of Madame de Stael—consisted in listening to sonorous recitations in languages even which she did not understand,—her husband taking an affectionate delight in gratifying her here, by reading to her the most musical passages from the Greek and Latin classics. During the last twelve years of her life she was severely afflicted with asthma; and died at last in her 59th year, on the 7th of February, 1823.

Of her personal appearance we are told, that, although of low stature, she was exquisitely proportioned, with a complexion of great delicacy, and eyes, eye-brows, and mouth, of singular loveliness. Having no children, almost her only society was that of books and of her husband; for, being naturally of a retiring disposition, she never was able to conquer her aversion to mixed or crowded assemblies, and even after the blaze of reputation which her works procured for her, continued to dislike of all things the personal notoriety of authorship. Her shrinking sensibility, indeed, with regard to any thing like public notice, seems throughout her whole life to have been quite of the old school. It was with no inconsiderable reluctance that she was at first prevailed upon to turn author at all; and the usual honours and distinctions of the profession she never could be persuaded to accept or allow to be offered to her. Her acuteness and delicacy of feeling did not partake, however, in any degree of the morbid or hypochondriac; and it is gratifying to be told that at the very time when some foolish manufacturer of gossip had circulated a report of her insanity, she was in the enjoyment, not only of the most unclouded reason, but of the most equable and cheerful spirits. Even her genius for the preternatural and the horrible, seems to have been entirely under control and management; her power of sketching the most terrific pictures, and calling up around her the world of mysteries and spectres, being held by her apparently without the obligation imposed upon most other wizards and sorceresses, of becoming, in turn, themselves the thralls of the demons they command.

"Mrs Radcliffe," says a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' "was

as truly an inventor, a great and original writer in the department she had struck out for herself—whether that department was of the highest kind or not—as the Richardsons, Fieldings, and Smolletts, whom she succeeded and for a time threw into the shade; or the Ariosto of the North, before whom her own star has paled its ineffectual fires. The passion of fear,—‘the latent sense of supernatural awe, and curiosity concerning whatever is hidden and mysterious’—these were themes and sources of interest which, prior to the appearance of her tales, could scarcely be said to be touched on. The ‘Castle of Otranto’ was too obviously a mere caprice of imagination; its gigantic helmets, its pictures descending from their frames, its spectral figures dilating themselves in the moonlight to the height of the castle battlements—if they did not border on the ludicrous, no more impressed the mind with any feeling of awe, than the enchantments and talismans, the genii and peris, of the Arabian Nights. A nearer approach to the proper tone of feeling, was made in the ‘Old English Baron;’ but while it must be admitted that Mrs Radcliffe’s principle of composition was, to a certain degree, anticipated in that clever production, nothing can illustrate more strongly the superiority of her powers, the more poetical character of her mind, than a comparison of the way in which, in these different works, the principle is wrought out;—the comparative boldness and rudeness of Clara Reeve’s modes of exciting superstitious emotions, as contrasted with the profound art, the multiplied resources, the dextrous display and concealment, the careful study of that class of emotions on which she was to operate, which Mrs Radcliffe displays in her supernatural machinery. Certainly never before or since did any one more accurately perceive the point to which imagination might be wrought up, by a series of hints, glimpses, or half-heard sounds, consistently at the same time with pleasurable emotion, and with the continuance of that very state of curiosity and awe which had been thus created. The clang of a distant door, a footfall on the stair, a half-effaced stain of blood, a strain of music floating over a wood, or round some decaying chateau—nay, a very ‘rat behind the arras,’ become in her hands invested with a mysterious dignity; so finely has the mind been attuned to sympathize with the terrors of the sufferer, by a train of minute details and artful contrasts, in which all sights and sounds combine to awaken and render the feeling more intense. Yet her art is even more visible in what she conceals than in what she displays. ‘One shade the more, one ray the less,’ would have left the picture in darkness; but to have let in any farther the garish light of day upon her mysteries, would have shown at once the hollowness and meanness of the puppet which alarmed us, and have broken the spell beyond the power of reclasping it. Hence, up to the moment when she chooses to do so herself, by those fatal explanations for which no reader will ever forgive her, she never loses her hold on the mind. The very economy with which she avails herself of the talisman of terror preserves its power to the last, undiminished, if not increased. She merely hints at some fearful thought, and leaves the excited fancy, surrounded by night and silence, to give it colour and form. Of all the passions, that of fear is the only one which Mrs Radcliffe can properly be said to have painted. The deeper mysteries of love, her plummet has never sounded. More wearisome beings than her heroines, any

thing more 'tolerable and not to be endured' than her love tales, Calprenede or Scudery never invented. As little have the stormier passions of jealousy or hatred, or the dark shades of envious and malignant feeling formed the subjects of her analysis. Within the circle of these passions, indeed, she did not feel that she could walk with security; but her quick perception showed where there was still an opening in a region of obscurity and twilight, as yet all but untrodden. To that, as to the sphere pointed out to her by nature, she at once addressed herself; from that, as from a central point, she surveyed the provinces of passion and imagination, and was content if, without venturing into their labyrinths, she could render their leading and more palpable features available to set off and to brighten by their variety the solemnity and gloom of the department which she had chosen."

John Keats.¹

BORN A. D. 1796.—DIED A. D. 1820.

THIS young poet was of humble origin, and born October 29, 1796, at a livery-stable, kept by his grandfather in Moorfields. In childhood he was sent to Mr Clarke's school, at Enfield, where he remained till the age of fifteen, and was then bound apprentice to Mr Hammond, a surgeon, in Church-street, Edmonton. On leaving Mr Hammond, he attended at St. Thomas's hospital; but his inclination to poetry having been cultivated by his teachers at school, who marked his unusual turn of mind, and meeting when he came out in the world with the other encouragements of it natural to literary and stirring times, he found himself unable to pursue his profession, and gave way entirely to the ambition of becoming a great poet. What induced him to exhibit this ambition with the more eagerness, was an introduction he had at this time to Mr Leigh Hunt, who was struck with admiration at the specimens of premature genius laid before him.

Mr Keats's first volume of poems, many of which were written in his teens, accordingly made its appearance in 1817, when he was in his twenty-first year. This was followed by 'Endymion, a Poetic Romance,' in 1818; and in the year 1820, he published his last and best work, 'Lamia, Isabella, and other Poems,' all which publications excited remarkable attention. Mr Keats's poetical faculty was of a nature to make its way into notice under any circumstances, and would unquestionably have done so; but the political and other opinions to which his attention had been early directed, the public connexions to which he was introduced, and the generous enthusiasm, natural to great talents, which would not allow him to conceal either, soon brought on him a host of critics, some of whom were but too happy to mask their political hostility under the guise of public zeal. An attack from a review, the conductors of which were actuated by this motive, completed the difficulties with which Mr Keats had to contend; and his constitution never having been very strong, and undergoing a severe

¹ We have taken the liberty of extracting this memoir—the best we have seen of the author of 'Endymion'—from Gorton's 'Biographical Dictionary,' a singularly meritorious work.

shock in the illness and death of a younger brother, whose bedside he had attended when he ought to have been nursing an illness of his own, not to mention some other perplexities of a nature too delicate, though unfounded, to be mentioned here, he put forth his last volume with little hope of its doing any thing but showing what he might have done; and withdrew into silence and the arms of his friends to die. It is certain, that he had made up his mind to this premature end a good while before it took place. During his sufferings, which were considerable, owing to the consciousness of what he might have performed, the disdain of his own physical weakness, which subjected him to impressions from his enemies that he otherwise despised, and above all, to a very tender hope which he had reason to indulge, and which he now saw he must give up in this world, he nevertheless exhibited a manly submission, and took a pleasure in showing himself sensible of the attentions he experienced.

After residing some months in the houses of Mr Charles Brown, Mr Leigh Hunt, and other friends at Hampstead, he was prevailed upon to try the climate of Italy, where he arrived, but without effect, in the month of November, 1820, accompanied by his friend, Mr Severn, a young artist of great promise, since well-known as the principal English student at Rome; and in Rome, on the 27th of December following, in the arms of this gentleman, who attended him with undeviating zeal, he expired, completely worn out, and wearied of life. His lingering death-bed was so painful to him, that he used eagerly to watch the countenance of the physician, in hopes of seeing what others would have called the fatal sentence; yet so sweet was his natural taste of life, and so irrepressible his poetical tendencies to the last, that a little before he died, speaking of the grave he was about to occupy, he said, "he felt the daisies growing over him." He was interred in the English burying-ground, near the monument of Caius Cestius, and not far from the grave in which was soon after deposited his poetical mourner, Mr Shelly, who had made him the handsomest offers to come and live with him in Tuscany.

It is a mistake to attribute Mr Keats's death—as Lord Byron has done among others—to the attacks of the critics; and his lordship was told of it, before the passage to that purpose in *Don Juan* appeared; but a lively couplet, with a good rhyme to it, is hard for a wit to part with. The attacks may have accelerated, and undoubtedly embittered his death; but the cause of it was a consumptive tendency, of an extreme kind, and of long standing. When his body was opened, there was scarcely any portion of lungs remaining. The physicians declared, that they wondered how he could have held out so long; and said, that nothing could have enabled him to do it but the spirit within him. Mr Keats had a very manly, as well as delicate spirit. He was personally courageous in no ordinary degree, and had the usual superiority of genius to little arts and the love of money. His patrimony, which was inconsiderable, he freely used in part, and even risked altogether, to relieve the wants of others, and farther their views. He could be hot now and then; and perhaps was a little proud, owing to the humbleness of his origin, and the front he thought it necessary to present to vulgar abuse. He was handsome, with remarkably beautiful hair, curling in natural ringlets.

Mr Keats's poems have been so often criticised both by friends and enemies, and have succeeded, since his death, in securing him so unequivocal a reputation as a highly promising genius, that it will be necessary to say comparatively little of them here. If it was unlucky for his immediate success, that he came before the public recommended by a political party; it was fortunate for him with posterity, that he began to write at a period when original thinking, and a dependence on a man's own resources, were earnestly inculcated on all sides. Of his standing with posterity we have no doubt. He will be considered, *par excellence*, as the *young poet*; as the one who poured forth at the earliest age the greatest unequivocal exuberance, and who proceeded very speedily to show that maturity brought him a judgment equal to the task of pruning it, and rendering it immortal. He had the two highest qualities of a poet, in the highest degree—sensibility and imagination. His 'Endymion,' with all its young faults, will be a store-house for the lovers of genuine poetry, both young and old; a wood to wander in; a solitude inhabited by creatures of superhuman beauty and intellect; and superabundant in the luxuries of a poetical domain, not omitting "weeds of glorious feature." Its most obvious fault was a negligence of rhyme ostentatiously careless, which, by the common law of extremes, produced the very effect he wished to avoid—a pressure of itself on the reader. The fragment of 'Hyperion,' which was his last performance, and which extorted the admiration of Lord Byron, has been compared to those bones of enormous creatures which are occasionally dug up, and remind us of extraordinary and gigantic times.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

BORN A. D. 1792.—DIED A. D. 1822.

THIS gifted but erring genius, was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Baronet, of Castle Goring, Sussex; and was born at his father's seat, on the 4th of August, 1792. The following biographical notice of him is from the pen of his friend and associate, Captain Medwin:—

Percy Bysshe Shelley was removed from a private school at thirteen, and sent to Eton. He there showed a character of great eccentricity, mixed in none of the amusements natural to his age, was of a melancholy and reserved disposition, fond of solitude, and made few friends. Neither did he distinguish himself much at Eton, for he had a great contempt for modern Latin verses, and his studies were directed to any thing rather than the exercises of his class. It was from an early acquaintance with German writers, that he probably imbibed a romantic turn of mind; at least, we find him, before fifteen, publishing two Rosamunda-like novels, called, 'Jastrozzi,' and 'The Rosicrucian,' that bore no marks of being the productions of a boy, and were much talked of and reprobated as immoral by the journalists of the day. He also made great progress in chemistry. He used to say, that nothing ever delighted him so much as the discovery that there were no elements of earth, fire, or water; but before he left school he nearly lost his life by being blown up in one of his experiments, and gave up the pursuit.

He now turned his mind to metaphysics, and became infected with the materialism of the French school. Even before he was sent to University college, Oxford, he had entered into an epistolary theological controversy with a dignitary of the church, under the feigned name of a woman; and, after the second term, he printed a pamphlet with a most extravagant title,—‘The Necessity of Atheism.’ This silly work, which was only a recapitulation of some of the arguments of Voltaire and the philosophers of the day, he had the madness to circulate among the bench of bishops, not even disguising his name. The consequence was an obvious one; he was summoned before the heads of the college, and refusing to retract his opinions, on the contrary preparing to argue them with the examining masters, was expelled the university. This disgrace in itself affected Shelley but little at the time, but was fatal to all his hopes of happiness and prospects in life; for it deprived him of his first love, and was the eventual means of alienating him for ever from his family. For some weeks after this expulsion his father refused to receive him under his roof; and when he did, treated him with such marked coldness, that he soon quitted what he no longer considered his home, went to London privately, and thence eloped to Gretna Green, with a Miss Westbrook—their united ages amounting to thirty-three. This last act exasperated his father to such a degree, that he now broke off all communication with Shelley. After some stay in Edinburgh, we trace him into Ireland; and, that country being in a disturbed state, find him publishing a pamphlet, which had a great sale, and the object of which was to soothe the minds of the people, telling them that moderate firmness, and not open rebellion, would most tend to conciliate, and to give them their liberties.

.. He also spoke at some of their public meetings with great fluency and eloquence. Returning to England the latter end of 1812, and being at that time an admirer of Mr Southey’s poems, he paid a visit to the lakes, where himself and his wife passed several days at Keswick. He now became devoted to poetry, and after imbuing himself with ‘The Age of Reason,’ ‘Spinoza,’ and ‘The Political Justice,’ composed his ‘Queen Mab,’ and presented it to most of the literary characters of the day,—among the rest to Lord Byron, who speaks of it in his note to ‘The Two Foscari’ thus:—“I showed it to Mr Sotheby as a poem of great power and imagination. I never wrote a line of the notes, nor ever saw them, except in their published form. No one knows better than the real author, that his opinions and mine differ materially upon the metaphysical portion of that work; though, in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admire the poetry of that and his other productions.” It is to be remarked here, that ‘Queen Mab,’ eight or ten years afterwards, fell into the hands of a bookseller, who published it on his own account; and on its publication, and subsequent prosecution, Shelley disclaimed the opinions contained in that work, as being the crude notions of his youth.

His marriage, by which he had two children, soon turned out—as might have been expected—an unhappy one, and a separation ensuing in 1816, he went abroad, and passed the summer of that year in Switzerland, where the scenery of that romantic country tended to make nature a passion and enjoyment; and at Geneva he formed a friendship for Lord Byron, which was destined to last for life. It has

been said that the perfection of every thing Lord Byron wrote at Diodati, (his third canto of 'Childe Harold,' his 'Manfred,' and 'Prisoner of Chillon,') owed something to the critical judgment that Shelley exercised over those works, and to his dosing him—as he used to say—with Wordsworth. In the autumn of this year we find the subject of this memoir at Como, where he wrote 'Rosalind and Helen,' an eclogue, and an ode to the Euganean Hills, marked with great pathos and beauty. His first visit to Italy was short, for he was soon called to England by his wife's melancholy fate, which ever after threw a cloud over his own. The year subsequent to this event, he married Mary Wolstoncraft Godwin, daughter of the celebrated Mary Wolstoncraft and Godwin; and shortly before this period, heir to an income of many thousands a-year, and a baronetage, he was in such pecuniary distress, that he was nearly dying of hunger in the streets! Finding, soon after his coming of age, that he was entitled to some reversionary property in fee, he sold it to his father for an annuity of £1,000 a-year, and took a house at Marlow, where he persevered more than ever in his poetical and classical studies. It was during his residence in Buckinghamshire that he wrote his 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude;' and perhaps one of the most perfect specimens of harmony, in blank verse, that our language possesses, and full of the wild scenes which his imagination had treasured up in his Alpine excursions. In this poem he deifies nature much in the same way that Wordsworth did in his earlier productions.

Inattentive to pecuniary matters, and generous to excess, he soon found that he could not live on his income; and, still unforgiven by his family, he came to a resolution of quitting his native country, and never returning to it. There was another circumstance also that tended to disgust him with England: his children were taken from him by the Lord Chancellor, on the ground of his atheism. He again crossed the Alps, and took up his residence at Venice. There he strengthened his intimacy with Lord Byron, and wrote his 'Revolt of Islam,' an allegorical poem in the Spencer stanza. Noticed very favourably in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' it fell under the lash of 'The Quarterly,' which indulged itself in much personal abuse of the author, both openly in the review of that work, and insidiously under the critique of Hunt's 'Foliage.' Perhaps little can be said for the philosophy of 'The Loves of Laon and Cythra.' Like Mr Owen of Lanark, he believed in the perfectibility of human nature, and looked forward to a period when a new golden age would return to earth,—when all the different creeds and systems of the world would be amalgamated into one,—crime disappear,—and man, freed from shackles civil and religious, bow before the throne "of his own awless soul," or "of the Power unknown."

Wild and visionary as such a speculation must be confessed to be in the present state of society, it sprang from a mind enthusiastic in its wishes for the good of the species, and the amelioration of mankind and of society; and however mistaken the means of bringing about this reform or "revolt," may be considered, the object of his whole life and writings seems to have been to develope them. This is particularly observable in his next work, 'The Prometheus Unbound,' a bold attempt to revive a lost play of Æschylus. This drama shows an acquaintance with the Greek tragedy-writers, which perhaps no other person possessed

in an equal degree, and was written at Rome amid the flower-covered ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. At Rome, also, he formed the story of 'The Cenci' into a tragedy, which, but for the harrowing nature of the subject, and the prejudice against any thing bearing his name, could not have failed to have had the greatest success,—if not on the stage, at least in the closet. Lord Byron was of opinion that it was the best play the age had produced, and not unworthy of the immediate followers of Shakspeare.

After passing several months at Naples, he finally settled with his lovely and amiable wife in Tuscany, where he passed the last four years in domestic retirement and intense application to study. His acquirements were great. He was, perhaps, the first classic in Europe. The books he considered the models of style for prose and poetry, were Plato and the Greek dramatists. He had made himself equally master of the modern languages. Calderon, in Spanish; Petrarch and Dante, in Italian; and Goethe and Schiller, in German, were his favourite authors. French he never read, and said he never could understand the beauty of Racine.

Discouraged by the ill success of his writings,—persecuted by the malice of his enemies,—hated by the world,—an outcast from his family, and a martyr to a painful complaint, he was subject to occasional fits of melancholy and dejection. For the last four years, though he continued to write, he had given up publishing. There were two occasions, however, that induced him to break through his resolution. His ardent love of liberty inspired him to write 'Hellas, or the Triumph of Greece,' a drama, since translated into Greek, and which he inscribed to his friend, Prince Mavrocordato; and his attachment to Keats led him to publish an elegy, which he entitled 'Adonais.'

This last is, perhaps, the most perfect of all his compositions, and the one he himself considered so. Among the mourners at the funeral of his poet-friend he draws this portrait of himself (the stanzas were afterwards expunged from the elegy):—

"Mid others of less note came one frail form,—
A phantom among men,—companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps on the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.
His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear, topp'd with a cypress cone,
(Round whose rough stem dark ivy tresses shone,
Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,)
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it. Of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart—
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart!"

The last eighteen months of Shelley's life were passed in daily intercourse with Lord Byron, to whom the amiability, gentleness, and elegance of his manners, and his great talents and acquirements, had endeared him. Like his friend, he wished to die young: he perished

in the 29th year of his age, in the Mediterranean, between Leghorn and Lerici, from the upsetting of an open boat. The sea had been to him, as well as Lord Byron, ever the greatest delight, and as early as 1813, in the following lines, written at sixteen, he seems to have anticipated that it would prove his grave:—

“To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud with dark and deep’ning mass
Roll o’er the blacken’d waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o’er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend
With all his winds and lightnings tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged jaws.”

For fifteen days after the loss of the vessel his body was undiscovered; and when found, was not in a state to be removed. In order to comply with his wish of being buried at Rome, his corpse was directed to be burnt; and Lord Byron, faithful to his trust as an executor, and duty as a friend, superintended the ceremony which I have described. The remains of one who was destined to have little repose or happiness here, now sleep with those of his friend Keats, in the burial-ground near Caius Cestus’s Pyramid;—“a spot so beautiful,” said he, “that it might almost make one in love with death.”

“Shelley,” says the author of an able article in the ‘National Magazine,’ “was most assuredly an amiable man: the spirit which pervades the whole of his writings, is that of a thoughtful and romantic humanity. We have little of the spirit of fashion or of the world. He possessed all the intensity of individual feeling which belongs to Byron, but none of the dark and desolating bitterness with which that haughty spirit overflowed. Like Wordsworth, he has bathed his heart in the beauty, and drunk of the spirit of the universe: he has all the lively conception of natural beauty, but none of the puerility and affectation occasionally to be met with in the works of that illustrious poet. Like him, too, he is one whose ‘hourly neighbour’ ever was

Beauty, a living presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
That craft of delicate spirits hath composed
From earth’s materials.

It has been said that Byron, even in his earlier and prouder days, before he was lost to himself, and worse than lost to the world, in the mean and degrading grossness of blackguardism,

‘Ere he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers,’

had little of creative energy in description, and was too much of a mere limner or copyist of nature. We find in the poetry of Shelley, a freer and purer development of what is best and noblest in ourselves: we are taught in it to love all living and lifeless things, with which, in the material and moral universe, we are surrounded,—we are taught to love the wisdom and goodness and majesty of the Almighty, for we are taught to love the universe, his symbol and visible exponent. God has given two books for the study and instruction of mankind: the book of revelation and the book of nature. In one at least of these was Shelley

deeply versed, and in this one he has given admirable lessons to his fellow-men: throughout his writings, every thought and every feeling is subdued and chastened by a spirit of unutterable and boundless love. The poet meets us on the common ground of a disinterested humanity, and he teaches us to hold an earnest faith in the worth and the intrinsic godliness of the soul. He tells us—he makes us feel—that there is nothing higher than human hope, nothing deeper than the human heart; he exhorts us to labour devotedly in the great and good work of the advancement of human virtue and happiness, and stimulates us

‘To love and bear—to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.’”

“The most extraordinary production from the pen of Shelley,” our anonymous critic continues, “is the ‘Revolt of Islam,’ which contains some of his highest and purest poetry, and may be considered as the fullest collection of his intellectual strength. There is an air about it of mysticism and wildness,—the materials are disjointed,—it is in some parts enigmatical, discontinuous, and unsubstantial, like the shadowy records of an ill-remembered dream,—and yet, despite all this, its majestic expression, rich imagination, and splendid imagery, must rank it as one of the most remarkable of modern poems. The object of the author in undertaking this work, as we learn from his preface, was to enlist the harmony of metrical language, the ethereal combinations of the fancy, the rapid and subtle transitions of human passion,—all those elements, in short, which essentially compose a poem in the cause of a liberal and comprehensive morality, and with the view of kindling in the bosoms of his readers a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence nor misrepresentation, nor prejudice, nor the continual presence and pressure of evil, can ever totally extinguish among mankind. Against much of the philosophy of the ‘Revolt of Islam,’ however, we must except as false: it is more powerful in its thought than its conclusions. Its notions of human perfectibility are mere chimeras and golden dreams. The cold realities of the world were accompanied with too much bitterness for Shelley,—he expected from it what it could and does give to no one: he vainly desired to raise the species in the scale of universal being, and to build himself a world,—like a brave poetical fiction. We smile at his vain enthusiasm, but we cannot condemn,—no, nor even scorn him for his simplicity; we leave that to those who see nothing in the world beyond their own dreary commonplaces, and hug themselves in the superiority of their knowledge, which is after all but the knowledge of evil, at all times a questionable advantage. We can imagine—we glory in imagining—the fond hopes that suggested themselves to a mind like Shelley’s, imbued with an intense faith in the natural goodness of all things. We can pardon him for his unavailing belief in the power of man to be kinder and happier,—though we think he would have been himself much wiser and more happy, had he sought contentment in busy action, and the strong natural excitement of strenuous honourable exertion. The plot of this poem, as we have already said, is artificial and fastidious,—and too filmy and obscure to enable us to give our readers a fair idea of it here. The poem throughout is, perhaps, too learned; he measures

every thing by the wide limits of his own understanding, and forgets that to speak to all men with success and power, he must bring himself down to their level, and make himself still more a man than they. He forgets the constitution of things, and follows blindly the light of his own mind, and the light of his own impulses,—he regards every thing in its connexion with his imaginative world, and

‘As if a man were author of himself,
And owned no other kin,’

he endeavours to suggest and illustrate, by noble passages and fine trains of thought, a certain system of philosophy and feeling, which belongs not to them, but rather to his own imagination. He ‘hopeth against hope’ recklessly on, and seeing that the world will not become what he so ardently thirsts for, he builds himself, in his vague abstraction, a world of nonentities and contingencies, and bids defiance there to the old security and sanctity of what he calls superstition and injustice. Such are the faults of the constitution of this singular poem; its beauties are above all praise. Grandeur of imagery, depth of sentiment, an intense feeling of nature, with an enthusiastic and buoyant hopefulness which might well teach us to mourn over the infinite longings and small acquisitions of man.”

The following remarks on Shelley’s personal character are equally deserving of attention:—“The eccentricity of genius has, it appears, passed into a proverb—Shelley does not call into question the authority of the adage. His eccentricity, however, proceeded from enthusiasm; an ardent enthusiasm in all things, which cost him, as it usually does, many friends, and found him many foes. He could not, in any matter, leave his favourite region of sentiment and imagination for the sake of raising his worldly wealth or worldly greatness. With a vision deeper than that of most men he did not use it wisely: he refined too much on thought and feeling; he could not endure the necessary trials of human patience; he would have the world, as has been already said, a brave poetical fiction, and he turned dissatisfied from the harsh and dull reality. He was constantly during life regretting that he knew not the internal constitution of other men. ‘I see,’ he would say, ‘that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by the appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburthen my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill-fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment.’ And it was from this disappointment, this withering of his fond conjectures, that many of his faults arose. We have a high authority too, for stating that this ‘unfortunate man of genius’ was bitterly sensible, before his early death, of the error and the madness of that part of his career which drew upon him so much indignation and contumely. It is declared that he confessed with tears, ‘that he knew well now he had been all in the wrong.’ In his heart there was nothing depraved or unsound,—those who had opportunities of knowing him best, tell us that his life was spent in the con-

temptation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness and affection. A man of learning, who shared the poverty so often attached to it, enjoyed from him at one period a pension of a hundred a-year, and continued to enjoy it, till fortune rendered it superfluous. To another man of letters in similar circumstances, he presented fourteen hundred pounds; and many other acts like these are on record to his immortal honour. Himself a frugal and abstemious ascetic,—by saving and economizing he was able to assist the industrious poor,—and they had frequent cause to bless his name. In his youth he was of a melancholy and reserved disposition, and fond of abstruse study. Like the scholar described by old Chaucer, he was accustomed to keep continually

At his bed's head,
A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie.

He was, as his poetry attests, an elegant scholar and a profound metaphysician. We have frequently noticed his intense love of natural scenery, which grew with him from youth upwards. 'There is,' he once finely said, 'an eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to dance in breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone.' He made his study and reading room, we are told, of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake and the waterfall. 'Prometheus Unbound,' a poem of singular vigour, one which strikes the mind like the naked and solitary grandeur of an old sculpture, and which breathes the true spirit of the finest fragments of antiquity, was written among the deserted and flower-grown ruins of Rome. And when he made his home under the Pisan hills, their roofless recesses harboured him as he composed the 'Witch of Atlas,' a strange and wild production, teeming with vivifying soul. Here also he wrote 'Adonais,' a fine tribute to the memory of his friend Keats, who died young, but whose 'infelicity had years too many.' His beautiful and stirring poem of 'Hellas,' was also written here. There is something strange and awful in the thought that he loved fervently, and always gloried in the presence of that sea, whose murderous jaws afterwards closed over his spirit for ever. 'In the wild but beautiful bay of Spezzia,' says one of his friends, 'the winds and waves which he loved became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent on the water; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky cliffs that bordered it, and sitting beneath their shelter, wrote the 'Triumph of Life,' the last of his productions.'"

John Philip Kemble.

BORN A. D. 1757.—DIED A. D. 1823.

THIS unrivalled actor was born at Prescott, in Lancashire, on the 1st of February, 1757. His father was manager of a provincial company of comedians, with whom young Kemble occasionally acted while yet a boy. His education was, however, well conducted, and it was against the wishes of his father that he finally embraced the profession of an actor.

He made his *début* at Wolverhampton, on the 8th of January, 1776, in the character of Theodosius, in the 'Force of Love.' His success was not greatly flattering at first; but he gradually gained upon the estimation of the public, and established his reputation as a provincial actor under Tate Wilkinson, then with his company at York. In 1782 he went to Dublin, at a salary of £5 a-week. Here he made his first appearance in Hamlet. In September of the following year, he was engaged for Drury Lane, of which, in 1788, he became manager. In this office, which he held, with the intervention of a short period, until 1801, he amply justified the discernment that had placed him in it, by the many material improvements which he made in the general conduct of the preparatory business of the stage, in the regular decorum of representation, in the impartial appointment of performers to parts suited to their real abilities, and in giving to all characters their true and appropriate costume. Macbeth no longer sported an English general's uniform; men of centuries ago no longer figured in the stiff court dresses of our own time; and

'Cato's full wig, flowered gown, and lackered chair,'

gave way to the crop, the toga, and the couch. His groupings, his processions, &c. while they were in the highest degree conducive to theatrical effect, were yet so chaste and free from glare, that they appeared rather historical than dramatic, and might have been safely transferred by the artist to the canvass, almost without alteration. The departments of the painter and the machinist were likewise objects of his constant attention; and to his study and exertions the drama is indebted for the present propriety and magnificence of its scenery and decorations. During the time of Mr Kemble's management, he did not confine himself merely to the duties of his situation, but added very considerably to the stock of dramatic pieces, by translations of foreign, and revisions of obsolete plays. Released in 1801 from the fatigues of management, Mr Kemble devoted the year 1802 to the pleasures of travel. Having for his main object the improvement of the histrionic art, he visited the cities of Paris and Madrid, and studied the practice of his theatrical brethren in both those capitals. During his residence abroad, he received the most flattering marks of attention and respect from individuals and societies of literary character; and formed an acquaintance with Talma, which afterwards ripened into the closest intimacy. The following extract from a Parisian journal of that day will show the general interest he excited:—"Mr Kemble, the celebrated actor of

London, whose arrival at Paris has been announced by the papers, possesses a fine figure, and appears to be about forty years of age. His hair is dark, his features are strongly marked, and he has a physiognomy truly tragic. He understands, and speaks with accuracy, the French language. In company he appears thoughtful and reserved. His manners, however, are very distinguished; and he has in his looks, when addressed, an expression of courtesy, that affords us the best idea of his education. Mr Kemble is well informed, and has the reputation of being a good grammarian. The Comedie Française has received him with all the respect due to the Le Kaim of England; they have already given him a splendid dinner, and mean to invite him to a still more brilliant *souper*. Talma, to whom he had letters of recommendation, does the honours of Paris; they visit together our finest works, and appear to be already united by the most friendly ties."

On his return to England, he purchased a sixth share in Covent Garden theatre, of which he now became the manager. The destruction of that edifice by fire, in 1808, nearly stripped Kemble of all his property; but, through the kindness of the duke of Northumberland, he was in a great measure indemnified for his losses, and a new theatre was opened on the site of the former one in the course of the ensuing year. The increase of prices on this occasion, of the boxes, from six shillings to seven shillings, and of the pit, from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings, gave rise to the famous O. P. riots. For sixty nights the British public danced rigadoons on the benches of the pit, and behaved with all the well-known turbulence of John Bull when he is incensed. Not a word could be heard from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Every hat was lettered with O. P. Every banner was inscribed with O. P. The dance was O. P. The cry was still O. P. Each managerial heart beat to the truth of Sir Vicary Gibbs' Latin pleasantry, "*effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum*." Mr Kemble appealed to the audience from the stage, in vain. Mr Charles Kemble was hooted for being a brother of Kemble. Mrs Charles Kemble was yelled at, nay, pelted with oranges, for being the wife of the brother of Kemble. Even Mrs Siddons's awful majesty was not a counterpoise to her being of the Kemble blood. At length, however, a compromise was effected; the private boxes were reduced to their number in 1802; the price of admission to the pit was restored to three shillings and sixpence; and the proprietors were allowed the benefit of the advance of a shilling on every admission to the boxes.

On the 23d of June, 1817, Mr Kemble took his farewell of the stage, in the character of Coriolanus. He spent the remaining years of his life chiefly on the continent, and died at Lausanne, on the 26th of February, 1823.

"The Hamlet of John Kemble," says an able writer in the 'London Magazine,' "was, in the vigour of his life, his first, best, and favourite character. In the few latter years, time had furrowed that handsome forehead and face deeper than grief even had worn the countenance of Hamlet. The pensiveness of the character permitted his languor to overcome him; and he played it, not with the mildness of melancholy and meditation, but with somewhat of the tameness and drowsiness of age. There never was that heyday in his blood that could afford to tame. He was a severe and pensive man in his youth,—at least in his

theatrical youth. We have, however, seen him in Hamlet to the very heart! We have yearned for the last flourish of the tippling king's trumpets,—for the passing of Mr Murray and Mrs Powell,—for the entrance of Mr Claremont and Mr Claremont's other self in Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern. We have yearned for all these; because then, after a pause, came Hamlet!—There he was! The sweet, the graceful, the gentlemanly Hamlet. The scholar's eye shone in him with learned beauty! The soldier's spirit decorated his person! His mourning dress was in unison with the fine severe sorrow of his face; and wisdom and youth seemed holding gracious parley in his countenance. You could not take your eye from the dark intensity of his: you could not look on any meaner form, while his matchless person stood in princely perfection before you. The very blue ribband, that suspended the picture of his father around his neck, had a courtly grace in its disposal. There he stood! and when he spoke that wise music with which Shakspeare has tuned Prince Hamlet's heart, his voice fell in its fine cadences like an echo upon the ear,—and you were taken by its tones back with Hamlet to his early days, and over all his griefs, until you stood, like him, isolated in the Danish revel court. The beauty of his performance of Hamlet was its retrospective air—its intensity and abstraction. His youth seemed delivered over to sorrow, and memory was, indeed, with him the warder of the brain. Later actors have played the part with more energy,—walked more in the sun,—dashed more at effects,—piqued themselves more on the jerk of a foil;—but Kemble's sensible, lonely Hamlet has not been surpassed. Hamlet seems to us to be a character that should be played as if in moonlight. He is a sort of link between the ethereal and the corporeal. He stands between the two fathers, and relieves the too violent transition from the living king, that bruises the heavens with his roaring cups, to the armed spirit that silently walks the forest by the glow-worm's light, and melts away when it 'gins to pale its ineffectual fire.' As far as Prince Hamlet could be played, John Kemble played it,—and now that he is gone, we will take care how we enter the theatre to see it mammoned by any meaner hand. Mr Kemble's delineation of Cato was truly magnificent. The hopes of Rome seemed fixed upon him. The fate of Rome seemed to have retired to his tower-like person, as to a fortress, and thence to look down upon the petty struggles of traitors and assassins. He stood in the gorgeous foldings of his robes, proudly preeminent. The stoicism of the Roman wrestled with the feelings of the father, when his son was killed; and the contest was terrifically displayed. That line in the Critic, which always seemed the highest burlesque, was realized and sublimed in him: 'The father relents, but the governor is fixed.' If Mr Kemble had only stood with his grand person in Cato, he would have satisfied the audience, and have told all that Addison intended throughout five long cast-iron acts. There are those amongst his admirers who eulogized him much in Brutus; nay, preferred him in that character. We thought the Roman part of Brutus was admirably portrayed; but the generous fears,—the manly candour,—the tenderness of heart, which rise up through all the Roman stoicism, rather wanted truth and vividness. The whole character was made too meditative, too unmoved. And yet the relation of Portia's death renders such objections extremely hazardous. In this

part he dared much for the sake of correct costume; and we are quite sure that if any other performer had been as utterly Roman in his dress as Mr Kemble was, that he would have endangered the severity of the tragedy. Coriolanus was a Roman of quite another nature; and we rather think Mr Kemble was more universally liked in this part than in any other. The contempt of inferiors suited the haughty tone of his voice; and the fierce impetuosity of the great fighting young Roman was admirably seconded by the muscular beauty of person in the actor. When he came on in the first scene, the crowd of mob-Romans fell back as though they had run against a wild bull, and he dashed in amongst them in scarlet pride, and looked, even in the eyes of the audience, sufficient 'to beat forty of them.' Poor Simmons used to peer about for Kemble's wounds like a flimsy connoisseur examining a statue of some mighty Roman. The latter asking to be consul,—his quarrel with the tribunes,—his appearance under the statue of Mars in the hall of Aufidius, and his taunt of the Volscian just before his death, were specimens of earnest and noble acting that ought never to be lost out of the cabinets of our memories. In Macbeth this great performer was grandly effective; particularly in the murder scene. Perhaps he fell off in the very concluding scenes; but at the banquet, he was kingly indeed! The thought of the witches always seemed to be upon him, weighing him down with supernatural fear. In Richard the Third he was something too collected, too weighty with the consideration of crime, too slow of apprehension. In this part Mr Kean certainly has surpassed all others, and we never saw quick intellect so splendidly displayed as in this brilliant little man. In King John, although the character is in itself tedious, Mr Kemble was greatly elaborate and successful. His scenes with Hubert, and his death, were as powerful as genius could make them. His death chilled the heart, as the touch of marble chills the hand; and it almost seemed that a monument was struggling with fate! The voice had a horror, a hollowness, supernatural; and it still sounds through our memories, big with death! In characters of vehemence and passion, such as Hotspur, Pierre, Octavian, he so contrived to husband his powers, as to give the most astounding effects in the most prominent scenes in which those characters appeared. And in the melancholy pride and rooted sentiments of such parts as Wolsey, Zanga, the Stranger, and Penruddock, he had no equal. In the latter character, indeed, with apparently the slightest materials, he worked up a part of the most thrilling interest. He showed love, not in its dancing youth and revel of the blood, but in its suffering, its patience, its silent wasting intensity. Mr Kemble dressed the part in the humblest modern dress, and still he looked some superior creature. Philosophy seemed determined to hold her own. The draperied room was shamed by his severe presence. His boots and hose bore a charmed life! Love hung its banner out in his countenance, and it had all the interest of some worn record of a long-past contest and victory. We have seen Mr Kemble in Lord Townley, in Biron, Sir Giles Overreach, and various other characters; but we preferred him in the parts upon which we have principally remarked. Although he was filled with the spirit of Massinger in Overreach, and bore the ancient drama sternly up, Sir Giles is highly poetical, and cannot be realized by a natural actor. His very vices relish of the schools."

Charles Hutton.

BORN A. D. 1737.—DIED A. D. 1823.

DR CHARLES HUTTON was the youngest son of a Newcastle miner, and was born in that town on the 14th of August, 1737. He early evinced great aptitude and fondness for the science of numbers and the mathematics, and commenced his career in life as a teacher of these branches of education, at the village of Jesmond, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle.

In 1764 he published an excellent manual of arithmetic and book-keeping, which is still used by many eminent teachers. Soon after this he commenced publishing by subscription, and in monthly parts, a 'Treatise on Mensuration,' which has passed through several editions, and is still highly esteemed. In 1773 he was appointed professor of mathematics in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and soon afterwards elected a fellow of the Royal society, of which he became one of the secretaries in 1779. His contributions to the publications of that learned body are amongst the most valuable of the mathematical papers. In 1798 he published his 'Course of Mathematics,' a work which has gone through several editions and obtained a very wide circulation. In 1807 he resigned his professorship, but continued to employ himself long and usefully in the compilation of a variety of useful works in his favourite sciences, by the sale of which he at once realized a very handsome fortune and increased his scientific reputation throughout Europe. He died on the 27th of January, 1823.

"Dr Hutton," says his friend and biographer, Dr Olinthus Gregory, "had that fondness for retirement which is natural to a man of studious habits; nevertheless, no literary or scientific individual with whom I have ever met, was uniformly so easy of access; a circumstance which I unhesitatingly impute to his desire to be useful to others,—a desire which he steadily evinced through life. No sooner, indeed, had he been removed by Providence into a sphere of extensive influence by his official appointment in the Royal Military Academy, than he felt it his duty to do all in his power to promote the welfare and interest of men of science, and especially those who were devoted to mathematical tuition. Of such he continued for fifty years, truly and eminently the patron. He kept up a most extensive correspondence with mathematicians in every part of Europe, but especially in the United Kingdom. Appreciating correctly and candidly the talents and acquirements of his correspondents, and taking care by various means to ascertain their situations in life, he was ever watchful in seizing opportunities to advance their interests, and provide honourable appointments for them. To this amiable and enviable propensity the late General (then Lieutenant) Mudge owed his recommendation to the duke of Richmond, as duly qualified to be associated with Major Edward Williams in conducting the trigonometrical survey of England and Wales: to this also, my able predecessor, Professor Bonnycastle, owed his appointment at Woolwich, in 1782: and to this again, I cannot omit to ascribe the honour of my invitation to the Royal Military Academy in the year 1802. To many others now living, I refer the pleasure of

testifying their own obligations. The satisfaction which the doctor himself derived from these acts of kindness is expressed in many parts of his journal. Even so lately as 1821, there occur two or three examples of this kind. In one of them, after describing how he had been the principal means of obtaining appointments for two very respectable mathematicians, he adds—'Thus I have much pleasure in a double degree, viz. both in serving and encouraging very able and worthy persons, and in supplying useful institutions with good and proper teachers.' I must not omit to add, that Dr Hutton was a cordial friend to the education of the poor; contributing liberally to Lancasterian and other schools, for their instruction; often expatiating on the advantages, moral and political, which would necessarily accrue from the diffusion of knowledge amongst them; and successfully exposing the folly of expecting, on the one hand, that if men were left ignorant and without principles they would abstain from crimes, yet of fearing, on the other, that if they obtained knowledge and imbibed good principles, they would in consequence go the more astray! Nor, lastly, would it be just to omit, that my venerable friend was a man of genuine, but unassuming benevolence. Never, during our long and close intimacy, did I know him turn a deaf ear to a case of real distress. On paying him one of my periodical visits, about five years ago, I found him reading a letter, the tears trickling down his cheeks. 'Read this,' said he, putting the letter into my hand. It was from the wife of a country schoolmaster, describing how, by a series of misfortunes, he had been reduced to penury, and had just been hurried off to jail, while the sheriff's officers had seized his furniture, leaving her and her children without a shilling. 'Can you rely upon this statement?' I asked.—'Yes,' said he: 'I have information from another quarter which confirms its truth.'—'Then what do you mean to do?'—'I mean,' replied the doctor, smiling, 'to demand a guinea from you, and the same sum from every friend who calls upon me to-day; then to make up the amount twenty guineas, and send it off by this night's post.' He knew nothing of this family, but that, though they were unfortunate, they were honest and industrious, and therefore deserved relief. I could detail many similar examples; but it is unnecessary. *Ex uno disce omnes.*"

Dr Hutton was exceedingly cheerful in his conversation and manner, and deliberate in expressing himself. His voice was agreeably clear and firm, with a slight northern accent. He seems to have displayed in every thing his taste for his favourite study. Showing some one a bust of himself by Gahagan, not long before his decease, he said: "There, Sir, is a bust of me by Gahagan,—my friends tell me it is like me, but that it is too grave for me, though gravity is a part of my character. For the likeness and expression I cannot myself be the judge; but I can vouch for the accuracy, for I have measured it in every point with the callipers." Upon the same person taking leave, the doctor insisted he would accompany him to the door in the street of Bedford-row; and on his remarking to him that the place was broad, light, and very airy, he stepped two or three paces on, and pointing to the end of the street, said, "Yes, it is a very agreeable place to walk in. From the chair in my study to that post at the corner is just forty yards; and from that post to the post at the other end of the row is exactly the

eighth part of a mile: so that when I come out to take my walk, I can walk my eighth part of a mile, the quarter of a mile, half of a mile, or my mile, as I choose. When I return to my seat, I know what exercise I have taken. I am in my eighty-sixth year, and, thank God, have my health in a remarkable way at such an age. I have very few pains, but am a little deaf."

Joseph Nollekens.

BORN A. D. 1737.—DIED A. D. 1823.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, the son of a painter, was born in London, on the 11th of August, 1737. In his thirteenth year he was placed in the studio of Scheemakers, in Vine-street, Piccadilly. Here he studied drawing and modelling with indefatigable diligence, and, in the course of a few years, obtained three prizes from the Society of Arts. In 1760 he proceeded to Rome, where he passed ten years very profitably; his skill in modelling procuring him no small emolument, though he seems to have gained considerably more by the purchase and sale of old pictures, casts, statues, &c. Among other works which he completed while abroad, was a marble one of Timoclea before Alexander, for which the Society of Arts voted him fifty guineas; and at Rome both Sterne and Garrick sat to him for their busts. He was much employed by Lord Yarborough, for whom he executed several works, the best of which were, a Mercury, and Venus chiding Cupid.

On his return to England, Nollekens opened a shop and gallery in Mortimer-street; and as his name had become favourably known during his absence, he soon obtained a tolerable number of sitters for their busts. In 1771 he was admitted an associate, and, in the following year, a member, of the Royal academy.

Nollekens began to exhibit at the academy in 1771, and continued to send his works there until within a very few years of his death. Cupids, Venuses, and Apollos, were his favourite subjects; but they gained him little applause in comparison with his busts. Those that added most to the sculptor's reputation, were the heads of Pitt and Fox; the Prince of Wales; the dukes of Bedford and York; Lords Castlereagh, Aberdeen, Erskine, and Liverpool; and Messrs Canning, Perceval, West the painter, and Coutts the banker.

Though the life of Nollekens was unusually long, little has been related of him that pertains strictly to biography; a mass of gossip and anecdote has been told of him; but that he was blunt and honest, sometimes mean, and sometimes liberal; that he held the chisel till his eighty-second year; and that legacy-hunters crowded about the sculptor in his last moments, are all that we can glean from the mass of matter above alluded to, in addition to what has before been stated. The subject of so much tittle-tattle and anecdote died, of natural infirmity, on the 23d of April, 1823.

Nollekens, if we may judge from a bust of him by Chantrey, had a countenance in which intelligence and simplicity were depicted. In person, he was ill shaped, and so short, that he used to be called one of the three little men of the academy; Fuseli and Flaxman being the

other two. His manners were boorish, but not unpleasantly so; a want of education unfitted him for learned conversation, yet his remarks were sometimes sensible enough to obtain the approbation of Dr Johnson. He preferred, however, the society of the uncultivated to that of the polite, though the latter never put him out of his way; with the former he was familiar and unbending, and would delight to mimic the London cries, or hum snatches of old songs with them over a pint of porter. His penuriousness has been overrated; and though there is some truth in the instances that have been given of his parsimony, quite as many have been related, and more are to be credited, of his liberality. Of this, after the death of his wife, he gave various proofs: he would frequently say to his nurse, "I cannot sleep, I cannot rest. Is there any one, with whom I am acquainted, that would be better for a little money—any person that wants a little money to do him good?" To those who came to him as models, he would often give an additional present of ten pounds; to his servants, on his birth-day, he always gave ten pounds, and sometimes twenty pounds; and when Turner asked him for a subscription of one guinea to the Artists' Fund, he presented him with thirty. Hearing that a poor neighbour was unable to apprentice his son for want of the adequate premium, he sent him a hundred pounds for the purpose; and other anecdotes of his generosity are not wanting to prove the falsehood of Fuseli's assertion, that "Nolly was never known to bleed." Numerous are the stories told of him and his sitters: whilst modelling a lady of rank, who looked rather haughtily, he said to her, "don't look so *scorney*," (a favourite expression of his,) "else you will spoil my bust—and you're a very fine woman—I think it will make one of my very best busts." When the Prince of Wales was sitting to him, he could scarcely help smiling at the grotesque appearance of Nollekens, whose head kept occasionally disappearing beneath the immense collar of his coat. The sculptor, observing the suppressed smile of his royal highness, wagged his head, exclaiming, "If you laugh, I'll make a fool of you!" A widow once came to him, in tears, and desired a model for a monument to her husband, exclaiming, as she departed, "do what you please, Mr Nollekens, but, oh! do it quickly." Nollekens set to work, and had not long completed the order, before the widow again made her appearance. "Dear Mr Nollekens, you have not, perhaps, commenced the model?"—"Ay, madam, but I have," said he; "and finished it too, though it is only three months since you called, and there it stands." "Ah!" sighed the lady, "there it stands, indeed, and very charming it is; but, my good friend, since I last saw you, an old Roman acquaintance of yours has made me an offer, and I don't know how he would like to see, in our church, such a proof of my affection, and your skill, in behalf of my late husband." "A hundred guineas, madam, is my charge for the model," was all the sculptor's reply; which the lady paid, and departed.

His honesty led him to despise flattery, especially from those he disliked. When Wolcott had offended him, by publishing, as he told him, "such lies of the king," the former exclaimed, "Well said, little Nolly! I like the man who sticks to his friend; you shall make a bust of me for that." "I'll see you d—d first!" replied Nollekens; "and I'll tell you, besides, no man in the academy, but Opie, would have painted

your picture; you richly deserved the broken head you got from Gifford:—so now you know my mind.”

As a sculptor, Nollekens has risen to eminence only by his busts; his monumental and poetic sculpture are every way inferior. The monumental work, however, of Mrs Howard, dying in childbed, with her infant, and the figure of Religion by her side, is an exception to his works of this nature; it is altogether a beautiful and impressive performance. His heads were finely and faithfully chiselled; if he failed anywhere, it was near the eye, where he seldom cut deep enough. In all that art could achieve, Nollekens was unequalled; but of genius he has afforded little proof. He has left us beautiful forms to admire and forget; but we in vain look for, in the productions of his chisel, that soul and sentiment, of which something more than earthly inspiration is the source.¹

Sir Henry Raeburn.

BORN A. D. 1756—DIED A. D. 1823.

HENRY RAE BURN was born at Stockbridge, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, on the 4th March, 1756. In very early life he did not discover any particular propensity to the art in which he was destined so remarkably to excel. It was only observed, at the class of arithmetic, when the boys were amusing themselves in drawing figures on their slates, that his displayed a very striking superiority to those of the other boys; but this did not lead any farther. In other respects he was distinguished by the affection of his companions, and formed at that early period intimacies with some of those distinguished friends whose regard accompanied him through life.

The circumstances of young Raeburn rendering it urgent that he should, as early as possible, be enabled to provide for his own support, he was accordingly, at the age of fifteen, apprenticed to an eminent goldsmith in Edinburgh. It was soon after this that he began to paint miniatures. In what manner this taste first showed itself, is not exactly known; but it certainly was altogether spontaneous, without lesson or example, and without even having ever seen a picture. His miniatures were executed, however, in such a manner as drew immediate attention among his acquaintances. His master then took him to see Martin's pictures, the view of which altogether astonished and delighted him, and made an impression which was never effaced. He continued to paint miniatures; they were much admired, and were soon in general demand. His time was fully occupied; and he generally painted two in the week. As this employment, of course, withdrew his time from the trade, an arrangement was made, by which his master received part of his earnings, and dispensed with his attendance.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, Mr Raeburn became professionally a portrait-painter. At the age of twenty-two, he married a daughter of Peter Edgar, Esq. of Bridgelands, with whom he received

¹ From the 'Georgian Era.'

some fortune. Ambitious still farther to improve in his art, he repaired to London, where he introduced himself and his works to the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. That great man instantly saw all that the young Scotsman was capable of, gave him the kindest reception, and earnestly advised him to enlarge his ideas by a visit to Italy. He even offered, had it been necessary, to supply him with money. Mr Raeburn accordingly set out for Rome, well furnished with introductions from Sir Joshua to the most eminent artists and men of science in that capital. He spent two years in Italy, assiduously employed in studying those great works of art with which that country abounds. He travelled with all practicable expedition to and from Italy, without stopping at Paris, or at any other place.

His powers now fully matured, Mr Raeburn returned in 1787 to his native country, and immediately established himself at Edinburgh. Having taken apartments in George Street, he came at once into full employment as a portrait painter. A life spent in one place, and in uniform application to professional pursuits, affords few materials for narrative. The real history of Mr Raeburn is that of his painting; but this, unfortunately, only himself could fully have given. Having stored his mind with ideas drawn from the purest school of modern art, he was indebted for his subsequent improvement solely to his own reflections and the study of nature. He was never in the habit of repairing to London, and indeed he did not visit that metropolis above three times, nor did he reside in it altogether more than four months. He was thus neither in the habit of seeing the works of his contemporaries, nor the English collections of old pictures. Whatever disadvantage might attend this, it never stopped the career of his improvement. Probably, indeed, it had the effect of preserving that originality which formed always the decided character of his productions, and kept him free from being trammelled by the style of any class of artists.

The first excellence of a portrait, and for the absence of which nothing can atone, must evidently be its resemblance. In this respect, Sir Henry's eminence was universally acknowledged. In the hands of the best artists, there must, in this part of their task, be something precarious; but in a vast majority of instances his resemblances were most striking. They were also happily distinguished by being always the most favourable that could be taken of the individual, and were usually expressive as well of the character as of the features. This desirable object was effected, not by the introduction of any ideal touches, or any departure from the strictest truth, but by selecting and drawing out those aspects under which the features appeared most dignified and pleasing. He made it his peculiar study to bring out the mind of his subjects. His penetration quickly enabled him to discover their favourite pursuits and topics of conversation. Sir Henry's varied knowledge and agreeable manners then easily enabled him, in the course of the sitting, to lead them into an animated discussion on those ascertained subjects. As they spoke he caught their features, enlivened by the strongest expression of which they were susceptible. While he thus made the portrait much more correct and animated, his sitters had a much more agreeable task than those who were pinned up for hours in a constrained and inanimate posture, and in a state of mental vacuity. So agreeable indeed did many of the most distinguished and intelligent among them find his society, that they

courted it ever after, and studiously converted the artist into a friend and acquaintance.

Besides his excellence in this essential quality of portrait, Sir Henry possessed also in an eminent degree those secondary merits which are requisite to constitute a fine painting. His drawing was correct, his colouring rich and deep, and his lights well disposed. There was something bold, free and open, in the whole style of his execution. The accessories, whether of drapery, furniture, or landscape, were treated with elegance and spirit, yet without that elaborate and brilliant finishing which makes them become principals. These parts were always kept in due subordination to the human figure; while of it, the head came always out as the prominent part. Animals, particularly that noble species, the horse, were introduced with peculiar felicity; and Sir Henry's equestrian portraits are perhaps his very best performances. The able manner in which the animal itself was drawn, and in which it was combined with the human figure, were equally conspicuous. His portraits of Sir David Baird, of the earl of Hopetoun, of his own son, on horseback, and, above all, perhaps, of the duke of Hamilton, are striking illustrations of this remark. This skilful grouping and judicious arrangement of the accessories gave a peculiarly good effect to his family pictures, for which, however, Scotland did not afford a very extensive demand.

The active mind of Sir Henry was by no means confined within the circle of his profession. Indeed, those who best knew him conceived, that the eminence to which he attained in it was less the result of any exclusive propensity, than of those general powers of mind, which would have led to excellence in any pursuit to which he had directed his attention. Though in a great degree self-taught, his knowledge was varied and extensive. His classical attainments were considerable; but mechanics and natural philosophy formed the favourite objects of his study. To these, in a particular manner, he devoted the leisure of his evenings, when not interrupted by the claims of society. Sculpture was also an object of his peculiar study; and so great was his taste for it, that at Rome he at one time entertained the idea of devoting himself to that noble art as a profession, in preference to painting. A medallion of himself, which he afterwards executed, satisfied all men of taste who saw it, that he would have attained to equal excellence in this art, had he made it the object of his choice.

Few men were better calculated to command respect in society than Sir Henry Raeburn. His varied knowledge, his gentlemanly and agreeable manners, an extensive command of anecdote, always well told and happily introduced, the general correctness and propriety of his whole deportment, made him be highly valued by many of the most distinguished individuals, both as a companion and a friend. His conversation might be said in some degree to resemble his style of painting,—there was the same ease and simplicity, the same total absence of affectation of every kind, and the same manly turn of sense and genius. But we are not aware that the humorous gaiety and sense of the ludicrous, which often enlivened his conversation, ever guided his pencil.

Sir Henry Raeburn, like Raphael, Michael Angelo, and some other masters of the art, possessed the advantage of a tall and commanding

person, and a noble and expressive countenance. He excelled at archery, golf, and other Scottish exercises; and it may be added, that, while engaged in painting, his step and attitudes were at once stately and graceful.

The mental qualities of that excellent man corresponded with the graces of his conversation and exterior. By those who most intimately knew him, he is described as uniting in an eminent degree the qualities which command genuine esteem. His attendance on the duties of religion was regular and exemplary. In domestic life he appeared peculiarly amiable. Though so much courted in society, he appeared always happiest at home, in the bosom of his family and of his grandchildren; and while mingling in their youthful sports. To young men, who were entering the arduous career of art, he showed himself always a most active and generous friend. Whether acquainted or not, they were welcome to come to him, and were sure of his best advice and assistance. Notwithstanding his extensive engagements and pursuits, a large proportion of his time was always spent in rendering these kind offices. When unable to command time during the day, he would engage them to come to him early in the morning. In passing sentence on the works of his brother-artists, he evinced the most liberal candour: and even where unable to bestow praise, was scarcely ever heard to blame.

The merit of Sir Henry was amply acknowledged, both by literary societies and those formed for the promotion of art. He became a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Imperial Academy of Florence, of the Academy of New York, and of the South Carolina Academy. In 1814, the Royal Academy of London, on occasion of the very first picture sent by him, elected him an Associate; and in the following year they named him an Academician. This honour was conferred in a manner quite unprecedented, not having been preceded by any application whatever; while in general it is the result of a very keen canvass; and at this very time the candidates were particularly numerous.

The time was come, however, when the talents of the artist were to meet a still more brilliant and imposing homage. His Majesty, George IV., in the course of his visit to his Scottish subjects, determined to show his esteem for the fine arts by a special mark of honour conferred on the most distinguished of their professors. This view was happily fulfilled by conferring on Mr Raeburn the dignity of knighthood. Sir Henry received afterwards the appointment of portrait-painter to his Majesty for Scotland; a nomination, however, which was not announced to him till the very day when he was seized with his last illness. The king, when conferring the dignity of knighthood, had expressed a wish to have a portrait of himself painted by this great artist; but Sir Henry's numerous engagements prevented him from visiting the metropolis for that purpose.

It reflects great honour on the subject of this memoir, that he never gave way to those secure and indolent habits which advanced age and established reputation are so apt to engender. He continued, with all the enthusiasm of a student, to seek and to attain farther improvement. The pictures of his two or three last years are unquestionably the best that he ever painted.

Sir Henry died on the 8th July, 1823, after a brief illness.

¹ Abridged from 'Edinburgh Annual Register.'

Matthew Baillie.

BORN A. D. 1761.—DIED A. D. 1823.

THE father of this eminent physician was professor of divinity in the university of Glasgow. His mother was the sister of Dr William Hunter and of Mr John Hunter. In the earlier part of his education, he enjoyed great advantages; and, indeed, he was in the whole course of it peculiarly happy. From Glasgow, in 1780, he went to Baliol college, Oxford, where he took his degrees; and came finally under the superintendence of his uncle, Dr William Hunter, with whom he lived. By him he was brought forward into life; and through the influence of his uncle's friends, he was made physician to St George's hospital, in 1787.

"The merest chance," says Sir Charles Bell, in an eloquent *elogé* pronounced by him on the subject of this article, in the theatre of anatomy, Great Windmill street, "made me acquainted with a circumstance very honourable to Dr Baillie. While still a young man, and not affluent, his uncle William, dying, left him the small family-estate of Long-Calderwood. We all know of the unhappy misunderstanding that existed between Dr Hunter and his brother John. Dr Baillie felt that he owed this bequest to the partiality of his uncle, and made it over to John Hunter. The latter long refused; but in the end, the family-estate remained the property of the brother, and not of the nephew, of Dr Hunter. It was Dr Hunter's wish to see his nephew succeed him, and take his place in these rooms as a lecturer. To effect this, he united with him his assistant, Mr Cruickshanks; and, at his death, assigned to him the use of his collection of anatomical preparations during thirty years.

"It was under this roof that Dr Baillie formed himself, and here the profession learned to appreciate him. He began to give regular lectures here in 1785, and continued to lecture in conjunction with Mr Cruickshanks till 1799. He had no desire to get rid of the national peculiarities of language; or, if he had, he did not perfectly succeed. Not only did the language of his native land linger on his tongue, but its recollections clung to his heart; and to the last, amidst the splendour of his professional life, and the seductions of a court, he took a hearty interest in the happiness and the eminence of his original country. And may the world forget him who forgets this first demand on his gratitude, and best excitement to honourable exertions! But there was a native sense and strength of mind which distinguished him, and more than compensated for the want of the polish and purity of English pronunciation. He possessed the valuable talent of making an abstruse and difficult subject plain: his prelections were remarkable for that lucid order and clearness of expression which proceed from a perfect conception of the subject; and he never permitted any vanity of display to turn him from his great object of conveying information in the simplest and most intelligible way, and so as to be most useful to his pupils. That Dr Baillie ceased to lecture at a time when his opinions became every day more valuable, is the less to be regretted when we consider how he continued afterwards to occupy himself.

"His first work, on 'Morbid Anatomy,' was, like every thing he did,

modest and unpretending; but it was not on that account the less valued. A perfect knowledge of his subject, acquired in the midst of the fullest opportunities, enabled him to compress into a small volume more accurate and more useful information than will be found in the works of Bonetus, Morgagni, and Lieutaud. This work consisted at first of a plain statement of facts,—the description of the appearances presented on dissection, or what could be preserved and exhibited; and he afterwards added the narration of symptoms corresponding with the morbid appearances. This was an attempt of greater difficulty, which will require the experience of successive lives to perfect. His next work was the ‘Illustration of Morbid Anatomy,’ by a series of splendid engravings; creditable at once to his own taste and liberality, and to the state of the arts in this country. He thus laid a solid foundation for pathology, and did for his profession what no physician had done before his time. Much, no doubt, remains unperformed; but I am confident that nothing which he has done will be undone by those who shall follow him. Besides his great work, he gave a description of the gravid uterus, and many important contributions to the transactions and medical collections of his time. Dr Baillie presented his collection of morbid specimens to the college of physicians, with a sum of money to be expended in keeping them in order; and it is rather remarkable that Dr Hunter, his brother, and his nephew, should have left to their country such noble memorials as these. In the college of Glasgow may be seen the princely collection of Dr Hunter; the college of surgeons have assumed new dignity, surrounded by the collection of Mr Hunter,—more like the successive works of many men enjoying royal patronage or national support, than the work of a private surgeon; and lastly, Dr Baillie has given to the college of physicians, at least, that foundation for a museum of morbid anatomy, which we hope to see completed by the activity of the members of that body.

“When a physician rises suddenly into eminence, owing to fortuitous circumstances, connexions, or address, though we cannot condemn that person, nothing can be less interesting than his life or fortunes: but Dr Baillie’s success was creditable to the time. It may be said of him, as it was said of his uncle John, ‘every time I hear of his increasing eminence, it appears to me like the fulfilling of poetical justice, so well has he deserved success by his labours for the advantage of humanity.’ Yet I cannot say that there was not in his manner sufficient reason for his popularity. Those who have introduced him to families from the country, must have observed in them a degree of surprise on first meeting the physician of the court. There was no assumption of character, or warmth of interest exhibited; he appeared what he really was,—one come to be a dispassionate observer, and to do that duty for which he was called. But then, when he had to deliver his opinion, and more especially when he had to communicate with the family, there was a clearness in his statement, a reasonableness in all he said, and a convincing simplicity in his manner, that had the most soothing and happy influence on minds, exalted and almost irritated by suffering and the apprehension of impending misfortune. We cannot estimate too highly the influence of Dr Baillie’s character on the profession to which he belonged. I ought not, perhaps, to mention his mild virtues and domestic charities; yet the recollection of these must give a deeper

tone to our regret, and will be interwoven with his public character, embellishing what seemed to want no addition. These private virtues ensured for him a solid and unenvied reputation. All wished to imitate his life,—none to detract from his fame. Every young physician, who hoped for success, sought his counsel; and I have heard him forcibly represent the necessity of a blameless life, and, that, unless medical reputation be joined with purity of private character, it neither could be great nor lasting. The same generosity and warmth of feeling which prompted him to many acts of private charity and benevolence, were not without a powerful influence upon his conduct on more arduous occasions, and may well be supposed to have guided and sustained him in circumstances which might have shaken other men, of less firm and independent minds. But I shall not dwell on this view of his public character. The matters to which I allude are ill fitted for discussion in this place: they belong rather to the history of the period in which he lived, and will there be most suitably recorded.

“After so many years spent in the cultivation of the most severe science,—for surely anatomy and pathology may be so considered,—and in the performance of professional duties on the largest scale,—for he was consulted not only by those who personally knew him, but by individuals of all nations,—he had, of late years, betaken himself to other studies, as a pastime and recreation. He attended more to the general progress of science. He took particular pleasure in mineralogy; and, even from the natural history of the articles of the *Pharmacopœia* he appears to have derived a new source of gratification. By a certain difficulty which he put in the way of those who wished to consult him, and by seeing them only in company with other medical attendants, he procured for himself, in the latter part of his life, that leisure which his health required, and which suited the maturity of his reputation; while he intentionally left the field of practice open to new aspirants.

“When you add to what I have said of the celebrity of the uncles, William and John Hunter, the example of Dr Baillie, and farther consider the eminence of his sister, Joanna Baillie, excelled by none of her sex in any age, you must conclude with me, that the family has exhibited a singular extent and variety of talent. When I last saw him (the day before he left town for Tunbridge,) I enjoyed a long and interesting conversation with him. He was aware of his condition and his danger. His friends believed that he was suffering from a general decay of strength,—a sort of climacteric disease. To me, he appeared like a man who had some local source of irritation, or visceral affection, which was preying on his constitution. Every body hoped that his state of health was to be ascribed to the fatigue of business, and that retirement would afford him relief; but in this we were disappointed. He sensibly and rapidly sank, and, by the calmness and resignation of his last days, summed up the virtues of his life. Dr Baillie’s age was not great, if measured by the length of years: he had not completed his sixty-third year; but his life was long in usefulness. He lived long enough to complete the model of a professional life. In the studies of youth,—in the serious and manly occupations of the middle period of life,—in the upright, humane, and honourable character of a physician,—and above all, in that dignified conduct which became a man mature in years and honours, he has left a finished example to his profession.”

Richard Payne Knight.

BORN A. D. 1748.—DIED A. D. 1824.

THIS accomplished scholar was born in 1748. In early life his health was infirm, and his education much interrupted in consequence; but by diligent study, as his constitution improved, he made up his lost ground, and became one of the most accomplished classical and general scholars of his time. He is said—we know not on what authority—to have been a considerable contributor to the ‘*Edinburgh Review*,’ in its early days. Among his published works are: ‘*An Account of the Remains of the Worship of Priapus lately existing at Isernia in the Kingdom of Naples*,’ to which is added, a ‘*Discourse on the Worship of Priapus, and its connexion with the Mystic Theology of the Ancients*,’ 4to. 1786.—‘*An Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet*,’ 4to. 1791.—‘*The Landscape*,’ a didactic poem, 8vo. 1794.—‘*Review of the Landscape*; also of an Essay on the Picturesque, with practical remarks on Rural Ornament,’ 8vo. 1795.—‘*The Progress of Civil Society*,’ a didactic poem, 4to. 1796.—‘*Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste*,’ 8vo. 1805.—‘*Monody on the Death of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox*,’ 8vo. 1806. He also wrote Prolegomena to an edition of Homer, and various articles of much merit in the ‘*Classical Journal*’ and other periodicals of the day. He bequeathed his collection of bronzes, medals, and other articles of *vertu* to the British Museum.

William Sharp.

BORN A. D. 1749.—DIED A. D. 1824.

WILLIAM SHARP was born on the 29th of January, 1749. His father was a reputable gun-maker, of Haydon-yard in the Minories, who, observing early manifestations of a talent for drawing in his son William, and not being able to estimate (as indeed no father could estimate) the full extent of those talents, thought only of qualifying him for the performance of that species of engraving which is bestowed on fire-arms, and is technically termed bright engraving, because it solicits attention to itself, and not to the impressions that may be taken from it by filling its incisions with ink. Young William was accordingly apprenticed to Mr Longmate, who practised this species of engraving near the Royal Exchange; and, soon after the expiration of his engagement, our artist (having married a French-woman) commenced business for himself in Bartholomew-lane. His first essay in engraving was made on a pewter pot. His friends would have qualified the assertion by substituting a silver tankard, but our artist loved truth, and insisted on the veracity of this humble commencement. About this time he became acquainted with John Kaye Sherwin, from whom he no doubt derived much information. At one period he had almost concluded an engagement with Sherwin, as an assistant, but a difference occurring, the negotiation was broken off. After a few years of experience, as his powers developed, Sharp began to feel himself capable of

higher works than dog's-collars, and door and card-plates, and one of his first essays in the superior branch of his art, was to travel all the way from Bartholomew-lane to the tower of London, make a drawing of the old lion Hector, who had been an inmate of that fortress for about thirty years, engrave from it a small quarto plate, and expose the prints for sale in his window.

Mr Sharp left the busy civic haunts and the hum of Bartholomew-lane, somewhere about the year 1782, for the more salubrious neighbourhood of Vauxhall, where he began to engrave for the 'Novelist's Magazine,' after the designs of Stothard; contributed a single plate to Southwell's folio Bible, and soon after felt firmly seated enough on this superior branch to which he had climbed, to undertake more important works. In fact, his mind had, by this time, been expanded by the contemplation of good pictures and prints, and he began to

— "drink the spirit, breathed
From dead men to their kind;"

to look with due veneration at the great works of the old masters; and, finally, to emulate and imitate them. But the removal to the country did not much amend the infirm health of Mrs Sharp, and he soon became a widower, but without children.

His admirable portrait of John Hunter, after Reynolds; his not less admirable doctors, or fathers, (as it is sometimes termed,) of the primitive church discussing the doctrine of the immaculate conception, after Guido, the former one of the finest portrait, the latter one of the finest historical engravings in the world, were both executed in the small house which he occupied near Vauxhall. Here was completed West's landing of king Charles the Second, which Woollet, at his demise, had left unfinished; and here were performed several other works not mentioned by those who have hitherto treated of his biography; among them two solemn dances by torch-light in the Friendly islands, and some portraits of islanders of the Pacific ocean, engraved for Captain Cook's last voyage; and a most exquisite work of the oval form, after Benwell, an artist who died young, and of which the subject is the Children in the Wood.

Whilst thus living and engraving at Lambeth, our artist became gradually and justly dissatisfied with the scanty remuneration which he received for his plates from the print-dealers, which kept him always poor, although his expenses were moderate; and, his brother dying somewhat unexpectedly at Gibraltar, he became possessed of some property, and was enabled to set about, and to execute and publish for himself, some of those works from Salvator Rosa, Domenichino, and others of the old masters of high character, from the celebrated collection of the late Mr Udney, which, in contributing to the extension of their fame, has established his own. He now effected his removal from Lambeth, to a larger house in Charles-street, near the Middlesex hospital, and indulged himself in new social connexions, and a somewhat more expensive mode of life.

The exact time when the serenity of his mind and the tenor of his studies began to be invaded by credulous notions concerning the animal magnetism of Mesmer, and the mysteries of Emanuel Swedenborg, has not been ascertained. The mental delusion under which he laboured

was, probably, but the result of a moment: nor is it the dates of events of this kind, but the facts themselves, that are interesting. Suffice it, then, to say, that these things happened nearly about the era of his removal to Charles-street; and the same accession of fortune which enabled him to undertake the publication of his own engravings, enabled him, also, to indulge in these aberrations, for so we must esteem them at the best; to patronise Bryan, the enthusiast, and the prophet Brothers; to dabble—for he did no more—in the politics of Thomas Paine and Horne Tooke, by becoming a member of the ‘Society for Constitutional Information;’ and to cultivate various friendships which had no inconsiderable influence on the future events of his life. But, behold, Richard Brothers arose a prophet in Israel! The millennium was at hand! The Jews were to be gathered together, and were to reoccupy Jerusalem; and Sharp and Brothers were to march thither with their squadrons! Due preparations were accordingly made, and boundless expectations were entertained by our enthusiastic artist. Upon a friend remonstrating that none of these preparations appeared to be of a marine nature, and inquiring how the chosen colony were to cross the seas? our hero answered, “O, you’ll see! There’ll be an earthquake; and a miraculous transportation will take place.” Nor can Sharp’s faith or sincerity on this point be in the least distrusted; for he actually sat down and engraved two plates of the portrait of the prophet; having calculated that one would not print the great number of impressions that would be wanted when the important advent should arrive. Brothers, however, had mentioned dates; and dates, although proofs of the prophet’s sincerity and insanity, are, in other respects, very stubborn things. Yet, the failure of the accomplishment of this prophecy may have helped to recommend the pretensions of “the woman clothed with the sun!” who now arose—as might be thought, somewhat *mal-apropos*—in the west. But miracles are superior to the laws of nature; the apostles were fishermen; and Jesus Christ himself honoured by his birth the house of a poor carpenter, in an obscure village. The low origin of Joanna Southcote could, therefore, form no objection to her divine credentials. The drowning hopes of the confused and favoured faith of a fanatic will catch at straws: the holy scriptures had said, “the sceptre shall not depart” from Israel, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and to him shall the gathering of my people be.” When Brothers was incarcerated in a mad-house at Islington, Joanna shone forth at Exeter; and when the day of dread that was to leave the fair metropolis in ruins, while it ushered forth Brothers and Sharp on their holy errand, passed calmly over, the explicators of divine truth, and seers of coming events, being driven to their shifts, began to look out for new ground, and, in short, to prevaricate most wofully. The days of prophecy, Sharp said, were sometimes weeks, or months; nay, according to one text, a thousand years were but as a single day, and one day as a thousand years.

The pious Mrs Rowe, or her husband, has written, that,

“The soul’s dark cottage, batter’d and bewray’d,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.”

But, battered and bewrayed as our artist’s faith in modern revelation

might well be supposed to have become, no new light streamed in at the chinks. It was still the soul's dark cottage, when the corpse of the prophetess lay in the neighbourhood of Manchester-square. When the surgeons were proceeding to an anatomical investigation of the physical and proximate causes of her death, and the mob was gathering without doors in anticipation of a riot or a miracle, Sharp continued to maintain, less in spite of the surgeon's teeth than of his own nose, that she was not dead, but entranced! And also at a subsequent period, when he was sitting to Mr Haydon for his portrait, he predicted to that gentleman, that Joanna would reappear in the month of July, 1822. "But suppose she should not," said Mr Haydon. "I tell you she will," retorted Sharp; "but if she should not, nothing will shake my faith in her divine mission." And those who were near his person during his last illness, state that in this belief he died.

Mr Sharp's professional fame was widely spread on the continent, and wherever else the rays of taste have extended. Foreign institutions of art so highly respected his merits, that he was elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, and of the Electoral Academy of Bavaria. Both these diplomas he received in the year 1814. It was his own fault that he was not an associate of the Royal Academy of his own country. The fact was shortly this:—Sharp had solicited Sir Joshua Reynolds to be allowed to engrave his celebrated picture painted for the Empress of Russia, of the Infant Hercules strangling the serpent. This proposition was favourably entertained by the president, who, in conversation, offered to recommend Sharp as an associate engraver of the Royal Academy. But Sharp, full of the honour of his own profession, rejected the offer, warmly espousing the opinions of Sir Robert Strange, Woollet, Hall, and other eminent chalcographers, who considered their art slighted by their not being allowed to become Royal academicians. This circumstance, in its turn, offended Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, on Sharp again waiting on him about engraving the picture of Hercules, gave him a cold reception, and informed him that the picture had been engaged by Mr Boydell.

He made two or three removals of his residence before he finally domiciliated at Chiswick; first, from Charles-street, Middlesex hospital, to a smaller house in Titchfield-street, where he engraved, or at least completed, his large plate after Copley, of the scene before Gibraltar, on the morning of the 27th of November, 1781, one of the proudest in the annals of war; when the Spanish floating batteries were destroyed, and British magnanimity shared with British valour in the honours of the victory. From Titchfield-street he removed to Acton, keeping an apartment, which he occasionally occupied, in London-street, Fitzroy-square; and from Acton he removed to Chiswick, where he had not resided long, before he was attacked by dropsy in the chest, which terminated his life at the age of seventy-four, on the morning of Sunday, the 25th of July. He lies buried in the church-yard of that hamlet, with Hogarth, who was of similar origin; and with De Louthembourg, for whom, at one period, he entertained much mystic reverence.

The general style of Mr Sharp's engraving is not borrowed from any of his predecessors or contemporaries; but is eclectic,—which is to say, that it is fairly felt, and wrought out for himself, after looking at them all, with due respect, but without servility; and after comparing them

with their grand archetype—Nature. The half-tints and shadows of his best works are peculiarly rich; yet it is almost treason to the lights of his Diogenes, his Children in the Wood, and his Fathers of the Church, thus to particularise them. His course of lines are always conducted with ability, and sometimes with that

“Wanton heed and giddy cunning,”

which can result only from genius. His play of lines has, generally speaking, the utmost freedom, combined with a power of regularity and accuracy, which always appears commensurate to the occasion. This implies more of the artist, and less of the mechanic, than we elsewhere find; a solicitude for the end, rather than for the means; and is the result of a grander career of mind, governed by bolder bridling.

In his works, every artist who is worthy of that denomination, continues to live long after the close of his mortal career. They are the most just and impartial monuments to his memory. Some of the productions, of which we are about to speak, will be admired for centuries, after the superstitious credulity and political folly of their author will be utterly forgotten.

Mr Sharp's principal portraits are as follows:—The Prince of Wales, a beautiful specimen of the art, both of the engraver and of the painter, who was Cosway. John Hunter, (the great anatomist,) after Sir Joshua Reynolds, a transcendent performance, of large folio dimensions. It is said, that until the production of this plate, Sir Joshua Reynolds was sceptical as to the power of line engraving to give the masses for which his works are so distinguished; and which had induced him to prefer mezzotinto and stippled engravings. Mr Sharp convinced him of his error. Mr Moore, the original secretary to the Society of Arts, after West. Shakspeare's patron, the earl of Southampton, of quarto size, (a small ruined chapel beneath.) A head in Du Roveray's edition of 'Paradise Lost,' erroneously called the portrait of Milton. Three views of the head of king Charles the First, after Vandyke. Sir Everard Home, the distinguished comparative anatomist. Sir Walter Farquhar, physician. The Rev. Dr Valpy. Lord Erskine. Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. Horne Tooke. John Kemble. Sir R. Dundas. Charles Long, Esq. F. Walker, Esq. John Bunyan. Joanna Southcote. William Sharp, engraver, after Joseph. Rev. Dr de Salis. The duke of Clarence. Equestrian figure of his royal highness the prince of Wales. Whole-length portrait of Sir William Curtis. His principal historical engravings were St Cecilia, after Domenichino. Diogenes, after Salvator Rosa. The Ecce Homo, after Guido, and the Madonna and child, after Carlo Dolci, a pair. Two heads, after Michael Angelo. Sortie, made by the garrison of Gibraltar, on the morning of the 27th of November, 1781. Boadicea, after Stothard. The Fathers of the church, after Guido, a work of superlative merit. Alfred dividing his loaf with the pilgrim. The witch of Endor,—and the hovel scene in king Lear; all three after West. The infant Saviour, from Annibal Caracci. Christ and St John the Baptist. Head of an old woman, after Rubens. The figures to an oval plate, after Hearn, of Mr Peter Pounce rescuing Fanny, from the novel of Joseph Andrews. A large plate, in a forward, though unfinished state, of the dead Christ and three Marias, after the celebrated picture by Annibal Caracci, in the

collection of the earl of Carlisle. Boadicea and her daughters, after Opie, engraved for Hume's 'History of England,' published by Bowyer. Mary Queen of Scots escaping with Bothwell, after Smirke, for ditto. Judith attiring, after Opie, engraved for Macklin's Bible. Destruction of the Assyrian host, after De Louthembourg, engraved for ditto. The three Maries at the holy sepulchre, after Smirke, for ditto.

E. D. Clarke.

BORN A. D. 1769—DIED A. D. 1822.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE was descended from a line of churchmen and scholars. The celebrated Dr William Wotton was his great-grandfather. His paternal grandfather was William Clarke, a fellow of St John's, rector of Buxted, author of a valuable work on Saxon coins, and a very amiable and estimable man. His father likewise followed the clerical career, and passed some time abroad as chaplain to Lord Bristol's embassy at Madrid.

The subject of this notice was born in 1769. He showed, while yet a child, the same adventurous spirit and vehement, but not always discriminating, curiosity, which distinguished him in after life. Every one who has studied the works of the man, will recognise distinct lineaments of his character, in the following anecdotes of the boy :—"Having upon some occasion accompanied his mother on a visit to a relation's house in Surrey, he contrived, before the hour of their return, so completely to stuff every part of the carriage with stones, weeds, and other natural productions of that county, then entirely new to him, that his mother, upon entering, found herself embarrassed how to move; and, though the most indulgent creature alive to her children, she was constrained, in spite of the remonstrances of the boy, to eject them one by one from the window. For one package, however, carefully wrapped up in many a fold of brown paper, he pleaded so hard, that he at last succeeded in retaining it: and when she opened it at night after he had gone to sleep, it was found to contain several greasy pieces of half-burnt reeds, such as were used at that time in the farmers' kitchens in Surrey, instead of candles; which, he said, upon inquiry, were specimens of an invention that could not fail of being of service to some poor old women of the parish, to whom he could easily communicate how they were prepared. Another childish circumstance, which occurred about the same time, is worthy of recital, not only because it indicates strongly the early prevalence of the spirit to which we have alluded, but because it accounts in some measure for the extraordinary interest he took throughout his life in the manners and the fortunes of gypsies. At this period his eldest brother was residing with his relations at Chichester; and, as his father's infirm state of health prevented him from seeing many persons at his house, Edward was permitted frequently to wander alone in the neighbourhood, guarded only by a favourite dog, called Keeper. One day, when he had stayed out longer than usual, an alarm was given that he was missing; search was made in every direction, and hour after hour elapsed without any tidings of the child. At last his old nurse, who was better acquainted with his haunts, succeeded in discovering him in

a remote and rocky valley above a mile from his father's house, surrounded by a group of gypsies, and deeply intent upon a story which one of them was relating to him. The boy, it seems, had taken care to secure their good will with some victuals which he had brought from his mother's pantry; and they, in return, had been exerting their talents for his amusement. Many of the stories which he thus obtained were treasured with great delight in his memory, and often brought out, as occasion served, for the amusement of his rustic audience."

He received the rudiments of education chiefly at Tonbridge, under the celebrated Vicesimus Knox. At the death of his father, he was left an under-graduate of Cambridge, with the smallest possible means of pursuing his academic studies. His studies at the university were self-selected and sufficiently desultory. From his earliest youth he had exhibited a strong predilection for experimental science, and we find him amusing the university with a balloon, at the moment when he ought to have been qualifying himself for an honour! "To illustrate the desultory nature of his occupations at this time," says his biographer, Mr Otter, "and to give an early specimen of the talent which he always possessed in a very high degree, of exciting an interest in the minds of others towards the objects which occupied his own, it may be worth while here to give some account of a balloon, with which he amused the university in the third year of his residence. This balloon, which was magnificent in its size, and splendid in its decorations, was constructed and manœuvred, from first to last, entirely by himself. It was the contrivance of many anxious thoughts, and the labour of many weeks, to bring it to what he wished; and when, at last, it was completed to his satisfaction, and had been suspended for some days in the College hall, of which it occupied the whole height, he announced a time for its ascension. There was nothing at that period very new in balloons, or very curious in the species which he had adopted; but by some means he had contrived to disseminate, not only within the walls of his own college, but throughout the whole university, a prodigious curiosity respecting the fate of his experiment. On the day appointed, a vast concourse of people was assembled, both within and around the college; and the balloon, having been brought to its station, the grass-plot within the cloisters, was happily launched by himself, amidst the applause of all ranks and degrees of gownsmen, who had crowded the roof, as well as the area of the cloisters, and filled the contiguous apartments of the master's lodge. The whole scene, in short, succeeded to his utmost wish; nor is it easy to forget the delight which flashed from his eye, and the triumphant wave of his cap, when the machine, with its little freight, (a kitten,) having cleared the college battlements, was seen soaring in full security over the towers of the great gate. Its course was followed on horseback by several persons, who had voluntarily undertaken to recover it; and all went home delighted with an exhibition, upon which nobody would have ventured, in such a place, but himself; while none were found to lament the unseasonable waste of so much ingenuity and industry, or to express their surprise that to the pleasure of this passing triumph he should have sacrificed the whole of an important term, in which most of his contemporaries were employed in assiduous preparations for their approaching disputations in the schools. But to gratify and amuse others was ever a source of the greatest satisfaction to himself. In the pursuit of this

object, he thought little of any sacrifice he was to make, and still less of any ulterior advantage he might gain; and though it was important to his enjoyment, that the means employed should be, more or less, of a literary or scientific kind, it was by no means essential that they should gratify his own vanity, or reflect any credit upon himself. As a proof of this, it may be mentioned, that only a few months before this exhibition of the balloon in the university, which seemed calculated to excite an interest among thousands, he bestowed quite as much time and labour in the construction of an orrery, for the sole purpose of delivering a course of lectures on astronomy in his mother's house, to a single auditor; and that one his sister."

On proceeding to his degree in January, 1790, he attained the honour of a junior optime. In the following year he became tutor to the Hon. Henry Tufton, nephew of the duke of Dorset. In this engagement he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties. In 1792 he accepted the invitation of Lord Berwick, to travel with him for two years. They proceeded through Germany and Switzerland to Piedmont, and thence by Genoa to Florence, Rome and Naples. The vocation of Dr Clarke to travelling and scientific research was now complete. "An unbounded love of travel," are the words of Clarke himself, "influenced me at a very early period of my life. It was conceived in infancy, and I shall carry it with me to the grave. When I reflect upon the speculations of my youth, I am at a loss to account for a passion, which, predominating over every motive of interest, and every tie of affection, urges me to press forward, and to pursue inquiry, even in the bosoms of the ocean and the desert. Sometimes, in the dreams of fancy, I am weak enough to imagine that the map of the world was painted in the awning of my cradle, and that my nurse chaunted the wanderings of pilgrims in her legendary lullabies." He remained abroad about two years, and on his return, became tutor, successively, to Sir Thomas Mostyn, and to two sons of the present marquess of Anglesey.

In 1798, having previously taken his degree of M. A., he resumed his residence at Cambridge; and, in the following year, he set out with his pupil and friend, Mr Cripps, on a tour through Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Russia, Tartary, Circassia, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Greece and Turkey. Having arrived at the gulf of Bothnia, Clarke declared he would not return until he should have "snuffed the polar air," and he accordingly proceeded as far as Enontakis, in latitude 68° 30' north; beyond which, illness prevented him from venturing. The following letter, written to his mother from this point, affords a fine illustration of his amiable and playful character: "We have found the cottage of a priest in this remote corner of the world, and have been snug with him a few days. Yesterday I launched a balloon, eighteen feet in height, which I had made to attract the natives. You may guess their astonishment, when they saw it rise from the earth. Is it not famous to be here, within the frigid zone? More than two degrees within the arctic; and nearer to the pole than the most northern shores of Iceland? For a long time darkness has been a stranger to us. The sun, as yet, passes not below the horizon; but he dips his crimson visage behind a mountain to the north. This mountain we ascended, and had the satisfaction to see him make his curtsy, without setting. At midnight, the priest of this place lights his pipe, during three weeks in the

year, by means of a burning glass, from the sun's rays. We have been driving rein-deer in sledges. Our intention is to penetrate, if possible, into Finmark, as far as the source of the Alten, which falls into the icy sea. We are now at the source of the Muonio, in Tornea Lapmark. I doubt whether any map you can procure will show you the spot. Perhaps you may find the name of the place, Enontakis. Well, what idea have you of it? Is it not a fine town?—sashed windows, and streets paved and lighted—French theatres—shops—and public buildings?—I'll draw up the curtain—now see what it is!—A single hut, constructed of the trunks of fir-trees, rudely hewn, with the bark half on, and placed horizontally, one above another; here and there a hole to admit light. And this inhabited by an old priest, and his young wife, and his wife's mother, and a dozen children, and half a dozen dogs, and four pigs, and John, and Cripps, and the two interpreters, and Lazarus, covered with sores, bit by mosquitoes, and as black as a negro. We sleep on rein-deer skins, which are the only beds we have had since Torneá. The wolves have made such dreadful havoc here, that the rich Laplanders are flying to Norway. One of them, out of a thousand rein-deer, which he possessed a few years ago, has only forty remaining. Our progress from Torneá has been entirely in canoes, or on foot, three hundred and thirty miles. There are no less than one hundred and seven cataracts between this place and Torneá. We live on rein-deer flesh, and the arctic strawberry, which is the only vegetable that has comforted our parched lips and palates for some time. It grows in such abundance, near all the rivers, that John gathers a painful whenever we want them. I am making all possible exertions to preserve some for you. Wheat is almost unknown here. The food of the natives is raw fish, ditto rein-deer, and sour milk called pijma. Eggs, that great resource of travellers, we have not. Poultry are never seen. Had I but an English cabbage, I should feast like an alderman!"

On the 26th of January, 1800, he arrived at Petersburg, whence he continued his course to Moscow, and Taganrog on the sea of Azoff; and, on his reaching Achmedshid, in the Crimea, he passed some time with his pupil in the house of Professor Pallas. He next visited Constantinople, where he was employed in searching for Greek medals; and, among other adventures, he contrived to enter the seraglio, "where," he says, "no Frank had before set his foot." Hence he made an excursion to the Troad, at the prospect of beholding which, he had previously said in a letter to a friend, "Tears of joy stream from my eyes while I write." Egypt and Syria next claimed his attention. In 1801 he visited Egypt, and whilst in that country, a dispute arising between the French and English generals respecting the literary treasures collected by the former, he was deputed by General Hutchinson to point out those most worthy of being conveyed to England. His country is indebted to him, amongst other things, for the acquisition of the famous sarcophagus of Alexander the Great. From Europe he proceeded to Greece, where his enthusiasm seems to have reached its highest stretch. "It is necessary," he exclaims, "to forget all that has preceded—all the travels of my life—all I ever imagined—all I ever saw! Asia, Egypt, the Isles, Italy, the Alps—whatever you will! Greece surpasses all! Stupendous in its ruins! awful in its mountains,—captivating in its

vales,—bewitching in its climate. Nothing ever equalled it,—no pen can describe it,—no pencil can portray it!”

Our traveller returned to Cambridge in 1802, bringing with him in triumph the colossal bust of Ceres for the university, a choice collection of Greek MSS., another of mineralogy, and the *premisses* of Haüy’s new system of crystallography, which was then nearly unknown in England. The first of these acquirements engaged him deeply in antiquarian researches, and the last induced him to undertake an annual course of lectures on mineralogy, which have ultimately awakened in Cambridge a spirit of scientific investigation in the different branches of natural science, highly creditable to the university. These pursuits, added to the publication of his travels, would, it might be thought, have sufficiently occupied the time and expended the activity of any one individual. Dr Clarke, however, found leisure to embark in the Bible question, to fulfil the duties of a college-tutor and of a parish-priest, (having taken orders to hold the college-living of Harlton,) to preach occasionally at St. Mary’s, to enter into all the antiquarian and scientific polemics of the day, and to conduct personally all the analytical researches incidental to his lectures. In the course of these experiments he was led to the important discovery of the gas blow-pipe, which in its turn became the cause of new researches and new trains of inquiry, which not only cost him his time, but nearly cost him his life;—the apparatus (as yet imperfect) having, according to Sir H. Davy’s prediction, exploded with tremendous violence. In one of his letters to a friend, in September, 1816, he says: “I sacrificed the whole month of August to chemistry. Oh, how I did work! It was delightful play to me; and I stuck to it, day and night. At last, having blown off both my eye-brows and eye-lashes, and nearly blown out both my eyes, I ended with a bang that shook all the houses round my lecture-room. The Cambridge paper has told you the result of all this alchemy, for I have actually decomposed the earths, and attained them in a metallic form.”

Dr Clarke’s character for versatility and application was a frequent theme of admiration in the university; and we remember, says a writer in the ‘New Monthly Magazine,’ to have seen some verses attributed to Professor Smyth, in which his numerous occupations are made to accumulate on his hands, and to throw him into the most ludicrous and provoking embarrassment. The melancholy consequence, however, of this great subdivision of mental labour was, that it operated unfavourably on Dr Clarke’s reputation: for, with more concentration in his pursuits, he could not but have taken his place in the very first line among the great inventors and benefactors of mankind. Vast, moreover, as were his powers of application, he in the end completely exhausted them; and he embittered by disease, and cut short his valuable life, by exercise of the mind greater than the body could endure.

In return for his labours and liberal donations to the university, he successively received an honorary degree of LL.D. the professorship of mineralogy, (a chair founded expressly for himself,) and the appointment of sub-librarian to the university library. Shortly after taking orders, he married; and at his death he left seven children. For the purposes of health and tranquillity he had latterly retired to Trumpington, where he appears to have lived in the bosom of his family in great

affection and philosophical simplicity. "No bipeds," says he, "ever lived more happily than we. I am now sitting in a room six feet square, with a notable housewife, three sprawling brats and a tame squirrel; in the midst of which this letter tells how I chirp." On another occasion he says, "I do assure you we have long lived to see the absurdity of keeping what is called an establishment: we have neither carriage, cart, horse, ass, nor mule; and if I were ten times richer I would live as I now do, in a cockchafer-box, close packed up with my wife and children. We never visit, consume only wine of our own making, and breed nothing but rabbits and children."

In the midst of these pursuits and enjoyments, Dr Clarke died on the 9th of March, 1822. Of his character, his amiable and affectionate biographer, Mr Otter, thus speaks: "The two most remarkable qualities of his mind were enthusiasm and benevolence, remarkable not more for the degree in which they were possessed by him, than for the happy combinations in which they entered into the whole course and tenor of his life; modifying and forming a character, in which the most eager pursuit of science was softened by social and moral views, and an extensive exercise of all the charities of our nature was animated with a spirit which gave them a higher value in the minds of all with whom he had relation or communion. His ardour for knowledge, not unaptly called by his old tutor literary heroism, was one of the most zealous, the most sustained, the most enduring principles of action, that ever animated a human breast; a principle which strengthened with his increasing years, and carried him at last to an extent and variety of knowledge infinitely exceeding the promise of his youth, and apparently disproportioned to the means with which he was endowed; for though his memory was admirable, his attention always ardent and awake, and his perceptions quick and vivid, the grasp of his mind was not greater than that of other intelligent men; and in closeness and acuteness of reasoning, he had certainly no advantage, while his devious and analytic method of acquiring knowledge, involving as it did in some of the steps all the pain of a discovery, was a real impediment in his way, which required much patient labour to overcome. But the unwearied energy of this passion bore down every obstacle and supplied every defect; and thus it was, that always pressing forwards, without losing an atom of the ground he had gained, profiting by his own errors as much as by the lights of other men, his maturer advances in knowledge often extorted respect from the very persons who had regarded his early efforts with a sentiment approaching to ridicule. Allied to this was his generous love of genius, with his quick perception of it in other men; qualities which, united with his good nature, exempted him from those envyings and jealousies which it is the tendency of literary ambition to inspire, and rendered him no less disposed to honour the successful efforts of the competitors who had got before him in the race, than prompt to encourage those whom accident or want of opportunity had left behind. But the most pleasing exercise of these qualities was to be observed in his intercourse with modest and intelligent young men; none of whom ever lived much in his society without being improved and delighted,—improved by the enlargement or elevation of their views, and delighted with having some useful or honourable pursuit, suitable to their talents, pointed out to them, or some portion of his own enthusiasm imparted to their minds."

Charles Maturin.

BORN A. D. 1786.—DIED A. D. 1824.

"SOME twenty or thirty years before the French revolution, a lady of rank attached to the court is said to have been driving through a retired street in Paris, when the cries of an infant child caught her attention. The singularity of the circumstance in so lonely and remote a spot naturally induced her to inquire into the cause, and she drew up her horses, desiring her servant to ascertain from whence the cries proceeded. The man returned, after a very short search, with a basket containing a child newly born, which he found in an obscure corner of the street. The infant was dressed in the richest clothing, and seemed to belong to parents of distinction, whose motives for that inhuman abandonment there can be no great difficulty in guessing at; but although many exertions were afterwards made to discover who they were and the causes of their conduct, the whole matter still remains, and is likely to continue, an impenetrable mystery. The street in which the child was found was called the Rue de Mathurine, in honour of a convent which then stood in it dedicated to a French saint of that name; and the foundling, consequently, was called Mathurine, *Anglicè* Maturin. The lady to whose maternal fosterage the child was thus providentially committed, sent it at a proper age to the convent to be educated, and never neglected an opportunity of promoting the future objects for which she designed it. ~ But the boy, born under the caprice of fortune, grew up under its inflictions, and was doomed to the trials of a very fluctuating life. He had scarcely reached manhood, when he became a victim to the political fury of the times, and was thrown into the Bastille, from which, after a long incarceration, he escaped into England at the period of the revolution. Here he married and naturalised. From this individual, with whom the name of Maturin originated, the poet descended."

So writes an apparently well-informed contributor in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and he traces to this incident some of the exciting sources of Maturin's ambition. He lived to cherish the idea that the lady of rank who rescued the foundling was actually its mother, and that he would one day be able to trace his ancestry to a noble stem. His father held a situation in the Dublin post-office. Charles was the seventh child of the family. "In common with almost every man of genius," says the writer already quoted, "the first indications of his taste were exhibited in sundry temporary verses upon local and personal subjects, which were, as all such premature tokens of talent are, read with avidity and admiration, and quoted, and copied in the circle of domestic friends. Nor did his friends forget that fatal fondness of excessive praise to which the heart too often gives way,—which arrests the growth of solid information and the progress of improvement, by filling the precocious aspirant with undue notions of his powers, and giving him sufficient excuse for thinking he is already perfect, and can perform by intuition, what others have done by labour. The tenderness of his parents towards him, however, was in some measure drawn from circumstances of household sorrow, as he was the only child left of many who lived beyond the term of boyhood, and who seemed to have

been preserved to their love like a solitary relic of early years: he was therefore treated with extraordinary fondness, and every new instance of ability was a fresh motive to that natural and lavish affection: his appearance, too, was a justification of their anxiety, for his frame was delicate and fragile, and a cast of melancholy and reserve overspread his features, which at that period were exceedingly interesting. Some of these verses were, as a matter of course, published in the newspapers, but I am not aware that they excited any attention beyond that of the immediate friends to whom the secret of publication was made known. His earliest passion, notwithstanding the applause bestowed on his authorship, was for the acting drama: here he was the director, the manager, the prompter, the arranger of scenes, and the overseer of the wardrobe. The spirit and genius he threw into his plans naturally gave him the supremacy amongst his juvenile companions; and an authority, equal to a dictatorship, was universally conceded to him on those occasions of holiday pageant and pastime. He ingeniously seized upon opportunities, when his parents were from home, to construct his private theatricals, which he did by converting folding-doors into a green curtain, the back apartment into a stage, and the front into pit, boxes, and gallery for the accommodation of his imaginary, or, at best, scanty audience. It may be remarked as a singular type of the turn of his mind, as afterwards developed in his writings, that his favourite play was Lee's 'Alexander,' in which he enacted the principal part himself. The mad poetry of that piece was his favourite recitation, and it would have been difficult to discover an actor who could give a greater force to the tempestuous passage of his 'Bucephalus' than young Maturin. But who could have beheld the germ of so much talent in the boy dressing and instructing his young sisters and companions? Yet even in that subordinate department he exhibited an adherence to truth, and a desire for effect, that subsequently expanded into delineation of costume and character, to which the delight of thousands has borne testimony. Inappropriate and meagre as were his dresses, they were, nevertheless, disposed gracefully; and if his queen wore a shattered turban of his mother's, and flounced in a French silk or an Irish tabinet, yet she was redeemed by some slight ornament, or some peculiar fold of the drapery, that gave an air of antiquity or extravagance to her appearance: and comical as he must have looked in a double-breasted waistcoat of his father's, and perhaps a scratch-wig, with old Spanish shoes, and some of his mother's frills round his neck and wrists, still he contrived to throw over the ludicrous personation a semblance of reality of manner and earnestness of delivery, that quickly dissipated that which was ludicrous in the effect."

At the age of fifteen young Maturin entered Trinity college, Dublin, where he won many academic honours, and finally gained a scholarship. Having taken orders he obtained the curacy of Loughrea, and subsequently that of St. Peter's, Dublin; but his ruling passion was for the belles lettres,—“his profession drew him one way,—his genius another,—and necessity both.”

His first appearance as a novelist was under the uninviting appellation of 'Jasper Murphy'; his next succeeding brochures bore the almost equally unpropitious names of 'Montorio,' 'The Wild Irish Boy,' and 'The Milesian.' None of these works procured him either profit or fame.

It was the tragedy of 'Bertram,' presented and performed at Drury Lane, through the influence of Lord Byron, which first brought him favourably before the public. The profits of the representation, and the copy-right of that tragedy, exceeded, perhaps, one thousand pounds, while the praises bestowed upon its author by critics of all classes, convinced Mr Maturin that he had only to sit down and concoct any number of plays he pleased, each yielding him a pecuniary return, at least equal to the first. Unfortunately the brightest hopes of genius are often the most fallacious, and so it proved in the present instance. A few months produced a second tragedy, which failed, and with it faded away the dreams of prosperity, in which the author of Bertram indulged. Time enabled Mr Maturin gradually to extricate himself from embarrassments, occasioned by the failure of his hopes; and having thus had the wings of his ambition somewhat shortened, he in future pursued a safer flight. His eccentricities, however, remained in their former vigour, and in the coteries of Lady Morgan, or the romantic solitudes of Wicklow, the vain oddities of the curate of St. Peter's continued as remarkable as during the height of his tragic triumphs. Latterly his pen was chiefly employed on works of romance, in which he evinced great powers of imagination and fecundity of language, with evident and lamentable carelessness in the application of both. He wrote rather for money than for fame, and drew a considerable revenue from the sale of his productions.

His most extraordinary production is his romance of 'Melmoth.' "It is a most characteristic epitome of all his productions. Genius and extravagance—nature and prodigies—angels and devils—theology and libertinism, contest every line of every page of these volumes, and leave us in doubt, at last, whether we should most admire, or deplore, the perverted talent which they indisputably discover. The idea of the work, we are told in the preface, is taken from a passage in one of the author's sermons—the passage runs thus:—'at this moment is there one of us present, however we may have departed from the Lord, disobeyed his will, and disregarded his word—is there one of us who would at this moment accept all that man could bestow, or earth afford, to resign the hope of his salvation? No—there is not one,—not such a fool on earth, were the enemy of mankind to traverse it with the offer!' And thus those sacred truths, which, as the ambassador of Christ, he has but just promulgated from the pulpit, the moment he descends from it, are converted into the theme of a romance! The novel is not taken from any sermon, but from the 'Faustus' of Goethe. Melmoth is Doctor Faustus, under the title of the 'Wanderer,' and closely resembles him, not only in his life and fate, but in many of his adventures. It is a much closer imitation even than the 'Manfred' of Lord Byron, who, though he borrowed the idea, has clothed it in a magnificence which is all his own. The story is that of a wretched being, who has sold himself to the enemy of man for the sake of a protracted existence, during which he is to be omnipotent on earth—gifted with unfading youth—with boundless wealth—with the faculty of traversing an hemisphere at a wish—with a spell of persuasion which is perfectly irresistible, and, in short, with every thing except dominion over memory, which embitters all, by perpetually recurring to the price at which they have been purchased."¹

¹ See a paper 'On the Writings of Maturin,' in the 3d volume of the 'London Magazine.'

Capel Lofft.

BORN A. D. 1751.—DIED A. D. 1824.

MR CAPEL LOFFT was the son of an English barrister. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and early manifested a strong taste for classical and poetical literature. At the age of 24 he was called to the bar. He had made his debut as an author before this period, in some small poetical pieces; and in 1776 we find him editing a professional volume of 'Cases chiefly in the King's Bench,' and entering keenly as a pamphleteer into the political controversies of the day. He vigorously opposed the American war, and advocated reform in the representation, and other liberal measures. He retired from practice in 1781, when he succeeded to the Capel estates in Suffolk; but on being dismissed from his office as a magistrate, in 1800, in consequence of his interference on behalf of a young woman under sentence of death, he resumed professional practice, and was chosen recorder of Aldborough. He subsequently quitted England, and resided with his family on the continent until his death in May, 1824. Mr Lofft was a man of great mental activity, and very considerable acuteness. He contributed largely to the periodical publications of the day, on various topics, literary, metaphysical and political. His principal productions are:—'Timoleon,' a tragedy; 'Eudisia,' a poem in blank verse; a 'Translation of the first two Georgics of Virgil;' 'Laura, or an Anthology of Sonnets;' an 'Essay on the Law of Libel;' and an edition of Gilbert's 'Law of Evidence.'

Peter Elmsley.¹

BORN A. D. 1773.—DIED A. D. 1825.

DR ELSLEY was born in 1773, and educated first at a school at Hampstead, and afterwards at Westminster. His extraordinary proficiency in classical learning, caused him to be placed in the sixth or highest form at this seminary; but he was precluded by his age from becoming a member of the foundation. It was, however, generally expected, that a studentship would have been conferred upon him by the dean of Christ-church, and there is reason to believe that something very like a promise to this effect was made, which an influence not easy to be resisted in favour of another person had weight enough to frustrate. Mr Elmsley was equally unsuccessful in an attempt to obtain a fellowship at Merton; and thus left the university of Oxford with none of its rewards or emoluments, but with a reputation for deep and extensive learning, which no under-graduate had for many years obtained. He was in fact at that early age far beyond what is commonly meant by instruction, and fit to bear a part as an equal in all literary conversation with any whom the university had to produce. It is possible that this unusual inversion of the relative proportions between the

¹ From the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'

rulers of a college and their pupils, which, free as he was from all vain glory and arrogance, it was not in his nature to keep out of view, and which indeed could not be concealed, might produce some degree of jealousy, and lessen in some persons that cordiality of regard which his virtues deserved, if it did not even tend to make them extenuate the praise due to his intellectual powers. It must be added, by way of excuse as well as explanation, that Mr Elmsley was rather unguarded in conversation, and possessed a strong propensity to seize the ludicrous point of view, which, though accompanied with perfect good-nature and benevolence, is not a talent in great favour with those who think, not unjustly, that the subordination and seriousness of a university cannot well be maintained without somewhat more of solemnity, even in trifles, than is consonant to the general habits of the world. However this may be, it is certain that he quitted Oxford with far less favourable impressions than those which came afterwards to occupy his mind, and to render that university for the latter years of his life, the object of his affectionate solicitude, as well as his most favoured residence.

Mr Elmsley took orders not long afterwards; proceeded M. A. in 1797, and was presented in 1798, by W. J. H. Blair, Esq. to little Horkesley, a small chapelry in Essex, which he retained to his death, but the whole emoluments of which, after ceasing to reside there, he bestowed on his curate. He never held any other preferment in the church. By the death of his uncle, Mr Peter Elmsley, the well-known bookseller, he shortly after inherited an independent fortune, which left him at liberty to devote his mind to those literary researches which were its resource and delight, especially to Greek philology, which he soon chose as his favourite province. The events in the life of a man of letters, thus independent in fortune, and tranquil in character, cannot be expected to furnish much information. Mr Elmsley resided for some time at Edinburgh, and became intimately acquainted with the distinguished young men who set on foot the 'Edinburgh Review' in 1802. To this publication he contributed several articles in Greek literature; the critique on Heyne's Homer in the 4th number, on Schweighauser's Athenæus in the 5th, on Bloomfield's Prometheus in the 33d, and on Porson's Hecuba, in the 37th; there may possibly be others of which we are not immediately aware. In the 'Quarterly Review,' he wrote an article on Markland's Supplices, and some others, which we cannot particularize. The only instance of his taking up the pen for the purpose of publication, on any but a philological subject, as far as we know, was in a critique of Lord Clarendon's Religion and Policy, in the 38th number of the 'Edinburgh Review.' His more ostensible contributions to classical literature are well-known; an edition of the Acharnanes in 1809; of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* in 1811; of the *Hæraclidæ* in 1815; of the *Medea* in 1818; of the *Bacchæ* in 1821; and lastly of the *Œdipus Coloneus* in 1823. These publications established his fame throughout Europe as a judicious critic, and consummate master of the Greek language. Without entering into comparisons, which must always be invidious, and for which the present writer is by no means prepared, it may be said, without hesitation, that he was in the very first class of scholars whom this country has produced in this advanced age of philological researches. Aware of the uncertainty of conjecture, he was always diffident of correcting the text

without authority ; which is the more to be remarked, because of one at least of the dramatists who chiefly occupied his attention, Sophocles, he entertained a very low opinion of the existing manuscripts, which he believed to have been all transcribed from, or corrected by, a *Codex archetypus*, itself written about the 7th century, when the purity of the Athenian idiom had ceased to be understood. This judgment, however, was not hastily formed; no man submitted more patiently to the drudgery of collation, or was more anxious to avail himself of all the assistance which the great European repositories of manuscripts afford. It was in a considerable degree for this purpose that Mr Elmsley visited France and Italy several times, and spent the entire winter of 1818 in the Laurentian library at Florence.

Mr Elmsley lived a few years, after his return from Edinburgh, in Gower-street; but in 1807 took a house at St Mary Cray; sacrificing the allurements of London society for the sake of his mother and some other relatives, to whom a country residence was more eligible. He continued in the midst of a polished and hospitable neighbourhood, to whom his excellence of disposition and lively wit rendered him the object of high esteem and attachment, and in the enjoyment of a learned leisure, till 1816, when he set out on a tour to Italy. Familiar in an extraordinary degree with modern history, and all the information subsidiary to it, and endowed with a minute curiosity as to all the details of such subjects, he felt a strong relish for foreign travel. Seldom with a companion, still more seldom with a servant, he wandered through celebrated scenes, adding continually to his immense stores of accumulated knowledge, rather indeed, through the eye than the ear; for he associated little with foreigners, notwithstanding his accurate acquaintance with the French and Italian languages. He returned to England in 1817, and then took up his abode at Oxford, which he now determined to make his permanent residence. In 1818 he went again to Italy; and after returning in the spring of 1819, was easily persuaded to accept a sort of commission from our government, jointly with Sir Humphrey Davy, to superintend the development of the papyri found at Herculaneum. It will be remembered, that more sanguine hopes were entertained than the experiment realized, that the genius of this illustrious chemist might overcome the obstacles which had hitherto prevented those interesting volumes from being unrolled. But as it was of high importance that no time should be unnecessarily wasted in an operation which must, on any supposition, be tedious, Mr Elmsley was relied upon to direct the choice of manuscripts, as soon as by partially laying them open, the contents and character of each should be determined. The experiment, as is well-known, proved wholly abortive; and Mr Elmsley returned to England in 1820; but having imprudently exposed himself too much to the heat, he was seized with a severe fever at Turin, from which, it is probable, the subsequent failure of his constitution may be dated. Though for some time nothing occurred materially to alarm his friends, he was more frequently indisposed than before, and from the date of a tour he took in Germany, during the summer of 1823, the apparent commencement of an organic disease of the heart may be traced, which ultimately deprived the world of this eminent scholar. After his return from Italy, he lived almost wholly at Oxford; he took the degree of doctor in divinity, became

principal of Alban hall, and Camden professor of history in 1823, and was justly expected to succeed to the next vacancy of a canonry of Christ-church.

Though Dr Elmsley must be chiefly known to the public as a Greek critic, it was by no means in this department of learning that his abilities and acquirements were most extraordinary in the eyes of his friends; and some of them have frequently regretted that he should have confined himself, in what he meant for the world, to so narrow a walk as that of collating manuscripts, and attempting to restore the text of a few tragedies. He certainly did not overvalue the importance of this very limited province of philology, which the conspicuous success of one great scholar has rendered, perhaps too exclusively, fashionable among those who aim at a reputation for classical learning; yet, from whatever cause, he was content to pass several years in a species of labour which, to say the least, did not call into action the full powers of his mind, or impart to others his immense stores of general knowledge. He was probably the best ecclesiastical scholar in England; more conversant than any one with all the history of religious opinion—except, perhaps, for the present times—and with all the details, however trifling, connected with the several churches of Christendom. Few priests of that of Rome could better know their own discipline and ceremonies, which he could explain with a distinctness and accuracy altogether surprising, and characteristic of his retentive memory, and the clear arrangement of his knowledge. He was almost equally at home in the civil institutions and usages of different countries, and in every species of historical information, never pretending to knowledge that he did not possess, but rarely found deficient in the power of answering any question. This astonishing comprehensiveness and exactitude of learning was united to a sound and clear judgment, and an habitual impartiality. Averse to all that wore the appearance of passion, or even of as much zeal as men of less phlegmatic temperaments cannot but mingle with their opinions, he was generally inclined to a middle course in speculation as well as practice, and looked with philosophical tranquillity on the contending factions, religious or political, whom history displayed to him, or whom he witnessed in his own age. If he spoke with asperity or marked contempt of any, it was of hot-headed and bigoted partizans, whose presumptuous ignorance is so often united with disingenuous sophistry. These were frequently the objects of a vein of pleasantry, wherein he particularly excelled. For it would hardly be suspected, by those who have only heard of Elmsley as an eminently laborious philologist, that his liveliness of imagination, and readiness of wit, were as remarkable as his learning. Those who had the good fortune to enjoy his intimacy, and preserved it by correspondence, can best bear witness to these distinguishing qualities. His letters, especially those written during his travels, were rich in a diffused *vis comica*, a perpetual liveliness, more delightful than the occasional sallies of professed wits; his prompt memory suggesting quotations and illustrative allusions from all ancient and modern literature. In this quick perception of the ludicrous, and in his fondness for comedies and other light reading, as well as in his erudition and sagacity, he bore a resemblance to Porson. But none of the blemishes which alloyed that great man's character could be imputed to Mr Elmsley. His life had

been uniformly regular; and his conversation, though entirely free from solemnity, strictly correct. In all the higher duties of morality no one could be more unblameable. His kindness towards his family and friends, his scrupulous integrity, his disdain of every thing base and servile, were conspicuous to all who had opportunities of observing his character, though never ostentatiously displayed. The last months of his life called forth other qualities, which support and dignify the hours of sorrow and suffering; a steady fortitude, that uttered no complaint, and betrayed no infirmity; with a calm and pious resignation, in that spirit of Christian philosophy he had always cultivated, to the pleasure of his Creator.

George Gordon Byron.

BORN A. D. 1788.—DIED A. D. 1824.

LORD BYRON was born at Dover, on the 22d January, 1788. He was the grandson of Admiral John Byron, and succeeded his great-uncle, William, Lord Byron, while at school, in 1798. His father was the admiral's only son, Captain John Byron, of the guards, notorious for his gallantries and reckless dissipation. By the eccentricity and misconduct of the old Lord Byron, and of the captain his nephew, the reputation of the family of Byron, so ancient and honourable in English history, had been considerably tarnished. The former was tried by his peers for killing his relation, Mr Chaworth, in a combat with swords, after a tavern dispute, under circumstances so equivocal that he was indicted for murder, and only saved from the penalty attendant on manslaughter by pleading his peerage—an escape which did not prevent him from being consigned, by public opinion, to a life of seclusion and obscurity. Captain Byron, the poet's father, was so dissipated, that he obtained the name of 'mad Jack Byron.' He was one of the handsomest men of his day, but so immersed in all the fashionable vices, that, at length, to be seen in his company was deemed discreditable. In his twenty-seventh year, he seduced Amelia, marchioness of Carmarthen, daughter of the earl of Holderness, to whom, on a divorce following, he was united in marriage. This ceremony the ill-fated lady did not survive more than two years, when he took, for a second wife, Miss Gordon of Gight in Aberdeenshire, whose fortune he quickly dissipated, leaving her a destitute widow, in 1791, with a son, the celebrated subject of this article, then only three years of age.

Previously to the death of her husband, having been deserted by him, Mrs Byron retired, with her infant son, to Aberdeen, where she lived in narrow circumstances and great seclusion. The singular circumstances attendant upon the early childhood of Byron seem to have operated very materially in the formation of his very striking character. Until seven years of age, the care of his education rested solely on his mother, to whose excusable, but injudicious indulgence some of the waywardness by which it was subsequently marked, was, even by himself, attributed. Being then of a weakly constitution, that disadvantage, added to a slight malconformation in one of his feet, naturally rendered him an object of peculiar solicitude; and to invigorate his constitution, he was not sent

to school, but allowed to brace his limbs upon the mountains in the neighbourhood, where he early acquired associations, and encountered a mass of legendary lore, which indisputably nurtured his poetical tendencies. At the age of seven, he was sent to the grammar-school at Aberdeen, where he was more distinguished for great occasional exertions, in order to make up for the intervals of absence rendered necessary by his delicacy of health, than by his general application. In all boyish sports, however, the ardour of his temperament enabled him to surmount his natural disadvantages.

In 1798 the death of his great-uncle, without issue, gave him the title and estates of the family; on which, being then ten years of age, he was removed from the immediate care of his mother, and placed under the guardianship of the earl of Carlisle, who had married the sister of the late Lord Byron, a lady of considerable poetical abilities. On this change, the youthful lord was placed at Harrow, where he distinguished himself more by his love of manly sports, and by his undaunted spirit, than by attention to his studies, or submission to the school discipline; but, although in a subsequent part of his life he indulged in some animadversion upon the tendency of the system in public schools, he always cherished an affectionate remembrance of Harrow, and of its master, Doctor Drury. He had scarcely seen anything of the quiet graces of domestic life, when, in the course of a short residence at Newstead, in the summer of 1804, he became known to the family of Chaworth of Annesley, the descendants of the gentleman who was killed by his great-uncle. The heiress of Annesley was then a beautiful girl, some two years older than Lord Byron. There was something to touch a colder fancy in the situation, and he soon became intoxicated with the deepest and purest passion his bosom was ever to know. A young lady of eighteen is as old, all the world over, as a man of five-and-twenty; and she amused herself with the awkward attentions of a lover whom she considered as a mere school-boy. Little did she guess with what passions, and with what a mind, her fortune had brought her into contact. "In the dances of the evening (says his biographer) Miss Chaworth, of course, joined, while her lover sat looking on, solitary and mortified. It is not impossible, indeed, that the dislike which he always expressed for this amusement may have originated in some bitter pang, felt in his youth, on seeing 'the lady of his love' led out by others to the gay dance from which he was himself excluded. During all this time he had the pain of knowing that the heart of her he loved was occupied by another;—that, as he himself expresses it,

'Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more.'

"If at any moment, however, he had flattered himself with the hope of being loved by her—a circumstance mentioned in his 'Memoranda' as one of the most painful of those humiliations to which the defect in his foot had exposed him—must have let the truth in, with dreadful certainty, upon his heart. He either was told of, or overheard, Miss Chaworth saying to her maid, 'Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?' This speech, as he himself described it, was like a shot through his heart. Though late at night when he heard it, he instantly darted out of the house, and, scarcely knowing whither he ran, never

stopped till he found himself at Newstead. The picture which he has drawn of this youthful love, in one of the most interesting of his poems, 'The Dream,' shows how genius and feeling can elevate the realities of this life, and give to the commonest events and objects an undying lustre. The old hall at Annesley, under the name of 'the antique oratory,' will long call up to fancy the 'maiden and the youth' who once stood in it; while the image of the 'lover's steed,' though suggested by the unromantic race-ground of Nottingham, will not the less conduce to the general charm of the scene, and share a portion of that light which only genius could shed over it. . . . With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth." This episode is to the story of Byron, though in a different way, what that of 'Highland Mary' is to Robert Burns's. This was his one "true love,"—perhaps no truly imaginative mind ever had room for two. But instead of ending, like Burns's early dream of love and innocence, in pure humanizing sorrow, this blossom was cut off rudely, and left an angry wound upon the stem. His profoundest pathos is embodied in the various poems which his maturer genius consecrated to the recollections of Annesley; and it is all interwoven with a thread of almost demoniacal bitterness: "A disposition on his own side, to form strong attachments, and a yearning desire after affection in return, were the feeling and the want," says Mr Moore, "that formed the dream and torment of his existence. We have seen with what passionate enthusiasm he threw himself into his boyish friendships. The all-absorbing and unsuccessful love that followed was, if I may so say, the agony, without being the death, of this unsated desire, which lived on through his life, filled his poetry with the very soul of tenderness, lent the colouring of its light to even those unworthy ties which vanity or passion led him afterwards to form, and was the last aspiration of his fervid spirit in those stanzas written but a few months before his death:—

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it has ceased to move;
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!"

When between sixteen and seventeen, he was entered of Trinity college, Cambridge; and here, as at Harrow, his dislike of discipline drew upon him much unavoidable rebuke, which he repaid with sarcasm and satire; among other practical jokes, he kept a bear, which, he observed, he was training up for a degree. At the university he fell, according to every account, including his own, into a course of reckless profligacy. The following is an extract from a letter, written in his twentieth year:—"My pretensions to virtue are unluckily so few, that though I should be happy to merit, I cannot accept your applause in that respect. One passage in your letter struck me forcibly; you mention the two Lords Lyttleton in the manner they respectively deserve, and will be surprised to hear the person, who is now addressing you, has been frequently compared to the latter. I know I am injuring myself in your esteem by this avowal, but the circumstance was so remarkable from your observation, that I cannot help relating the fact. The events of my short life have been of so singular a nature, that, though the pride commonly called honour has, and, I trust, ever will, prevent me from disgracing my name by a mean or cowardly action,

I have been already held up as the votary of licentiousness, and the disciple of infidelity. How far justice may have dictated this accusation I cannot pretend to say, but, like the gentleman to whom my religious friends, in the warmth of their charity, have already devoted me, I am made worse than I really am.”—The following is from a subsequent letter to Mr Dallas :—“I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum; I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in pain for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me that bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my temper at the same moment, so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the *το καλον*. In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a feeling, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity; and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the wicked George Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed.” At nineteen, he quitted the university, and took up his residence at the family-seat of Newstead abbey, where he employed himself chiefly in amusement, and especially in aquatic sports and swimming.

In 1807, while still at Newstead, he arranged his early productions, which he caused to be printed at Newark, under the title of ‘Hours of Idleness, by George Gordon Lord Byron, a Minor.’ These poems, although exhibiting some indication of the future poet, also betrayed several marks of juvenility and imitation, which induced the Edinburgh reviewers to notice the book in a style of insulting criticism. The ridicule produced by this critique roused the anger of the poet, who took revenge in his celebrated satire of ‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.’ The spirit of resentment is seldom very just; and the anger, rather than the judgment of Byron, guided his pen on this occasion. It happened, too, singularly enough, that, owing to party and other predilections, a number of the persons satirized in this poem, no long time after, were numbered among the friends of the author; for which reason, after it had passed through four editions, he suppressed it. It is unpleasant to relate, that, about this time, Byron gave in to a career of dissipation, too prevalent among the youthful possessors of rank and fortune, when altogether uncontrolled. Thus his fortune became deeply involved before he had attained legal maturity, and his constitution much impaired by the excesses in which he spent it. This, however, was not a course to last; and, in the year 1809, he determined to travel. Accordingly, in company with his fellow-collegian, John Cam Hobhouse, Esq., he embarked at Falmouth for Lisbon, and proceeded through the southern provinces of Spain to the Mediterranean. His subsequent peregrinations in Greece, Turkey, &c. need not be detailed here, having been rendered so famous by his noble poem of ‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage.

He returned home in June, 1811, after an absence of two years, and had not long arrived before he was summoned to Newstead, in consequence of the dangerous illness of his mother, who breathed her last before he could reach her.

In 1812 he gave to the world the two first cantos of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.' This assumption of the character of a wayward libertine, satiated by an over-cultivation of pleasure, into misanthropy, tedium, and listlessness, and that in such a manner that the application would necessarily be made to himself, afforded proof both of the perverted feeling and of the originality of Byron. There was, however, a boldness in the repulsive personification, and a force and an energy in the mode of supporting it, so indicative of great powers, that it at once produced its impression. Eulogy now flowed in from all quarters. Even those readers who disapproved the misanthropy and sombre views of human nature displayed in this extraordinary production, confessed its genius. Thus the feelings of admiration became general, and the strong current of fashion turning directly in his favour, his acquaintance was widely, not to say, universally, courted; and his first entry on the stage of public life may be dated from this era. Nor were the manners, person, and conversation of Byron of a nature to dissipate the charm with which his talents had invested him. Although easy and affable in his general manners, the latent reserve of conscious genius was always observable; added to which the associations connected with his identification with his own Childe Harold excited a mysterious and indefinable curiosity. Even his physiognomy was eminently calculated to keep up the interest which he otherwise inspired; the predominating expression of his fine features being that of deep and habitual thought, although, when engaged in interesting discussion, they as forcibly exhibited gaiety, indignation, and satire. Thus, in the imitative world of fashion, the enthusiastic looked on him to admire, the serious to admonish, and the soft with a desire to console. The latter sympathy he excited too powerfully in certain quarters, and a course of noxious intrigue was the consequence. It is more gratifying to observe, that, in the midst of all this license, he was capable of delicate and generous actions, of which a number of well-authenticated instances are on record.

The quick and scrutinizing glance which he had cast on eastern character and manners was now manifested in the 'Giaour,' the 'Bride of Abydos,' the 'Corsair,' (the copyright of which, as well as that of 'Childe Harold,' he gave to Mr Dallas,) 'Lara,' and the 'Siege of Corinth,' which followed one another in quick succession. For parliamentary duties he seems to have a decided distaste; and it was not until his return from the continent that he ventured to speak. He made his maiden speech in February, 1812, from the opposition bench, against the frame-work bill, and was argumentative and lively, if not very original. Having now become a character whose support might be of considerable consequence, he was congratulated accordingly. Another time, he addressed the house in support of Catholic emancipation, and a third and last time on presenting a petition from Major Cartwright.

On the 2d of January, 1815, he married Anna Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Millbanke Noel, baronet, to whom he had proposed himself a year before, and been rejected. The fortune received with his lady was not large, and his own having been previously much enthralled,

the reckless system of splendour which succeeded the marriage could not be long maintained; and after enduring considerable embarrassments, it was finally settled that Lady Byron, who had presented his lordship with a daughter on the 10th of December, should pay her father a visit, until better arrangements could be made. From this visit Lady Byron ultimately refused to return, and a formal separation ensued. Moore says, that shortly after the birth of her daughter, Lady Byron went to visit her parents; they parted in the utmost kindness; she wrote him a letter on the way full of playfulness and affection, and as soon as she arrived at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to inform Lord Byron that she would never return. This was at a time when his pecuniary embarrassments had become intolerably pressing; executions had been repeatedly in his house; and for a wife to choose this time and manner to leave her husband would inspire a natural prejudice against her, unless there were grave reasons to justify her apparent want of sincerity and good feeling. Lady Byron explains her conduct in a letter written to justify her parents from the charge of interfering on this occasion. She states that she believed her husband insane, and acted upon that impression, both in leaving him and in writing her letter, choosing the tone and manner least likely to irritate his passions. She states that had she not considered him insane, she could not have borne with him so long. She endeavoured to obtain a separation, but the circumstances were not thought sufficient to make out the case of insanity. We are not surprised that such was her impression. Mr Moore mentions that Byron was in the habit of keeping fire-arms in his carriage and near his bed. Such extravagance was enough to excite her suspicion of his soundness of mind; and there was nothing to quiet her apprehensions in his temper, which was grown irresistible by long indulgence of self-will; he was wholly untaught to submit to those mutual concessions, which domestic happiness and harmony require. When we remember that his passions, which he himself describes as occasionally savage, were incensed by seeing his house repeatedly in possession of officers of the law, no wonder that all should have seemed like madness, to her even spirit and uniform feelings. We do not know how any one acquainted with the history of their attachment, could have anticipated any other result. The first mention of Lady Byron is found in Byron's 'Journal.' "A very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be in her own right, an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess—mathematician—metaphysician, and yet very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension." Here it seems there was no love on either side. He says in another place, "a wife would be the salvation of me;" and this Mr Moore explains, by his conviction that "it was prudent to take refuge in marriage from those perplexities, which form the sequel of all less regular ties." These are ominous words. He offered himself at that time to Miss Millbanke, and was rejected; "on neither side was love either felt or professed." "In the meantime new entanglements, in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross the young

poet; and still, as the usual penalties of such pursuits followed, he found himself sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock as some security against their recurrence." Such is his friend's account of the reasons of this connexion. Some time after this a friend advised him to marry, to which he assented, "after much discussion." He himself was for another application to Miss Millbanke, but his friend dissuaded him, on the ground that she was learned, and had then no fortune. He at last agreed that his friend should write a proposal to another lady; it was rejected. "You see," said Lord Byron, "that Miss Millbanke is to be the person." He immediately wrote to her, and his friend reading what he had written, said, "this is really a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go." "Then it shall go," said Lord Byron. It went, and the offer was accepted. In this way the most important action of his life was done. He said, "I must of course reform," and with this shadow of a resolution, he went through the ceremony in a kind of thoughtless heaviness, which he was at no pains to conceal. What induced Lady Byron to risk her happiness in such an adventure, we cannot tell, unless she was ambitious of the glory of reforming such a man. If so, she did her part, by his own acknowledgment. "I do not believe, and I must say it, in the dress of this bitter business, that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, kinder, more agreeable or more amiable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her while with me."

Byron now left England, with an expressed resolution never to return. He crossed over to France, through which he passed rapidly to Brussels, taking, on his way, a survey of the field of Waterloo. He then visited the banks of the Rhine, Switzerland, and the north of Italy, and for some time took up his abode at Venice. Here he was joined by Mr Hobhouse, who accompanied him on a visit to Rome, where he completed his third canto of 'Childe Harold.' Not long after appeared the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' a Dream, and other Poems; and in 1817, 'Manfred,' a tragedy, and the 'Lament of Tasso.' In one of his excursions from Italy, he resided for some time at Abydos, and thence proceeded to Tenedos and the island of Scio, where he likewise staid three months; during which time he visited every classical scene, and frequently slept in the peasants' cottages, to whom his liberality made him a welcome guest. He also visited several other islands, and at length repaired to Athens, where he sketched many of the scenes of the fourth and last canto of 'Childe Harold,' which poem was published in 1818, and sustained the high reputation of the author. In the same year appeared the *jeu d'esprit* of 'Beppo,' in the mixed and pointed manner of the Italian style of poetical humour, and marked by a tone of loose morality, which ripened into licentiousness in 'Don Juan.' In 1819 was published the romantic tale of 'Mazeppa,' and the same year was marked by the commencement of 'Don Juan,' which his bookseller, Mr Murray, declined openly to publish. Of this celebrated production, it is as vain to deny the profligacy as the genius. In 1820 was published 'Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice,' a tragedy, written with an avowed attention to the exploded system of the dramatic unities, which too frequently subtracts from the interest all that it gives to more cold and classical qualities; nor did this effort of Byron's prove an exception. The next year he addressed a letter to Mr W. Lisle Bowles, in defence of the poetical character of Pope, which had been rated very low in that writer's life of

him. This dispute arose out of a disposition, in certain critics, to ground poetical character exclusively on a tendency to deal with the primary associations connected with natural objects and affections, rather than on the more complex and factitious combinations produced by art and cultivation. This school not unfrequently pushes its theory to an extreme, as in the case of Pope, whom Byron, on the other hand, may have somewhat hyperbolically exalted. In the same year appeared the drama of 'Sardanapalus,' indisputably the finest of his tragic offspring; the 'Two Foscari,' a tragedy; and 'Cain,' a mystery. The last is a production of much power, but marked by the same rashness of speculation and recklessness of moral effect, which disfigure many of the author's productions. It is an attack upon the goodness of God, on the ground of the existence of evil. It represents him as the tyrant of the universe, delighting in the parasitical praises of his meaner creatures; but whom all nobler spirits must regard with defiance. It is idle to say, by way of apology, that this attack upon the Divinity is broken up into paragraphs, with the names of Cain and Lucifer prefixed to them; since what has been stated is the only sentiment of the work, unanswered and uncontradicted, to the impression of which everything is made to contribute. It accords but too well with earlier expressions of the feelings of the author. We might justify what has been said, by extracts from the poem; but it would be necessary to quote passages, which no light occasion would excuse one for obtruding upon notice.

When Byron quitted Venice, after visiting several parts of the Italian dominions of Austria, he settled at Pisa; where he became connected with the Gamba family, in whose behalf he endured some inconvenience, which ended in the banishment of the Counts Gamba, and the open residence of the countess with Byron. In 1822, in conjunction with Mr Leigh Hunt, who, on invitation, had become his guest, and Mr Percy Bysshe Shelley, the periodical publication called the 'Liberal,' was commenced, which, principally owing to the unhappy fate of Mr Shelley, (who perished by the upsetting of a boat in the Mediterranean,) extended only to four numbers. In this work first appeared the 'Vision of Judgment,' caused by the singularly ill-judged performance, under the same title, of Mr Southey. The publisher was prosecuted, and fined £100. 'Heaven and Earth,' a mystery, also first appeared in the *Liberal*. It is founded on the supposed intercourse between angels and the daughters of earth before the flood, and possesses great force and beauty. The latter cantos of 'Don Juan,' with 'Werner,' a tragedy, and the 'Deformed Transformed,' a fragment, bring up the rear of Byron's performances.

In the autumn of 1822, he quitted Paris, and wintered at Genoa, and now began to indulge those feelings in regard to the efforts of the Greeks to throw off the Mohammedan yoke, which determined him to lend them the aid of his person, purse, and influence. It would also appear, by some noble verses which have been printed since his death, that a secret consciousness of his career of action having too long been unworthy of him, induced him to seek a nobler species of distinction than one of mere self-engrossment and successful gallantry. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the general tendency of powerful minds, at a particular stage of existence, to break from the enthrallments of pleasure and the senses, because it has been the great theme of allegory ever since allegory was invented. In addition to being satiated with the usual enjoyments of a

dissipated man of rank, and disgusted with the sameness of commonplace life, many circumstances contributed to render Byron an enthusiast for Greece. In common with many more, the associations connected with its illustrious history doubtless served to stimulate his concern for its modern degradation; but in him these feelings were quickened by an acquaintance with its grand and beautiful scenery, its various races of wild and picturesque manners, and by the personal interest which he had already excited there. Whatever may have been the exact combination of motives, in August, 1823, he embarked, accompanied by five or six friends, in an English vessel, which he had hired for the purpose, and arrived at the commencement of the third campaign. He established himself some time in Cephalonia, and despatched his friends, Messrs Trelawney and Hamilton Brown, with a letter to the Greek government. The result of their information induced him to advance £12,000 for the relief of Missolonghi. The dissensions among the Greeks gave him great pain, and involved him in considerable difficulties. At length he sailed from Argostoli with two Ionian vessels, and, taking considerable specie on board, proceeded to Missolonghi, where, after considerable hazard and danger, and the loss of one of his vessels, he finally arrived, and was received with every mark of honour Grecian gratitude could devise. His influence was immediately salutary in the mitigation of the ferocity with which the war was waged on the part of the Greeks; but it was much more difficult to produce union among their leaders. He immediately began to form a brigade of Suliotes, 500 of whom were taken into his pay, with a view to an expedition against Lepanto; but such was the disorderly and unsettled temper of these troops, that he was obliged to postpone it. This unexpected disappointment preyed on his spirits, and he was about this time attacked with a severe fit of epilepsy. He had subsequently other attacks, but at length the violence of the disorder began to yield to the skill of his physician, and he was recommended to remove, for a while, from the flat, marshy, and unhealthy site of Missolonghi, to Zante. This step, with his usual tenacity, he refused to take. "I cannot quit Greece (he wrote to a friend) while there is a chance of my being even of (supposed) utility. There is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. While I say this, I am aware of the difficulties, dissensions and defects of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people." On the expedition against Lepanto being given up, other projects were proposed with reference both to military operations and to congresses for uniting Eastern and Western Greece; but, unhappily, the fatal moment was at hand which was to deprive the Greek cause of its firm and energetic friend. On the 9th of April, Byron, while riding out, got extremely wet; and, scarcely recovered from the effects of his former disorder, a fever ensued, which, it is thought, might have yielded to copious bleeding in the first instance, but which, owing either to his own objection or the inaccurate opinion of the physician of the nature of the disease, was destined to prove fatal on the evening of the 19th April, 1824.

"Many pictures have been painted of him (says a fair critic of his features) with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain,

smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love." It would be injustice to the reader not to borrow from the same pencil a few more touches of portraiture. "This extreme facility of expression was sometimes painful, for I have seen him look absolutely ugly—I have seen him look so hard and cold, that you must hate him, and then, in a moment brighter than the sun, with such playful softness in his look, such affectionate eagerness kindling in his eyes, and dimpling his lips into something more sweet than a smile, that you forgot the man, the Lord Byron, in the picture of beauty presented to you, and gazed with intense curiosity—I had almost said—as if to satisfy yourself, that thus looked the god of poetry, the god of the Vatican, when he conversed with the sons and daughters of man."—"His head," says Mr Moore, "was remarkably small,—so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so from his having his hair (to preserve it, as he said) shaved over the temples; while the glossy, dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added, that his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features."—The following passage from Dr Millingen's 'Memoir' may also be acceptable to our readers:—"Before we proceeded to embalm the body," says the young surgeon, "we could not refrain from pausing, in silent contemplation, on the lifeless clay of one, who, but a few days before, was the hope of a whole nation, and the admiration of the civilized world. After consecrating a few moments to the feelings such a spectacle naturally inspired, we could not but admire the perfect symmetry of his body. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the forehead; its height was extraordinary, and the protuberances under which the nobler intellectual faculties are supposed to reside, were strongly pronounced. His hair, which curled naturally, was quite grey; the mustachios light coloured. His physiognomy had suffered little alteration; and still preserved the sarcastic, haughty expression which habitually characterized it. The chest was broad, and high vaulted; the waist very small, the pelvis narrow. . . . The only blemish of his body, which might otherwise have vied with that of Apollo himself, was the congenital malconformation of his left foot and leg."

During his illness, some fine traits of humanity and feeling for his attendants were exhibited by Byron, and nearly his last words, previous to sinking into the lethargy which ended in death, were, "My wife, my child, my sister!—you know all—you must say all." His utterance then failed him, as it had previously done in reference to the same near connexions. Thus, in his 37th year, prematurely died this extraordinary genius, to the deep affliction of the people whose cause he had espoused, who decreed every possible public testimony of their sorrow. Nor was his death a subject of less regret to many, who looked for a noble recompense, in the maturity of his life, for the faults of its commencement and preceding progress. Many of his errors were evidently the result of a too early release from all discipline and control, and the neglect which family circumstances had thrown around him. In other respects, the vices and failings of Byron, undeniable, it is true, were much magnified by the peculiarity of his genius and character, which attracted an inten-

sity of observation to all which concerned him. The disposition of the public at once to admire and condemn, accompanied as it was with an involuntary tendency to confound the character of the poet with some of the most romantic creations of his imagination, however it might annoy him in the first instance, in the sequel too obviously nurtured a degree of personal vanity, which formed one of the greatest weaknesses of his character. Common-place censure produces little effect when coupled with great admiration, and still less is effected by the virulence of party attack, or by direct personal hostility. The morals of Byron, on the score of gallantry, his carelessness of female reputation, and hasty and vindictive spirit of resentment, are altogether indefensible; but it is certain that they were mixed up with great humanity, benevolence and generosity. It was evident, too, from his death and many other circumstances, that, whatever his pride and resentment at being so decisively abandoned, he nurtured the natural feelings of a husband and father deep in his bosom.

The body of Byron was brought to England, and laid in state in London. It was subsequently interred near his own seat of Newstead abbey, where a plain marble slab merely records his name and title, date of death, and age. Besides his own legitimate child and heiress, Byron left another daughter in Italy, to whom he bequeathed £5000, on the condition of her not marrying an Englishman. The successor to his estate and title was his cousin, Captain George Anson Byron, of the royal navy.

Charles Incledon.

BORN A. D. 1764.—DIED A. D. 1826.

THIS celebrated singer was a native of Cornwall. He was the son of a respectable medical gentleman. Displaying an early taste for music, he was, at the age of eight years, placed in the choir of Exeter cathedral, under the care of Jackson, the celebrated composer. Here he remained six or seven years, when a truant disposition induced him, in 1779, to enter on board the Formidable man-of-war, of 98 guns, under the command of Captain Cleland. On the West India station he changed his ship, and served on board the *Raisonné*, of 64 guns, then commanded by Lord Hervey, where his vocal powers and sprightliness of character endeared him to the officers and men. In this ship he attracted the notice of Admiral Pigot, commander of the fleet, who frequently sent for Incledon, and sang catches and glees with him and Admiral Hughes. He returned to England in 1783, when Admiral Pigot, Lord Mulgrave, and Lord Hervey, gave him letters of recommendation to Mr Sheridan and the late Mr Colman; the manager, however, was blind to his merits, and Incledon, determined to try his talents on the stage, joined Collins's company at Southampton, where his first theatrical essay was as Alphonso, in the 'Castle of Andalusia.' Here he continued upwards of a year, when he was engaged at Bath, where he attracted much of the public attention, and obtained the patronage of Rauzzini, who not only took him under his tuition, but introduced him in his concerts.

He was a great favourite at the Noblemen's Catch club, which he assisted in establishing; and Dr Harrington, the eminent physician, was his particular friend.

Having again applied in vain at the London theatres, he accepted an engagement at Vauxhall; but in the ensuing winter, (October, 1790,) made his first appearance at Covent Garden, as Dermot, in the 'Poor Soldier,' with so much success as to obtain a permanent situation, on liberal terms. For many seasons Incledon sang with great éclat at the Lent oratorios; he frequently visited Ireland, where no singer, not even Mrs Billington, was ever more caressed; and subsequently to the termination of his regular engagements at the London theatres, he crossed the Atlantic, and made a vocal tour through great part of the United States, though, as is said, without any solid pecuniary advantage. Of late years somewhat neglected, perhaps, for newer favourites in the metropolis, his engagements were chiefly of a provincial nature. Styling himself 'The Wandering Melodist,' he was accustomed to give a vocal entertainment of his own, which was generally received with great favour. He was, we believe, in the arrangement of one of these plans at Worcester, when, about the commencement of 1826, he was suddenly seized with a paralytic affection, which, in the course of a few weeks, terminated his life.

Incledon, though a convivial, was by no means an improvident man. Before his second union he settled all his fortune, the result of his professional exertions for many years, on the children of his first marriage, nor was he wanting in industry to create a new fortune. It is true, his farewell-benefits in London were a small tax on his friends, for he was fond of "more last words;" but they must have been saving indeed who begrudged the price of a ticket to so old a favourite as Charles Incledon.

Incledon's voice was of extraordinary power, both in the natural and falsetto. The former, from A to G, a compass of about fourteen notes, was full and open, neither partaking of the reed nor the string, and sent forth without the smallest artifice; and such was its ductility, that when he sung *pianissimo* it retained its original ductility. His falsetto—which he could use from D to E or F, or about ten notes—was rich, sweet, and brilliant, though we certainly are of opinion that music, like beauty, is when "unadorned adorned the most." He excelled in the pure and energetic English ballad, such as 'Black-eyed Susan,' and 'the Storm,' the bold and cheering hunting-song, or the love-song of Shield, breathing the chaste simple grace of genuine English melody.¹

John Pinkerton.

BORN A. D. 1758.—DIED A. D. 1826.

MR PINKERTON claimed descent from an ancient family seated at Pinkerton, near Dunbar. His grandfather was a worthy and honest yeoman at Dalserf, who had a numerous family. As presbyterians at that time abounded in the west of England, there was considerable intercourse between them and those of Scotland.

¹ Gentleman's Magazine.

James Pinkerton, father of our subject, settled in Somersetshire, where having acquired a moderate property as a dealer in hair, (an article, as wigs were generally worn, then much in request,) he returned to his native country about 1755, and married Mrs Bowie—whose maiden name was Heron—the widow of a respectable merchant at Edinburgh, who brought him an increase of fortune, and three children. James, the eldest, joined the army as a volunteer, and was slain at the battle of Minden, his brother Robert succeeding to an estate in Lanarkshire left by their father.

John Pinkerton, the youngest son, was born in Edinburgh, February 17th, 1758. After acquiring the rudiments of education at a small school kept by an old woman at Grange-gate-Side, near that city, where was a house belonging to his mother, he was, in 1764, removed to the grammar school at Lanark, kept by Mr Thomson, who married the sister of the poet of that name.

Inheriting from his father a portion of hypochondriacism, young Pinkerton was always a diffident boy, and he neither entered into competition with his schoolfellows in education, nor joined in their boisterous but healthy amusements. At school he was generally the second or third of his class, but nothing remarkable distinguished this period, except one incident:—Mr Thomson one day ordered the boys to translate a part of Livy into English; when he came to young Pinkerton's version, he read it silently to himself, then, to the great surprise of the boys, walked quickly out of the school, but soon returned with a volume of Hooke's Roman History, in which the same part of Livy was translated. He read both aloud, and gave his decided opinion in favour of his disciple's translation, which not a little flattered boyish vanity, and perhaps sowed in him the first seeds of authorship.

After being six years at school, the last year of which only was dedicated to the Greek, he returned to the house of his family near Edinburgh. His father having some dislike to university education, John was kept in a kind of solitary confinement at home; and this parent, being of a severe and morose disposition, his durance little tended to give much firmness to his nerves. An hour or two passed every day in attending a French teacher: and, in his eagerness to attain this language, he had totally lost his Greek, and nearly his Latin also; but soon after, meeting with Rollin's Ancient History, and observing references to the original authors, he bought the History of Justinus, &c. and soon recovered his Latin, so as to write, when he was about thirteen years of age, tolerable fragments in that language. He afterwards studied mathematics two or three years, under Mr Ewing, an able teacher at Edinburgh, and proceeded as far as the doctrine of infinites.

Intended for the profession of the law, young Pinkerton was articled to Mr William Aytoun, an eminent writer to the signet, with whom he served a clerkship of five years. He did not, however, neglect the cultivation of his mind, and having felt the witchery of verse by reading Beattie's Minstrel, and other poems, he wrote an elegy, called 'Craig-miller Castle,' which he dedicated to Dr Beattie. This production, which was published in 1776, was followed by the composition of one or two tragedies, but they were never printed.

In 1780, soon after the expiration of his clerkship, his father died; and being often disappointed in procuring uncommon books at Edin-

burgh, he visited London, where the size and extent of the booksellers' catalogues are said to have formed his sole motive for wishing to fix his residence. This determination was confirmed by the bankruptcy of some merchants in Glasgow, who held about £1000 of his father's money, all which was lost. He accordingly went to Scotland in the spring of 1781, took up the remaining sums lying in mercantile hands, and, returning to England, settled in the neighbourhood of London, in the winter of that year.

In 1781, Mr Pinkerton published in octavo, 'Rimes,' as he peculiarly chose to designate some minor poems; and 'Hardyknute, an Heroic Ballad, now first published complete [a Second Part being added]; with the other more approved Scottish Ballads, and some not hitherto made public, in the Tragic Style.' To which were prefixed, 'Two Dissertations: 1. On the Oral Tradition of Poetry; 2. On the Tragic Ballad;' small 8vo. In 1782, he published 'Two Dithyrambic Odes: 1. On Enthusiasm; 2. To Laughter;' 4to.: and 'Tales in Verse,' also, in the same year.

From his boyish days Mr Pinkerton had been fond of collecting medals, minerals, and other curiosities; and having received from a lady in Scotland a rare coin of Constantine, on his Sarmatian victory, which she had taken as a farthing, he soon laid the foundation of a little collection, and used to read Addison's Dialogues on Medals, with infinite delight. These pursuits led him to see the defects of common books on the subject, and he drew up a manual and tables for his own use, which afterwards grew to the excellent and complete Essay on Medals, the first edition of which was published by Dodsley, in two octavo volumes, 1784. He was materially assisted in its completion by the late Mr Southgate of the British Museum, and Mr Douce. The third and last edition was edited by Mr Harwood.

In 1785, Mr Pinkerton surprised the literary world with a very extraordinary performance entitled, 'Letters of Literature,' under the assumed name of Robert Heron. In this work he depreciated the ancient authors, in a manner which called forth the indignation of the poet Cowper; and criticised the best of the moderns, with an air of assurance that could not have been warranted even by the most confirmed character for taste, learning, and judgment. He had also the vanity to recommend a new system of orthography, more fantastical and absurd, if possible, than that which his countryman, Mr Elphinstone, endeavoured with so much zeal to introduce. Unfortunately too, it happened that the odium of the performance actually alighted on a countryman of his, whose name was in reality Robert Heron, and who was just then coming before the public as an author. However, this book obtained for Mr Pinkerton an introduction to Horace Walpole, through whom he became acquainted with Gibbon the historian, who recommended him to the booksellers as a fit person to translate the English Monkish Historians, a work which, had the proposal met with encouragement, might have tended to a more generally diffused knowledge of the history of the middle ages. On the death of his patron, the earl of Orford, Mr Pinkerton sold a collection of his lordship's remarks, witticisms, and letters, to the proprietors of the 'Monthly Magazine,' in which miscellany they appeared periodically, under the title of Walpoliana, and when exhausted, the whole were reprinted in two small volumes, with a portrait of the gifted nobleman.

In 1786, Mr Pinkerton edited two octavo volumes, entitled, 'Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in Print; but now published from the Manuscript Collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, Knight, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, and a Senator of the College of Justice: comprising Pieces written from about 1420 till 1586. With large Notes and a Glossary.'

In 1787, Mr Pinkerton published in two volumes 12mo, under the feigned name of H. Bennet, M.A., 'The Treasury of Wit; being a methodical Selection of about Twelve Hundred of the best Apophthegms and Jests; from Books in several Languages,'—a compilation pronounced to be much superior to most of the kind. It was accompanied by many just and pertinent observations, in a discourse on wit and humour, considered under the four different heads,—Serious Wit, Comic Wit, Serious Humour, and Comic Humour. The same year produced in one volume 8vo. his well-known 'Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths, being an Introduction to the Ancient and Modern History of Europe;' and though he figured afterwards in many other walks of literature, the prejudices embalmed in that extraordinary production continued to the end to hold almost the undivided possession of his mind. He seriously believed that the Irish, the Scotch Highlanders, and the Welsh, the Bretons, and the Spanish Biscayans, are the only surviving descendants of the original population of Europe, and that in them, their features, their manners, their history, every philosophic eye may trace the unimproved and unimprovable savage, the Celt. He maintained in every company that he was ready to drop his theory altogether the moment any one could point out to him a single person of intellectual eminence sprung from an unadulterated line of Celtic ancestry. He used to appeal boldly to the History of Bulaw, in particular; asking what one *great man* the Celtic races of Wales, Ireland, or Scotland, had yet contributed to the rolls of fame? And it must be owned that he had studied family-genealogies so indefatigably, that it was no easy matter to refute him without preparation. If you mentioned Burke, "What," said he, "a descendant of De Bourg? class that high Norman chivalry with the riff-raff of O's and Macs? Show me a great O, and I am done." He delighted to prove that the Scotch Highlanders had never had but a few great captains—such as Montrose, Dundee, the first duke of Argyle—and these were all Goths;—the two first, Lowlanders; the last a Norman, a *de Campo bello*! The aversion he had for the Celtic name extended itself to every person and every thing that had any connection with the Celtic countries.

In 1789, Mr Pinkerton published in octavo, a collection of ancient Latin 'Lives of the Scottish Saints,' a work which greatly tended to illustrate the early history of his native country. It is now a scarce volume, no more than one hundred copies of it having been printed. This was soon after followed by a new and greatly enlarged edition of his 'Essay on Medals,' which has become the standard work for information on that interesting and useful subject. In the same fruitful year he published an edition of 'The Bruce, or the History of Robert, King of Scotland, written in Scottish verse, by John Barbour,' 3 vols. 8vo.

In 1790, this prolific writer again put forth some of his numismatic researches, in 'The Medallic History of England to the Revolution,' 4to: and published 'An Inquiry into the History of Scotland, preced-

ing the reign of Malcolm III. or 1056; including the authentic History of that Period; 2 vols. 8vo. (republished in 1795,) with some additional observations, containing replies to the various reviews, &c. In 1792, he edited three octavo volumes of 'Scottish Poems,' reprinted from scarce editions.

Our author's next important literary labours were the lives to 'Iconographia Scotica, or Portraits of Illustrious Persons of Scotland, with biographical Notes,' 2 vols. 8vo. 1795—1797; and to the 'Scottish Gallery, or Portraits of eminent Persons of Scotland, with their characters,' 8vo. 1799. His 'Modern Geography, digested on a new plan,' appeared first in two quarto volumes, in 1802; a second edition, published in 1807, consists of three; and there is an abridgment in a single octavo. In 1806 Mr Pinkerton travelled to the French capital, and on his return published his observations, under the title of 'Recollections of Paris,' 2 vols. 8vo. Subsequently he was employed in editing a 'General Collection of Voyages and Travels,' which was extended to nineteen volumes quarto; a 'New Modern Atlas,' in parts, both which works commenced in 1809. For a short time, the 'Critical Review,' with but little success, was under his superintendence.

Mr Pinkerton's last original work was 'Petralogy, or a Treatise on Rocks,' 2 vols. 8vo. 1811; but in 1814, still pursuing his attacks on the Celts, he republished, in two octavo volumes, his 'Inquiry into the History of Scotland,' together with his 'Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths.'

Mr Pinkerton in the later years of his life resided almost entirely in Paris. His appearance was that of a very little and very thin old man, with a small, sharp, yellow face, thickly pitted by the small-pox, and decked with a pair of green spectacles. He was an eccentric, but highly industrious literary workman; and his talents, though in some instances ill directed, were commensurate with undertakings of no ordinary rank in literature.

John Flaxman.

BORN A. D. 1755.—DIED A. D. 1826.

THIS artist, whose labours have thrown such a lustre on British art, was the son of a moulder of plaster figures, who kept a shop in New Street, Covent Garden. His pictorial talents were early developed, and the mildness and docility of his character when a boy procured for him the favourable regards of several friends who took a pleasure in aiding and encouraging the young artist. In his fifteenth year he became a student in the Royal academy, and gained the silver medal. His first serious effort as a sculptor was a figure of Neptune, in wax, which he exhibited in 1770. His chief companions at the academy were Blake and Stothard. "With Blake in particular," says Allan Cunningham, "he loved to dream and muse, and give shape, and sometimes colour, to those thick-coming fancies in which they both partook." In a contest for the academy's gold medal, Flaxman was defeated by Engleheart, though all the probationers and students seemed confidently to anticipate an award in his favour. While pursuing his studies, our young artist at

first chiefly maintained himself by modelling small groups in very low relief, for the Wedgewoods' porcelain manufactory. His labours even in this humble department of the profession were of national importance. "The Etruscan vases and the architectural ornaments of Greece supplied him with the finest shapes: these he embellished with his own inventions, and a taste for forms of elegance began to be diffused over the land. Rude and unseemly shapes were no longer tolerated, and the eye growing accustomed to elegance, desired to have this new luxury at table."

During the ten years which preceded 1782, Flaxman exhibited about thirteen different works at the Royal academy. None of these were in marble, or exceeded half the size of life,—a pretty clear indication that their author was still struggling with poverty, and the embarrassments attendant upon limited finances. In 1782 he married an amiable and accomplished lady, in whose society and conversation the chief happiness of his future life consisted. He loved her tenderly, and when she died in 1820, something like a lethargy came over his own spirit: the world continued to applaud and encourage him, but he was no longer to be roused to high exertion in his art.

In the spring of 1787 he set off for Italy, accompanied by his wife, for the purpose of studying the immortal works of art which are treasured up in Rome. It was during his residence in that city that he executed his series of designs illustrative of the three great poets, Homer, *Æschylus*, and Dante. Of the *Iliad* there are in all thirty-nine illustrations. To the *Odyssey* he has dedicated thirty-four. Of the designs from Dante, thirty-eight are taken from the Hell, thirty-eight from the Purgatory, and thirty-three from the Paradise. Simplicity, dignity, and the same calm repose which mark the productions of ancient art, are the chief characteristics of these splendid series of conceptions, which have excited the admiration of the first connoisseurs and artists of the age. Yet strange to say, England does not possess a single group, or bas relief, executed from them. At subsequent periods he executed numerous illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, forty designs for Sotheby's translation of *Oberon*, and thirty-six designs from *Hesiod*. While in Italy, our artist executed in marble, a small-size group of *Cephalus and Aurora* for Mr Thomas Hope, one of his earliest patrons; and likewise a heroic group, also in marble, representing the fury of *Athamas*, from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. He also attempted the restoration of the celebrated torso of *Hercules*, but in this he, for once, disappointed the expectations of his friends. The fragment which he ventured to complete is by many regarded as the finest relic of ancient sculpture extant, and his biographer justly remarks that in such a case, the most glorious conception, and the most beautiful workmanship, were sure to fall far short of what imagination might suppose the lost portions to have been.

After having spent upwards of seven years in Rome, and having been elected a member of several Italian academies, Flaxman returned to London, where he continued to reside till his death. His first great work after his return was a monument to the earl of Mansfield, for which he received £2,500. Of this work Cunningham says: "The statue of Mansfield is calm, simple, severe, and solitary—he sits alone, 'above all pomp, all passion, and all pride,' and there is that in his look which would embolden the innocent, and strike terror into the guilty."

In 1800, he was elected a member of the Royal academy, on which occasion he presented that body with a fine marble group of Apollo and Marpessa. When the object of the grand Naval pillar was first agitated, Flaxman conceived the magnificent design of a statue of Britannia, two hundred feet high, which he proposed to erect on Greenwich hill. The proposal startled the committee of public taste, and was carped at by the wittlings of the day, but its author was more deeply grieved at the inability of the public-mind to entertain his magnificent conception, than at the ridicule with which it was treated by some, and the disappointment which the rejection of his scheme created to himself.

In 1810, the Royal academy created a professorship of sculpture, and bestowed it upon Flaxman. The lectures which he delivered from this chair have been published since his death. They are six in number; their composition is less graceful and tone more subdued than might have been expected in any thing of the kind from Flaxman; but they contain a number of valuable remarks and much sound criticism, and, upon the whole, furnish a valuable manual to the young sculptor. At the time of his wife's death, our artist was in the zenith of his fame. Amongst the finest of his latter productions were his Psyche, the Pastoral Apollo, and a group of the archangel Michael vanquishing Satan. But the most remarkable was the Shield of Achilles, modelled for Rundell and Bridge, the eminent silversmiths, in 1818. The diameter of this magnificent circle is three feet, and the description of Homer has been strictly followed in it. The figures are generally about six inches high, and vary in relief, from the smallest possible swell to half an inch. Four casts of it in silver were taken for the king, the duke of York, Lord Lonsdale, and the duke of Northumberland.

Flaxman died on the 7th of December, 1826, of an inflammation of the lungs. He was small in stature, and slightly formed, his forehead was fine, and his eyes large and sparkling. His dress, manners, and mode of life, were simple in the extreme.

"Flaxman," says Mr Thomas Campbell, "had but few native predecessors in our island since the art-desolating Reformation. Banks, his immediate predecessor, had great merit; and his expression respecting Flaxman, which was repeated to me by one who heard it, may remind us of Dryden speaking of Milton—he said of Flaxman, 'This little man cuts us all out in sculpture.' Flaxman excelled not, like Canova, in finished execution, but in composition and design. He brought to the art expansion of fancy, elevation of thought, and a holy beauty of feeling. His female forms may want finished luxuriance, but they have a charm more expressive and inexpressible from the vestal purity of his sentiment, than finish could have given them. From Penelope to the modern female he sweetens and sanctifies our admiration of woman. His fondness for simplicity sought for that quality in every age and example, and he was not only a severe student of the antique, but was suspected of having imbibed from his admiration of Donatello, and the Pisani, an over-leaning to the example of the half-gothic revivers of art. But still, this error was the excess of a bold and simple taste. In alto, mezzo, and basso-relievo, he stands pre-eminent since the revival of the arts."

William Gifford.

BORN A. D. 1757.—DIED A. D. 1826.

THIS celebrated critic was born of humble patronage, at Ashburton, in April, 1757. "The resources of my mother," he says in his autobiographical sketch, "were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a schoolmistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school, they consisted merely of the contents of the 'Child's Spelling Book;' but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which about half a century ago amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-singers, or rather readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of 'Catskin,' and the 'Golden Bull,' and the 'Bloody Gardener,' and many other histories equally instructive and amusing."

At a tender age Gifford was left an orphan by the death of his last surviving parent. "I was not quite thirteen," he says, "when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left was seized by a person of the name of C——, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of the claims, and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection, and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects,) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me; but these golden days were over in less than three months. C—— sickened at the expense; and as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him, but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more; and, in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table I had fallen backward and drawn it after me; its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow, of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it. As I could write and cypher, (as the phrase is,) C—— next thought of sending me to Newfoundland to assist in a store-house. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr Holdsworthly of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr Holdsworthly. On seeing me, this great man observed, with a

look of pity and contempt, that I was too small, and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not, however, choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage boat to Totness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped with life almost by miracle. My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went, when little more than thirteen. My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured man, at least not to me; and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness, moved, perhaps, by my weakness and tender years. In return I did what I could to requite her, and my good-will was not overlooked. Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go farther, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage. In this vessel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished. It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a 'ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet, if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the 'Coasting Pilot.' As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) entangled itself about me, and I was drawn up the surface till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance."

At the age of fourteen, his godfather bound him apprentice to a shoemaker. "The family," he says, "consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature! He was a presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it,

intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of 'Fenning's Dictionary,' and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the other, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete. With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and, indeed, nothing could well be smaller. At this period I had read nothing but a black-letter romance, called 'Parismus and Parismenus,' and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. The Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted with; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her had impressed it strongly on my mind; these then, with the 'Imitation' of Thomas à Kempis, which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions. As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge. This did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign the hope of one day succeeding to Mr Hugh Smerdon, (his schoolmaster,) and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study at every interval of leisure. These intervals were not very frequent, and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired. I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a 'Treatise on Algebra,' given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure, but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased 'Fenning's Introduction:' this was precisely what I wanted, but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, I had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty; I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink, and paper, therefore,—in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford,—were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent."

Poor Gifford's literary tastes drew upon him first the contempt and afterwards the dislike of his harsh and selfish master, who treated him with great severity. He bore up, however, under all his misfortunes with a courageous heart, comforting himself with the reflection that his apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when he determined to renounce the last for ever, and to open a private school. "In this

humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams, which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and gave him a curiosity to inquire after the author. It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinged with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me. Mr Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment; but in a country town men of science are not the most liberally rewarded; he had, besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence; that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune. On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing: he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that, amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and when he had learned that I had made it in circumstances of discouragement and danger, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me. The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were, indeed, several obstacles to be overcome: I had eighteen months yet to serve; my hand-writing was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man: he procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintances, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart; it ran thus: 'A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar.' Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten-and-sixpence; enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship (the sum my master received was six pounds,) and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon. At the expiration of this period, I found that my progress—for I will speak the truth in modesty—had been more considerable than my patrons expected: I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me, and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, that I am sunk in indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period."

He was now pronounced fit for the university, and was sent by his patrons to Exeter college, Oxford. While at the university he began his translation of Juvenal, some specimens of which being shown to Lord Grosvenor procured for him the patronage of that nobleman, with whose son he afterwards travelled on the continent. In 1794 he published 'The Baviad,' a satiric poem, in which he effectually demolished the Della Cruscan tribe of poetasters. In the following year, appeared 'The Mæviad,' an imitation of Horace, and levelled at the corrupters of dramatic poetry. He was next engaged in editing 'The Anti-Jacobin,' in which he had the support of Canning, Frere, and Pitt. In 1805 he published an edition of the plays of Massinger; and in 1816, an edition of Ben Jonson. But it was as editor of 'The Quarterly Review,' begun in 1809, that Mr Gifford was most generally known. He conducted this celebrated periodical with great vigour and distinguished ability, till within a very short period of his death, which took place on the 31st December, 1826.

A writer in the 'Literary Gazette' has supplied us with several interesting anecdotes of this self-taught and accomplished man, from which we select the following:—"He disliked incurring an obligation which might in any degree shackle the expression of his free opinion. Agreeably to this, he laid down a rule, from which he never departed—that every writer in the 'Quarterly' should receive so much, at least, per sheet. On one occasion—I dare say others occurred, but I only know of one—a gentleman holding office under government, sent him an article, which, after undergoing some serious mutilations at his hands preparatory to being ushered into the world, was accepted. But the usual sum being sent to the author, he rejected it with disdain, conceiving it a high dishonour to be paid for anything—the independent placeman! Gifford, in answer, informed him of the invariable rule of the 'Review,' adding, that he could send the money to any charitable institution, or dispose of it in any manner he should direct—but that the money must be paid. The doughty official, convinced that the virtue of his article would force it into the 'Review' at all events, stood firm in his refusal:—greatly to his dismay, the article was returned. He revenged himself by never sending another. Gifford, in relating this afterwards, observed with a smile, 'Poor man! the truth was, he didn't like my alterations: and, I'm sure, I didn't like his articles; so there was soon an end of our connexion.' His objection to asking a personal favour was, owing to the same principle, exceedingly strong. If the united influence of the 'Anti-Jacobin' and the 'Quarterly' be considered, we may probably be justified, in assigning to Gifford's literary support of government, a rank second only to Burke. His services, at all events, formed a very powerful claim to any moderate favour in the power of ministers to bestow; and yet, though anxious at all times to gratify the wants of his needier friends to his utmost ability, his aversion to soliciting the bounty of government was seldom overcome: on one occasion, indeed, in particular, he exerted his influence in favour of the son of a deceased friend; but, undoubtedly, not without being driven to it by such importunity as left an application to ministers the less of two evils. About two years before his death, he wrote, I believe to the chancellor, requesting a small living for a distressed relative of his first patron: his request was not complied with.

But then it should be remembered, that at the time it was made, the 'Quarterly' had passed into other hands. Othello's occupation was gone; and Gifford had to digest, as well as he could, the mortification which commonly awaits every political writer, of finding that the favour of a government is self-interested, extorted, and ungrateful. It is true, his independence of opinion might seem to be interfered with by the situations he held; but they were bestowed on him unsolicited, and from motives of personal regard. I am sure every one acquainted with him will admit, that he would have rejected with scorn any kindness which could be considered as fettering the freedom of his conduct in the smallest degree. I am not more certain of many conjectures, than I am that he never propagated a dishonest opinion, nor did a dishonest act. He enjoyed a very close intimacy with Mr Pitt: he used to mention that when he dined with the minister *tête-à-tête*, or with but a few chosen others, a servant was never permitted to remain in the room. The minister's 'dumb waiters' were as serviceable in his private as in any other house. He continued the editorship of the 'Quarterly' much longer than a just regard for his health authorized: but no successor that was proposed pleased him; and nothing but a bodily decay, little short of dissolution, compelled him to resign. He never stipulated for any salary as editor: at first he received £200, and at last £900 per annum, but never engaged for a particular sum. He several times returned money to Murray, saying, 'he had been too liberal.' Perhaps he was the only man on this side the Tweed who thought so! He was perfectly indifferent about wealth. I do not know a better proof of this than the fact that he was richer, by a very considerable sum, at the time of his death than he was at all aware of. In unison with his contempt of money was his disregard of any external distinction: he had a strong natural aversion to any thing like pomp or parade. * * * * *

Yet he was by no means insensible to an honourable distinction; and when the university of Oxford, about two years before his death, offered to give him a doctor's degree, he observed, 'twenty years ago it would have been gratifying, but now it would only be written on my coffin.' His disregard for external show was the more remarkable, as a contrary feeling is generally observable in persons who have risen from penury to wealth. But Gifford was a gentleman in feeling and in conduct; and you were never led to suspect he was sprung from an obscure origin, except when he reminded you of it by an anecdote relative to it. And this recalls one of the stories he used to tell with irresistible drollery, the merit of which entirely depended on his manner. I know an excellent mimic, who was immeasurably delighted with the story, but who never could produce more than a smile, with all his powers, by repeating it. It was simply this:—At the cobbler's board, of which Gifford had been a member, there was but one candle allowed for the whole coterie of operatives: it was, of course, a matter of importance that this candle should give as much light as possible. This was only to be done by repeated snuffings; but snuffers being a piece of fantastic coxcomby they were not pampered with, the members of the board took it in turn to perform the office of the forbidden luxury with their finger and thumb. The candle was handed, therefore, to each in succession, with the word 'sneaf' (anglice, 'snuff') bellowed in his ears. Gifford used to pronounce this word in the legitimate broad Devonshire

dialect, and accompanied his story with expressive gestures.—Now, on paper this is absolutely nothing, but in Gifford's mouth it was exquisitely humorous. I should not, however, have mentioned it, were it not that it appears to me one of the best instances I could give of his humility in recurring to his former condition. He was equally free from personal vanity. A lady of his acquaintance once looked in upon him, and said she had a rout that evening, and endeavoured by every inducement to persuade him to join it. 'Now do, Gifford, come in: it will give such an *éclat*,' she added, patting him familiarly on the shoulder, 'to say, there is Mr Gifford, the poet!' 'Poet, indeed! and a pretty figure this poet,' he answered, looking demurely on his shrunk shanks, 'would cut in a ball-room!' He was a man of very deep and warm affections. If I were desired to point out the distinguishing excellence of his private character, I should refer to his fervent sincerity of heart. He was particularly kind to children, and fond of their society. My sister, when young, used sometimes to go to spend a month with him, on which occasions he would hire a pianoforte, and once he actually had a juvenile ball at his house for her amusement. * * He formed an attachment for his pupil which no subsequent circumstances could abate. The change in his lordship's political sentiments did not shake Gifford's unalterable affection for his character. He, on the other hand, met this attachment with an equal degree of warmth: their mutual respect was built on principle, and reflected equal honour on both."

John Nichols.

BORN A. D. 1744.—DIED A. D. 1827.

THIS literary veteran was born at Islington in 1744. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to the celebrated printer, William Bowyer, who encouraged the literary tastes of the youth, and in 1766 took him into partnership. In 1778 he became editor of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' which he conducted with much industry and success for a period of nearly half-a-century. He died in November, 1827. The following is a list of the principal publications of which Mr Nichols was either the author or the editor:—Islington, a Poem, 1763, 4to.—The Origin of Printing, 1774, 8vo. the joint production of Mr Bowyer and himself; reprinted in 1776; and a Supplement added in 1781.—Three Supplemental Volumes to the Works of Dean Swift, with Notes, 1775, 1776, 1779, 8vo.—The Original Works, in Prose and Verse, of William King, LL.D. with Historical Notes, 1776, 3 vols. small 8vo.—Six Old Plays, on which Shakspeare grounded a like number of his; selected by Mr Steevens, and revised by Mr Nichols, 1779, 2 vols. small 8vo.—A Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, with Historical and Biographical Notes, 1780; 4 vols. small 8vo.; to which four other volumes, and a general Poetical Index, by Mr Macbean, were added in 1782.—The History and Antiquities of Hinckley, in Leicestershire, 1782, 4to.; of which a second edition, in folio, extracted from the 'History of Leicestershire,' was printed in 1812.—Novum Testamentum Græcum, ad fidem Græcorum solùm Codicum MSS. expressum; adstipulante

Joanne Jacobo Wetstenio; juxta Sectiones Jo. Alberti Bengelii divisum; et novâ Interpunctione sæpius illustratum. Editio Secunda, Londini, curâ, typis, et sumptibus Johannis Nichols, 1783.—Bishop Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, with Notes, vols. I. and II. 1783; vol. III. 1784; vol. IV. 1787.—A new edition of this work, corrected and much enlarged, was published in 1799, with Memoirs of the Bishop; and a fifth volume, entirely new.—In conjunction with the Rev. Dr Ralph Heathcote, he revised the second edition of the Biographical Dictionary, 12 vols. 8vo. 1784; and added several hundred new lives.—The Progresses and Royal Processions of Queen Elizabeth, 1788, 2 vols. 4to.—Of this Collection a third volume was published in 1804; and part of a fourth volume in 1821.—An Edition of Shakspeare, 1790, in 7 vols. 12mo; accurately printed from the text of Mr Malone; with a Selection of the more important Notes.—The History and Antiquities of the Town and County of Leicester; Parts I. and II. 1795. Folio.—A Third Part was published in 1798; a Fourth in 1800; a Fifth in 1804; a Sixth in 1807 (reprinted in 1810); and the Seventh in 1811; and an Appendix and General Indexes in 1815.—Illustrations of the Manners and Expences of Ancient Times in England, 1797, 4to.—In 1800, he completed The Antiquaries' Museum, which had been begun in 1791 by his friend Jacob Schnebbelie.—A new edition of Fuller's History of the Worthies of England, with brief Notes, 1811. 2 vols. 4to.—Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, 1812—1815, 9 vols. 8vo.—Literary Illustrations of the Eighteenth Century, a Sequel to the above Work, 4 vols. 1817—1822.—Miscellaneous Works of George Hardinge, 3 vols. 8vo. 1819.—In 1818 he prefixed to the third volume of General Index to the Gentlemen's Magazine, a Prefatory Introduction, descriptive of the rise and progress of the Magazine, with Anecdotes of the Projector and his early associates.—The Progresses of King James the First, in 3 vols. 4to. were printing at the time of Mr Nichols' death; and he lived to see the greater part of them published.

Thomas Rowlandson.

BORN A. D. 1756.—DIED A. D. 1827.

THIS well-known and admired artist was born in the Old Jewry, July, 1756; his father was a commercialist of great respectability. Thomas Rowlandson was educated at the school of Dr Barvis in Soho square, at that time, and subsequently, an academy of some celebrity. Richard Burke, son of the late Edmund Burke, M. P., was his schoolfellow. Mr Holman, the celebrated tragedian, was also educated there. The academy was then kept by Dr Barrow. At a very early period of his childhood, Rowlandson gave presage of his future talent; and he drew humorous characters of his master and many of his scholars before he was ten years old. The margins of his school-books were covered with these his handy-works.

In his sixteenth year he was sent to Paris, and was entered a student in one of the drawing academies there, where he made rapid advances in the study of the human figure; and during his residence, which was nearly two years, he occasionally indulged his satirical talent, in por-

traying the characteristics of that fantastic people. On his return to London he resumed his studies at the Royal academy, then held in some apartments at Old Somerset house. He had been admitted on the list of students before his visit to Paris. The celebrated Mr John Bannister, who had evinced an equal predilection for the graphic art, was at this time a fellow-student; and it was here that friendship commenced between them which continued throughout life. The elder Rowlandson, who was of a speculative turn, lost considerable sums in experimenting upon various branches of manufactures, which were tried upon too large a scale for his means; hence his affairs became embarrassed, and his son, before he had attained his manhood, was obliged to support himself. He, however, derived that assistance from an aunt which his father's reverse of fortune had withheld. This lady was a Mademoiselle Chatte-lier, married to Thomas Rowlandson, his uncle—she amply supplied him with money; and to this indulgence, perhaps, may be traced those careless habits which attended his early career, and for which he was remarkable through life. At her decease, she left him seven thousand pounds, much plate, trinkets, and other valuable property. He then indulged his predilection for a joyous life, and mixed himself with the gayest of the gay. Whilst at Paris, being of a social spirit, he sought the company of dashing young men; and, among other evils, imbibed a love for play. He was known in London at many of the fashionable gaming houses, alternately won and lost without emotion, till at length he was minus several thousand pounds. He thus dissipated the amount of more than one valuable legacy. It was said to his honour, however, that he always played with the feelings of a gentleman, and his word passed current, even with an empty purse. He has assured the writer, who knew him for more than forty years, that he had frequently played throughout a night and the next day; and that once, such was his infatuation for the dice, he continued at the gaming-table nearly thirty-six hours, with the intervention only of the time for refreshment, which was supplied by a cold collation. This uncontrollable passion for gaming, strange to say, subverted not his principles. He was scrupulously upright in all his pecuniary transactions, and ever avoided getting into debt. He has been known, after having lost all he possessed, to return home to his professional studies, sit down coolly to fabricate a series of new designs, and to exclaim, with stoical philosophy, "I have played the fool; but (holding up his pencils) here is my resource."

It is not generally known, that, however coarse and slight may be the generality of his humorous and political etchings, many of which were the careless effusion of a few hours, his early works were wrought with care; and his studies from the human figure, at the Royal academy, were scarcely inferior to those of the justly-admired Mortimer. From the versatility of his talent, the fecundity of his imagination, the grace and elegance with which he could design his groups, added to the almost miraculous despatch with which he supplied his patrons with compositions upon every subject, it has been the theme of regret amongst his friends that he was not more careful of his reputation. Had he pursued the course of art steadily, he might have become one of the greatest historical painters of the age. His style, which was purely his own, was most original. He drew a bold outline with the reed-pen, in a tint composed of vermilion and Indian ink, washed in the general effect in *chiaro-scuro*,

and tinted the whole with the proper colours. This manner, though slight, in many instances was most effective; and it is known, on indubitable authority, that the late Sir Joshua Reynolds and his successor to the chair of the Royal academy have each declared, that some of his drawings would have done honour to the greatest masters of design of the old schools.

For many years, for he was too idle to seek new employment, his kind friend and best adviser, Mr Ackerman, supplied him with ample subject for the exercise of his talent. The many works which his pencil illustrated are existing evidences of this. Many successions of plates for new editions of those popular volumes, 'Dr Syntax in Search of the Picturesque,' 'The Dance of Death,' 'The Dance of Life,' and other well-known productions of the versatile pen of Mr Coomb, will hereafter be regarded as mementos of his graphic humour. No artist of the past or present school, perhaps, ever expressed so much as Rowlandson, with so little effort, or with so small and evident an appearance of the absence of labour.¹

John Mason Good.

BORN A. D. 1764.—DIED A. D. 1827.

JOHN MASON GOOD was born of reputable parents, at Epping, on the 25th of May, 1764. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary at Gosport, where, with an activity peculiar to himself, he set himself immediately to pound medicines, play cricket and the German flute, practise fencing and poetry, study Italian, and compose a Dictionary of Poetic Endings, besides sundry other literary pieces. In 1783 and 1784 he attended lectures in London, and wrote a treatise on the theory of Earthquakes, containing a great deal of reasoning as elaborate as it was erroneous. In 1784 he entered into partnership with a surgeon at Sudbury.

In 1792 Mr Good, either owing to "suretiship," or the imprudent practice of lending money to his friends, became embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs. This had the happy effect of stimulating him to literary exertion: he wrote plays, translations, and poetry, but without the desired effect; he then tried philosophy, but without discovering the secret of transmutation; and at last, to somewhat more purpose, opened a correspondence with a metropolitan newspaper and review.

In 1793 he removed, with his family, to London, and entered into partnership with a Mr W., by whose misconduct the business soon after failed. On the 7th of November he was admitted a member of the College of Surgeons, and soon after became an active member of the Medical Society, and of the General Pharmaceutic Association; at the suggestion of some of his colleagues in the latter, he wrote a 'History of Medicine, so far as it relates to the profession of an Apothecary,' which was published in 1795.

In 1797 he began a translation of Lucretius; and, two years after, set himself to study the German language, having previously made

considerable progress in the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The Arabic and Persian he afterwards added to his acquisitions. In 1799 he finished his translation of Lucretius, which was composed in the streets of London during the translator's walks to visit his patients.

Mr Good's literary productions now followed each other in rapid succession till 1812. Of these, his 'Song of Songs,' 'Translation of the Book of Job,' and his contributions to the 'Pantalogia,' are the best known. In 1810 he began to deliver lectures at the Surrey Institution, the first course of which treated of the nature of the Material World, the second of that of the Animate World, and the third of that of the Mind, the whole of which were afterwards published under the general title of 'The Book of Nature.' In 1820, by authority of a diploma, dated from the ancient and anti-mercenary university of Aberdeen, he began to practise as a physician; and from the extraordinary success that attended his career from this moment, had reason to regret that he had not aspired at an earlier period to the highest branch of his profession. In the same year he published 'A Physiological System of Nosology,' and, in 1822, 'The Study of Medicine,' one of the most successful of his works.

Up to this period, and indeed for some time after, his health had been almost uniformly good, which will not be deemed so extraordinary even in a man who read, wrote, and thought so much as Dr Good, when it is recollected that his bodily exertions were, of necessity, almost equal to those of his mind. Even in London, when visiting his patients on foot, he must have walked enough to counterbalance the effects of more than one sheet per diem; and when the lazy luxury of a coach was substituted for this healthful exercise, it is not wonderful that the mental pressure of study should have increased, even to the extinction of life. He died on the 2d of January, 1827, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Dr Good was a man of great and versatile talents. As a medical writer his name stands high; and as a physician his practice was extensive and successful. He was not, and, from his education and opportunities, could not be, profoundly learned; but the stores of knowledge, collected by unwearied industry, carried on with a kind of enthusiasm in research, were in him as valuable for all practical purposes as abstruse learning.

The following passages, in a letter received by Dr Gregory, from Dr Good's eldest daughter, Mrs Neale, will assist the reader in forming his estimate of the private character of the subject of this memoir:—"You will doubtless have learned much from my mother and sister of my dear father's affectionate deportment in his family, and especially of his parental kindness; yet I cannot avoid mentioning one way in which, during my childhood, this was frequently manifested towards myself. My dear father, after a hurried meal at dinner, occupying but a very few minutes, would often spend a considerable portion of what should have been his resting time in teaching me to play at battledore, or some active game, thinking the exercise conducive to my health. I never saw in any individual so rare a union as he possessed of thorough enjoyment of what are usually termed the good things of this life, with the most perfect indifference respecting them when they were not within his reach. In the articles of food and drink he always took, with relish and cheerfulness, such delicacies as the kindness of a friend

or accident might throw in his way ; but he was quite as well satisfied with the plainest provision that could be set before him, often indeed seeming unconscious of the difference. His love of society made him most to enjoy his meals with his family or among friends ; yet, as his employments of necessity produced uncertainty in the time of his return home, his constant request was to have something set apart for him, but on no account to wait for his arrival. I perhaps am best qualified to speak of his extreme kindness to all his grandchildren. One example will serve to show that it was self-denying and active. My fourth little one, when an infant of two months old, was dangerously ill with the hooping-cough. My father was informed of this. It was in the beginning of a cold winter, and we were living sixty miles from town, in a retired village in Essex. Immediately on receiving the news of our affliction, my father quitted home ; and what was our surprise, at eleven o'clock on a very dark night, to hear a chaise drive fast up to the door and to see our affectionate parent step out of it. He had been detained, and narrowly escaped an overthrow, by the driver having mistaken his way, and attempted to drive through rough ploughed fields. We greatly feared that he would suffer severely from an attack of the gout, to which he had then become seriously subject, and which was generally brought on by exposure to cold and damp such as he had experienced ; and we urged in consequence the due precautions ; but his first care was to go at once to the nursery, ascertain the real state of the disease, and prescribe for the infant. Strangers have often remarked to me that they were struck with the affectionate kindness with which he encouraged all my dear children to ask him questions upon any subject, and the delight which he exhibited when they manifested a desire to gain knowledge. Indeed I do not once remember to have heard them silenced in their questions, however apparently unseasonable the time, in a hasty manner, or without some kind notice in answer. He never seemed annoyed by any interruption which they occasioned, whether during his studies, or while he was engaged in that conversation which he so much enjoyed. Whenever he silenced their questions by the promise of a future answer, he regarded the promise as inviolable, and uniformly satisfied their inquiries on the first moment of leisure, without waiting to be reminded by themselves or others of the expectations he had thus excited. These are simple domestic facts ; not perhaps suited to every taste, but as they serve to illustrate character I transmit them, to be employed or not as you may think best."

Of Dr Good's intellectual character, the following is Dr Gregory's summary :—"The leading faculty was that of acquisition, which he possessed in a remarkable measure, and which was constantly employed, from the earliest age, in augmenting his mental stores. United with this, were the faculties of retention, of orderly arrangement, and of fruitful and diversified combination. If genius be rightly termed 'the power of making new combinations pleasing or elevating to the mind, or useful to mankind,' he possessed it in a high degree. He was always fertile in the production of new trains of thought, new selections and groupings of imagery, new expedients for the extension of human good. But if genius be restricted to 'the power of discovery or of creative invention,' whether in philosophy or the arts, they who have most closely examined Dr Good's works, will be least inclined to claim for him that

distinction. Be this however as it may, there can be no question that his intellectual powers were of the first order; that in the main they were nicely equipoised, and that he could exercise them with an unusual buoyancy and elasticity. His memory was very extraordinary; doubtless much aided by the habits of arrangement, so firmly established by sedulous parental instruction. His early acquired fondness for classical and elegant literature laid his youthful fancy open to the liveliest impressions, and made him draw

‘The inspiring breath of ancient arts,
_____ and tread the sacred walks,
Where at each step imagination burns:’

and this undoubtedly again aided his memory; the pictures being reproduced by constant warmth of feeling. The facility with which on all occasions (as I have probably before remarked) he could recall and relate detached and insulated facts, was peculiarly attractive, and not less useful. But the reason is very obvious: however diverse and even exuberant the stores of his knowledge often appeared, the whole were methodised and connected together in his memory by principles of association that flowed from the real nature of things; in other words; philosophical principles, by means of which the particular truths are classified in order under the general heads to which they really belong, serving effectually to endow the mind that thoroughly comprehends the principles with an extensive command over those particular truths, whatever be their variety or importance. With the mathematical sciences he was almost entirely unacquainted; but, making this exception, there was scarcely a region of human knowledge which he had not entered, and but few indeed into which he had not made considerable advances; and wherever he found an entrance there he retained a permanent possession; for to the last he never forgot what he once knew. In short, had he published nothing but his ‘Translation of Lucretius,’ he would have acquired a high character for free, varied, and elegant versification, for exalted acquisitions as a philosopher and a linguist, and for singular felicity in the choice and exhibition of materials in a rich store of critical and tasteful illustration. Had he published nothing but his ‘Translation of the Book of Job,’ he would have obtained an eminent station amongst Hebrew scholars, and the promoters of biblical criticism. And had he published nothing but his ‘Study of Medicine,’ his name would, in the opinion of one of his ablest professional correspondents, have ‘gone down to posterity, associated with the science of medicine itself, as one of its most skilful practitioners, and one of its most learned promoters.’ I know not how to name another individual who has arrived at equal eminence in three such totally distinct departments of mental application. Let this be duly weighed in connexion with the marked inadequacy of his early education (notwithstanding its peculiar advantages in some respects), to form either a scientific and skilful medical practitioner or an excellent scholar, and there cannot but result a high estimate of the original powers with which he was endowed, and of the inextinguishable ardour with which through life he augmented their energy and enlarged their sphere of action.”

William Mitford.

BORN A. D. 1743.—DIED A. D. 1827.

WILLIAM MITFORD was the eldest son of John Mitford, Esq. of Lincoln's inn. He was born in London, February 10, 1743-4; and was educated at Cheam school in Surrey, under the venerable and excellent William Gilpin, on whom he bestowed the living where he resided and died. When yet a schoolboy, his brother informs us, he took a fancy "to the Greek in preference to the Latin language, and to the Grecian character in preference to the Roman; but rather as that character was offered to his youthful imagination in other works than those of the most authoritative Greek historians; in Plutarch, rather than Thucydides and Xenophon. A severe illness, which occasioned his removal from school, and denied him the advantage of other instruction during a year, at the critical age of fifteen, and the necessity, for some time after, of careful attention to health, checked his progress in his favourite study; and the bar having been proposed as his future profession, he was discouraged in his pursuit of the Greek, and urged to attend more to the Latin language, as that to which his studies might be more advantageously applied."

From Cheam he went to Queen's college, Oxford. He left the university without taking a degree, and, entering the Middle Temple, commenced the study of the law; but his brother was the member of the family that was destined to acquire eminence in that profession, and Mr Mitford early quitted it, on obtaining a commission in the South Hampshire militia.¹ He first joined it as captain, May 22, 1769; was appointed lieutenant-colonel November 22, 1779; and from August 9, 1805, to the date of his resignation, October 15, 1806, held the colonelcy. It was in the same regiment that Gibbon was lieutenant-colonel. When Mr Mitford first had a company, that distinguished writer was his commanding officer, and it was to the lieutenant-colonelcy that had been held by the historian of Rome, that the historian of Greece succeeded in 1779. "Their conversations," says his brother, "in those hours of leisure which the militia service afforded, frequently turned on ancient history; and Mr Gibbon, finding the eagerness of his friend in the pursuit of Grecian literature, urged him to undertake the 'History of Greece.' These circumstances led to the compilation and publication of the first volume." Mr Mitford's father died in 1761, when he succeeded to the family estate at Exbury. Mr Mitford's first publication appeared anonymously in 1774. It was 'An Essay on the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language.' It was much admired; Horne Tooke is said to have frequently expressed a wish that he had been its author. "At two and thirty, the loss of an amiable wife interrupted all his purposes at home. A violent illness followed;

¹ It was said by the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, that scarcely any person, amongst his early acquaintance, had persevered in the study of the law, who had competent means of support without the profits of the bar; and the author's father, and his mother's brother and father, all educated for and called to the bar, having quitted the profession when they respectively succeeded to moderate paternal estates, he thought himself justified, by their example, in leaving the bar to his younger brother, whom necessity compelled to persevere.

and on his recovery from danger, in October, 1776, he set out, in a state of imperfect convalescence, for the continent, proposing to spend the winter at Nice. Before he left England, he had become acquainted with two young Frenchmen of high character amongst the men of letters at Paris—M. de Meusnier, then about eight and twenty, and afterwards much distinguished, and M. de Villoison, about the same age, who had acquired reputation as a Greek scholar. Through the latter he was introduced to the Baron de St Croix, a young officer in the French service, author of a work of great repute on the historians of Alexander. The literary pursuits of De Meusnier, Villoison, and St Croix accorded with his favourite study; and he had afterwards the advantage of spending some time with the Baron de St Croix at Mourmoiron, in the comtat of Avignon, both in his journey to Nice and on his return to England. The enthusiasm of the Baron de St Croix and M. de Villoison for the Greek language and literature tended to increase similar feelings in his mind, and engaged him more ardently to pursue his studies, in which he had been principally his own instructor."

The first volume of his 'History of Greece' appeared in 1784, in 4to. The favourable manner in which it was received encouraged him to proceed. The second volume was published in 1790, the third in 1797, but the work was not completed till 1810. "It was his intention to have continued his work to that period when conquest reduced Greece to the condition of a Roman province; and having this in view, he determined not to interrupt the narration of the expedition of Alexander in Asia, which forms the subject of the fifth volume in the original quarto edition, by adverting to the internal affairs of Greece during the progress of that expedition. Increasing age producing great, and often painful, bodily infirmity, failure of eyesight, peculiarly distressing to him in reading the Greek character, and failure of memory, compelled him to abandon the further pursuit of what had been, during many years, his favourite study and amusement; and he has left no materials for his proposed conclusion of the Grecian history of which any use can be made. When new editions of any of the volumes were required, he revised and corrected those volumes; and he attempted a revision and correction of the whole work; but failure in health and strength compelled him to abandon the task, and to the fifth volume he did little. Upon the religions of ancient Greece and Rome, the public, the mystical, and the philosophical, he had composed a separate treatise. When he felt himself compelled to abandon the completion of the 'History of Greece' according to his original plan, he published this treatise, in small octavo, as a separate work. He seems, however, to have considered it, so far as it relates to the Greeks, as in some degree a supplement to his 'History;' but it was principally composed after he had been compelled, by increasing age and infirmity, to abandon the prosecution of that history to the conclusion which he had contemplated; when (to use the language which, in that treatise, he has applied to a distinguished Roman), "ruminating on the end of life, which his years admonished him to be approaching," his mind turned to a subject importantly affecting the conduct of man toward his fellow-man; important, therefore, in the consideration of the history of man in every country; and suggesting to those who, having the benefit of the Christian revelation, might be disposed to judge too harshly of the moral conduct of men whose minds

were not so instructed, a charitable indulgence to human infirmity, wandering in uncertainty and error."

Whilst in the militia, Mr Mitford published a 'Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly the Militia of this Kingdom;' and, in 1791, when the public mind was agitated on the grand national question relative to the means of supplying the country with bread, he published another pamphlet, entitled 'Considerations on the Opinion stated by the Lords of the Committee on Corn, in a representation to the King upon the Corn Laws, that Great Britain is unable to produce Corn sufficient for its own consumption,' &c. It was Mr Mitford's opinion, that it was not only possible, but easy, for our island to supply a quantity of wheat sufficient for the use of its inhabitants.

Mr Mitford first sat in the house of commons as member for New-
port in Cornwall. He was returned in 1785 to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sir John Coghill, Bart., and represented that borough till the close of the parliament in 1790. From 1790 to 1796 he was not a member of the house. In 1796, through the interest of the duke of Northumberland, he was returned to the house of commons as member for Beeralston, of which borough his brother John, (afterwards Lord Redesdale,) had been one of the representatives during the two preceding parliaments. He did not deliver his sentiments in the house on many subjects; but he gained great credit by his exertions in upholding the militia system. On the proposition brought forward in 1798, by Mr Secretary Dundas, for increasing the number of field officers in the militia, Mr Mitford opposed the measure in its various stages, contending that the militia should be governed by the militia laws, and not by those of the regular army; and entered into a brief history of the militia of this country, commenting on the salutary jealousy of a military despotism with which it was established. On subsequent occasions, Mr Mitford always arrayed himself against any innovation of those principles on which the militia was originally founded. He sat in three parliaments for Beeralston, from 1796 to 1806; and afterwards represented New Romney from 1812 till 1818.

In 1802 Mr Mitford acquired a large addition to his property in the Revelly estates in Yorkshire, belonging to his mother's family. He continued, however, to his death, which took place on the 8th of February, 1827, to make Exbury in Hampshire, a most sequestered spot, his country residence.

Lord Redesdale, in the brief and unostentatious biographical sketch which he has furnished for the recent corrected edition of his brother's 'History of Greece,' thus replies to the severe observations which some critics have passed upon it:—"In writing the history of Greece, the author had to encounter many preconceived opinions: and when a writer ventures to encounter opinions, and especially political opinions, he ought not to be surprised at finding his opinions assailed by those whose minds have been long in subjection to opposite opinions; for opinions long cherished may exercise a degree of tyranny over the strongest minds; a tyranny of which the person subjected to it may not be fully aware. So it may have been with the author of this history, and so it may have been with those who have most severely censured his work. The chief object of this address is to vindicate the political opinions of the author as generally manifested in his work. On some less important

subjects on which he has been assailed, he was disposed to yield to what may be called fashion : but to his political opinions he steadily adhered. It is not proposed to deny that his opinions of orthography were in some degree peculiar ; but they were founded on considerations not, perhaps, unworthy of some attention. One of his amusements, in his early solitude, was an attempt to gain some knowledge of that language, usually called Saxon, which the northern invaders of Britain, to whom we have been accustomed to give the name of Saxons, had rendered the language of those parts of the island in which they had obtained permanent settlement. That language, though varying in dialects in different parts of the country, remained the language of the people of England, notwithstanding the Norman conquest, and at length became the sole language of their country. That language, therefore, he conceived, must be deemed the source from which the language now called English had flowed. It was originally the language of a rude people ; and, to supply its defects, many words have been adopted from other languages. He deemed it probable that when the Saxons first attempted to express their original language in writing, they used for that purpose letters according with their pronunciation of the words which they intended thus to describe ; but that when they expressed in writing words which they had adopted from other languages, they had often, entirely or in a degree, adopted with the words the letters by which those words had been expressed in writing by the people from whose language such words had been taken, though not always agreeing with their own pronunciation of such adopted words ; and he thought it evident that many words, originally derived from the Latin language, had been adopted through the medium of another tongue, and not directly from the Latin. He found also that the spelling of words used in the English language, whether derived from the Saxon, or from the languages of other countries, had, in many instances, been varied considerably from time to time, and often capriciously ; and even that modern usage had varied, in many instances, from the common practice in his boyhood. Under these impressions, he attempted to form for himself a system of orthography different from the practice of the day : but he found the tide of fashion too strong for him ; and from his last corrections of parts of the printed copies of his works, it may be collected that he was disposed to submit generally to the fashion. In some words of Greek origin he approached more nearly to the original language than had been common ; but in this also, in revising his works, he made alterations."

" His political opinions, applied to the constitutions of the Grecian republics, have, indeed, been the subject of the severest observation. They were the result of his early and continued thought, of anxious reflection, and of some practical experience in the various situations in which he had been placed ; and from those opinions he never swerved. His study of the Grecian history he conceived warranted him in believing that the forms of government adopted in the best-constituted Grecian states, often the subject of youthful eulogy, were not suited to the extensive territory and the free condition of the inhabitants of the British islands ; and he thought that he discharged a duty to his country in pointing out the evils arising from all the forms of government adopted in the different states of Greece, constituting a tyranny of citizens, in some degree, over those who, though free in their persons, had not the

privileges of citizens, and, in a greater degree, over a much larger population of slaves; and, not unfrequently, a tyranny of citizens over citizens. He was not misled by the delusive words 'the people,' when he found that 'the people' had not the signification with the same words in his own country; that 'the people' in Greece meant not all, but a part only, and not the largest part, of the population of a state; and that that part called 'the people' were absolute and uncontrolled sovereigns of those who, though free in their persons, had not the imperial dignity of citizens, and of a body of men, superior in number to all the rest of the population, but retained in a degrading state of slavery; and that, even amongst the privileged citizens, the most worthy were often victims of the caprice and injustice of that sovereign power called 'the people,' because that power was sovereign, sole, and uncontrolled. He conceived, therefore, that in Greece true freedom, the freedom of all, such as he conceived British freedom long to have been, never existed; that the general security of person and property, which marks the British government, never existed; that, whether ruled by a single tyrant, ruled by an aristocracy, or ruled by a democracy, (falsely called democracy, if that word is used to import a government of the people, in the sense in which the words 'the people' are understood in this country,) the same mischievous passions prevailed in the governing power; that jealousy of their power, fear of losing it, thirst of private gain, and every other bad passion, alike swayed the conduct of every ruler, rendering all despots in the use and abuse of power; and that even the mixed government of Sparta, though least exposed to some of these evils, was a tyranny of a part of those who called themselves free, in some degree over others who, though free in their persons, had not the same privileges; and in a horrible degree over a miserable population of slaves, more oppressed than in any other state of Greece, because they were the slaves of the aggregate body of privileged freemen, and not of different masters; excluding that personal affection which may exist, and often has existed, between master and slave."

Hugh Clapperton.

BORN A. D. 1788.—DIED A. D. 1827..

THIS enterprising traveller was born in 1788, the youngest of six sons, and one of a family of one-and-twenty children. His father, a medical man, established in Annan, on the Solway Frith, had little leisure to attend to the education of his children, and that of Hugh, the youngest by his first marriage, seems to have been much neglected. Reading, writing, and such a knowledge of the elements of mathematics as fitted him for the sea, was all that he had been taught before he was bound apprentice, at the age of thirteen, to a trader between Liverpool and North America. In 1805 or 1806, he either entered or was pressed into the royal navy, and having been draughted on board the *Renommée*, at Gibraltar, had the good fortune to meet with one of his uncles, an officer in the marines, through whose interest he was placed by his captain, Sir Thomas Livingston, on the quarter-deck as a midshipman. In 1808 he was sent to the East Indies, and having been injudiciously

ordered out in so high a sea "that a boat," to use a nautical phrase, "could not possibly live," he was in the most imminent peril, all hands having perished, except two, of whom he was one. He was nearly six feet high, and proportionably strong; and it is reasonable to suppose, that, under Providence, his life was saved on this occasion by his superior strength. In 1815, while employed on the Lakes in Canada, he lost one joint of his thumb, from humanely carrying a poor boy for eight or nine miles on his back over the ice, to save him, as he hoped, from being frozen to death. The block-house, in which he was stationed, had been destroyed by a superior force, and his party had their alternative of being made prisoners, or travelling on foot sixty miles across the ice to the nearest British station. They chose the latter. The lad was unable to proceed, when they had gone only ten or twelve miles, but Clapperton's kindness was of no avail; on finding that the boy lost his hold, he apprehended—what was actually the case—that he was in a dying state. The sufferings of the party were extreme; as, independently of the season, they had only one bag of meal for their support. In 1816 he was made lieutenant; and from 1817, when the vessels on the Lakes were paid off, he remained in Scotland, occupied with the ordinary amusements of his age, till 1820, when he became acquainted with Dr Oudney, then going out on a mission into the Interior of Africa, and agreed to accompany him.

In the 'Recent Discoveries in Africa,' made in 1823 and 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and Doctor Oudney, we have accounts of an excursion from Mourzouk to Ghraat, a town of the Tuaries, by Doctor Oudney; of a journey across the desert to Bornou, of various expeditions to the southward and eastward, by Major Denham; and of an excursion through Soudan to the capital of the Fellatahs, by Captain Clapperton. The expedition set out from Mourzouk, Nov. 29, 1822, and arrived at the lake Tchad, in the kingdom of Bornou, Feb. 4, after a journey of 800 miles. Six days after they entered the capital, Kouka, Clapperton, in company with Doctor Oudney, who died on the way, set out on an expedition to Soccatoo, the capital of Houssa, more than 700 miles east of Kouka, which he reached in ninety days. He was not permitted to pursue his journey to the west, and returned to Kouka, and thence to England in 1825. The information which the travellers collected, in regard to the habits and commerce of the people of Central Africa, was important, as showing the existence in that quarter of a large population of a peaceable disposition, and possessed of a considerable civilization. The geographical information collected was not without its value, although it left undecided the disputed questions of the course and termination of the Niger. They proceeded south from Tripoli (lat. 32° 30') to Muscia (lat. 9° 10'), being 1400 miles in difference of latitude, and from Zangalia, on the east of lake Tchad (long. 70° E.), to Soccatoo (long. 6° E.), making a difference of longitude of 660 miles. They thus determined the position of the kingdoms of Mandara, Bornou and Houssa, their extent, and the position of their principal cities.

On his return to England, Lieutenant Clapperton received the rank of captain, and was immediately engaged, by Lord Bathurst, for a second expedition, to start from the Bight of Benin. Leaving Badagry, Dec. 7, 1825, he pursued a north-easterly direction, with the intention

of reaching Soccatoo and Bornou. Two of his companions, Captain Pearce and Doctor Morrison, perished, a short time after leaving the coast, and Clapperton pursued his way, accompanied by his faithful servant Lander. At Katunga, he was within thirty miles of the Quorra or Niger, but was not permitted to visit it. Continuing his journey north, he reached Kano, and then proceeded westward to Soccatoo, the residence of his old friend Bello. Bello refused to allow him to proceed to Bornou, and detained him a long time in his capital. This disappointment preyed upon Clapperton's mind, and he died, April 13, 1827, at Chungary, a village four miles from Soccatoo, of a dysentery. "Twenty days," says Lander, "my poor master remained in a low and distressed state. His body, from being robust and vigorous, became weak and emaciated; and, indeed, was little better than a skeleton." A short time before his death, he called him to his bed, and said: "Richard, I shall shortly be no more; I feel myself dying; do not be so much affected, my dear boy!—it is the will of the Almighty;—it cannot be helped. Take care of my journal and papers after my death; and when you arrive in London, go immediately to my agents, send for my uncle, who will accompany you to the colonial office, and let him see you deposit them safely in the hands of the secretary. After I am buried, apply to Bello, (the sultan,) and borrow money to purchase camels and provisions for your journey over the desert. Do not lumber yourself with my books; leave them behind, as well as the barometer, boxes and sticks, and every heavy article you can conveniently part with. Remark what towns and villages you pass through; pay attention to whatever the chiefs may say to you, and put it on paper. The little money I have, and all my clothes, I leave to you: sell the latter, and put what you may receive for them into your pocket; and if, on your journey, you should be obliged to expend it, government will repay you on your return." "He then," says Lander, "took my hand betwixt his; and, looking me full in the face, while a tear stood glistening in his eye, said, in a low but deeply affecting tone, 'My dear Richard, if you had not been with me, I should have died long ago; I can only thank you, with my latest breath, for your kindness and attachment to me; and if I could have lived to return with you, you should have been placed beyond the reach of want; but God will reward you.' This conversation," continues Lander, "occupied nearly two hours, in the course of which my master fainted several times. The same evening he fell into a slumber, from which he awoke in much perturbation, and said he had heard distinctly the tolling of an English funeral bell: in a few days afterwards he breathed his last."

Clapperton was the first European who traversed the whole of Central Africa, from the Bight of Benin to the Mediterranean. We have thus a continuous line from Tripoli to Badagry, which is of great importance from the assistance which it will afford to future researches. Clapperton was a man without education, but intelligent and impartial; of a robust frame and a happy temperament. He was capable of enduring great hardships. His knowledge of the habits and prejudices of the Central Africans, and his frank, bold, and cheerful manners, would have rendered him peculiarly useful in promoting the designs of the British government in that quarter.

Sir Humphry Davy.

BORN A. D. 1778.—DIED A. D. 1828.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, Bart., was the most celebrated chemist of the present age. To trace the progress of a man of science, from childhood to manhood, and from the prime of life to age and decay, is at all times an instructive and an agreeable task. But there are occasions on which this task is more agreeable than on others. When the labours of the man of science have been ennobled by success, and have been productive of results of incalculable value to mankind, we cannot avoid transferring to the man a large portion of that interest which was originally excited by his works, and this interest is heightened to a very great degree when we find the elegance of the man of taste and literature mingled with the acquirements of the philosopher. It is delightful to turn from the consideration of the details of an abstract or an experimental science, to repose, for a moment, in tracing the progress of a mind devoted to the pursuits of elegant literature. A pleasure of this kind now awaits us, in a contemplation of the events of the life of the illustrious Davy.

On the 17th of December, 1778, Humphry Davy was born at Penzance, in Cornwall. His father, who had been educated as a carver in wood, was proprietor of a small estate at Varfell, in the Mount's Bay, on which he resided. The name of his mother, who was a most amiable woman, was Grace Millett. This lady had the misfortune to lose her parents at a very early age, but was taken under the care of Mr John Tonkin, a surgeon of Penzance, who had attended her parents in their last illness. To the benevolence of this gentleman, she and her sisters owed a home and an excellent education. Robert Davy, the father of Humphry, married Grace, who was the second of the three orphans, and had a family of five children, of whom two were boys, the eldest the subject of our present memoir, the second also a man of science, the present Dr John Davy.

The early years of Humphry were spent partly under the immediate care of his parents, partly with the benefactors of his mother. It is seldom that the mind of a future philosopher and man of genius does not, even in the earliest years, rise, in some point or another, above the ordinary powers of childhood; and few examples of this can be adduced as more marked than that of Humphry Davy. The first school he attended was that of a Mr Bushell, where he showed talents quite unusual in a child of his age, and at a much earlier period of life than usual he was sent to the grammar-school in Penzance, under the Rev. J. C. Coryton. The earliest character which manifested itself in his mind in a remarkable degree, was that of quickness of apprehension. "At the age of about five years," says Dr Paris, his accomplished biographer, "he would turn over the pages of a book as rapidly as if he were merely engaged in counting the number of leaves, or in hunting after pictures; and yet, on being questioned, he could generally give a very satisfactory account of the contents." The same faculty distinguished him through life. His reading was chiefly directed to history and works of

fancy, for both of which he showed a strong bias; and even exhibited his own powers, in occasional and not unsuccessful attempts at oratory and the relation of marvellous stories. Among his amusements we may also mention a few experiments of a chemical nature, with which he used to astonish his playfellows, as affording indications of the early tendencies of a great mind. He was also a sportsman; and used to catch fish long before he could aspire to a gun. The use of the rod and the gun was never forgotten, and the delight they afforded him was renewed on every opportunity, up to the latest year of his life. Davy was once the designer and an actor in a pantomime—the play-bill still exists: the future philosopher acted the part of harlequin.

In 1793 he left the grammar-school, to enter upon the more advanced branches of education, under the Rev. Dr Cardew of Truro. He had hitherto not been studious; but the inducements to exertion being now stronger, he soon made up for lost time, and took his proper station among his class-fellows. In 1794 the father of Davy died. His character appears to have been tolerably good; he certainly did transmit to his son much of that power of mind which has rendered the name immortal. Soon after this Humphry was apprenticed to Mr Borlase, a surgeon in Penzance, under whom he had many opportunities, small indeed, but sufficient for an ardent mind, for prosecuting the study of chemistry, to which he was becoming strongly attached. He also made himself acquainted with the elements of mechanics; we say, *made himself*; for it appears that he acquired a knowledge of the most important parts of natural science by no other means than his own observations and experiments. Speaking of the "collision of bodies," Dr Paris says, "it is clear, that, had this branch of science not existed, Davy would have created it." For the anecdote on which this assertion is founded, we must refer to the original work. He did not like surgery, and certainly we cannot blame his master for complaining of his divided attention; though the consequences have been such as to make us regard as a fortunate circumstance, that which, in another, would have been deplored. From an early age young Davy was a poet. His more early productions are lost, but a few which were published display the dawning of a great genius; and we may safely say, that, had not Davy become a great philosopher, he would have been great as a poet. The poems which remain are transcribed at large into Dr Paris' Memoir; they were written about the age of seventeen or eighteen. It is fortunate for the interests of mankind, that the powers of mind which shone forth so early were directed into a more useful channel. The desire for chemical experiment, once set in motion, became soon insatiable. Every thing that could be made to serve the purpose of a piece of chemical apparatus was, without scruple, appropriated to that purpose by young Davy. When an object was to be attained, his ingenuity soon contrived the means out of the most simple and apparently inadequate materials. An old and clumsy clyster apparatus was raised to the rank of an air-pump, before Davy had ever seen a proper instrument of that kind, and by the aid of this and other simple, though ingeniously applied pieces of apparatus, he made many experiments, and laid the foundation of his future experimental skill and unfailing resource. It is thus that the great benefactors of chemistry, Schule and Priestley, also began their career. With means extremely limited,

the ardour for science fostered that inventive genius, which, under circumstances apparently more favourable, might never have been called into action. The first attempt of any importance which Davy made, was to prove by experiment the non-material nature of caloric, in opposition to the theory of Black. The attempt was unsuccessful, but the conception and the execution of his plan were alike ingenious. He went upon a principle now exploded, that caloric could not pass through a vacuum. The essay on this subject appeared in a collection of tracts edited by Dr Beddon of Bristol, in April, 1798. That gentleman was so well pleased with the specimen of Davy's talents and industry, that he offered to him, the same year, the situation of his assistant in the pneumatic institution at Bristol. In addition to the opinion formed from the essay above-mentioned, Dr Beddon had heard of the character of Davy from Mr Gilbert and Mr Gregory Watt, who had for some time perceived his talents and encouraged his exertions. On the 2d of October, 1798, Davy left Penzance to join Dr Beddon in Bristol. The institution in which he was to be employed was one where experiments were made on the use of different gases in the treatment of diseases, and his office was to superintend the preparation of those gases. He was still a student of medicine, and had not yet given up his original idea of graduating in Edinburgh and returning to practice in his native place. But his studies were almost entirely confined to chemistry and physics. During his residence in Bristol he acquired the friendship of many men of science, as well as of many distinguished in general literature. He visited London, for the first time, in December, 1799. None of the circumstances attending this visit are of any interest, except that he made some new friends and many acquaintances. Among the friends with whom he associated there were Coleridge, Southey, Gregory Watt, James and John Tobin, Thomson, and Clayfield. For many interesting letters and anecdotes, we must refer to the work of Dr Paris. The essays on light and heat which he published at this time, though full of hypothesis and error, were yet remarkable for ingenuity; and though it might have been as well had they been suppressed, we cannot now regret their appearance, as they form, with his other productions, an interesting series, by means of which we can trace the origin and the progress of the powers for which he was afterwards distinguished. When engaged in the pneumatic institution he instituted some investigations into the compounds of nitrogen, which he gave to the world in 1800, in a work entitled 'Researches, Chemical and Philosophical, chiefly concerning nitrous oxide, and its Respiration.' The merits of this work are but ill expressed by this awkward title. In the course of his experiments on gases, he tried how far some of them were fit for respiration. On two occasions he was exposed to great danger; first in inhaling nitrous gas, on the second occasion he nearly lost his life; the gas was carburetted hydrogen. The consequences of the hazardous experiment; was, however, advantageous to science, as they established the doctrine of the sedative or narcotic influence of certain gases. These experiments, with the effects of his other labours, materially affecting his health, he was obliged to retire for a time to Cornwall. During this time he made the first step in that series of magnificent discoveries which afterwards rendered his name so famous, and commenced a new era in chemical science. He had been employed

in the examination of the action of a Voltaic pile, and the important conclusion to which he came (want of space forbids us to detail the steps by which he arrived at it) was, that *Galvanism is a process purely chemical*.

A short time before this period the Royal institution of Great Britain had been founded. Count Rumford, himself a man of high consideration in the scientific world, was employed to select a person who might become chemical assistant and afterwards lecturer there. After looking about for some time in vain for such a person, Davy was suggested to the count, by whom or by what means does not appear to be known, and it were useless for us to inquire. Davy was invited, and on the 16th February, 1801, it was entered on the minutes of the institution: "Resolved—That Mr Humphry Davy be engaged in the service of the Royal institution, in the capacities of assistant lecturer in chemistry, director of the laboratory, and assistant-editor of the journals of the institution, and that he be allowed to occupy a room in the house, and be furnished with coals and candles; and that he be paid a salary of one hundred guineas per annum." He took possession of his situation on the 11th of March. His success was great; his appearance had at first made an unfavourable impression, but a single lecture dissipated it entirely, and in six weeks he was promoted to the situation of lecturer in chemistry at the Royal institution. In the month of August of the same year, having obtained leave of absence from the institution, he travelled with his friend Mr Underwood in Cornwall. Returning from this in November, he delivered some lectures on the chemical process of tanning at the request of the managers of the institution. Hitherto his lectures had been merely desultory essays; his triumph as a lecturer was yet to come. In the words of Dr Paris: "His splendid career cannot be said to have commenced till the next year, when, on the 21st of January, he delivered his introductory lecture, to a crowded and enlightened audience in the theatre of the Royal institution; which was afterwards printed at the request of a respectable proportion of the society. It contains a masterly view of the benefits to be derived from the various branches of science." The elegance and clearness of his style gained Davy many admirers. Among those was Coleridge, who used to attend the lectures most regularly, and being asked why he did so, is said to have replied: "I attend Davy's lectures to increase my stock of metaphors." Although the style of the lectures thus produced won applause almost universal, there were some who found matter for censure in them. No doubt the imagination of the poet sometimes led the philosopher too far; but although this may not suit the more severe taste of the man who is enamoured of science for her own sake, can we regret or condemn it where it was the means of fixing the attention of the idle and the gay on subjects which, however interesting and important, they would otherwise have passed over with carelessness or neglect. In 1802 the managers of the institution complimented him with the title of Professor. We cannot pass over in silence the style of his experiments. In the laboratory he was hasty, and apparently careless; but the quickness of his apprehension was the cause. He seldom made an experiment the results of which he had not in a great measure foreseen, and an appearance which another would have left unnoticed was with him sufficient to establish a discovery or confirm an opinion. In the

lecture-room, the character of his experiments was very different. They were elegant; and when we add that they were most completely adapted to the place and the purpose, can we give greater praise? His first session at the Royal institution being finished he rested from his more arduous labours, and enjoyed, for a short time, the scenery of Wales, in company with his friend Mr Purkis. He was now editor, along with Dr Young, of the *Journal of Science* published at the institution, in which many of his own papers appeared. Among the most important of these were the following: 'Account of a New Endiometer,'—a method of ascertaining the quantity of oxygen contained in air; several papers on the phenomena of Galvanism; on Tanning, &c. On the last subject he has contributed much that is useful, especially with respect to the powers of various substances in tanning. Among these was catechu or terra Japonica, and he wore at one time a pair of shoes, the one of which was tanned with oak bark, and the other with catechu, as a practical illustration of his researches. His first essay, communicated to the Royal society, was read on the 18th of June, 1801. The subject was, 'An Account of some Galvanic combinations, formed by an arrangement of single Metallic Plates and Fluids, analogous to the Galvanic apparatus of M. Volta.' On the 21st of April, 1803, he was proposed, and on the 17th November he was elected, a fellow of that society. On the 7th July he was chosen an honorary member of the Dublin society. In that year he gave his first course of lectures on agricultural chemistry, before the Board of Agriculture. He was appointed their professor with a salary of £100 per annum, and continued during ten years to detail before them the enlarged views which his scientific acquirements enabled him to take of the subject. In 1813 the lectures were published at the request of the Board, and are still regarded as the most valuable treatises on the subject.

Davy had not, in the midst of scientific pursuits, forgotten his poetical talent; but used to amuse himself with writing sonnets and other light pieces, which he sent to his friends. Among his published pieces was a prologue to the 'Honey Moon,' a comedy written by his friend Tobin, who had but recently died. It possesses considerable merit, but is too long to be quoted here; it is given at length in the work of Dr Paris. One of the earliest friends whom Davy met in London was Sir Thomas Bernard, one of the original projectors of the Royal institution. When the course of lectures on agricultural chemistry was established, he set apart a considerable portion of ground at his villa, near Rochampton, for the purpose of agricultural experiment under the direction of Davy. This proved of great value to Davy, and many interesting results were obtained, which were afterwards recorded in his work on agricultural chemistry. In 1805 he presented a valuable collection of minerals to the Royal institution, and early in the same year received additional honour and emolument in being appointed director of the laboratory to that institution. He delivered also a series of lectures on geology, with his usual success. In the course of the summer he visited Wales and Ireland for the purpose of studying some of the most interesting parts of these countries, in a geological point of view. In February, 1805, a paper of his on a new mineral called Wavellite, was read before the Royal society, of which, two years afterwards, he became secretary and member of the council.

We have previously hinted at the experiments of Davy on Galvanism; it was not till 1806 that he communicated to the world the grand system which may be regarded as the foundation of a large portion of modern chemical science. Parts of his system had previously appeared in Nicholson's journal, even so early as 1800, but the consummation was reserved for the Bakerian lecture, delivered on the 20th of November, 1806. He then revealed the true theory of Galvanic action, and its relation to chemistry; and on this subject we cannot express the general sentiment with more force and truth than in the words of Dr Paris: "This grand display of scientific light burst upon Europe like a splendid meteor, throwing its radiance into the deepest recesses, and opening to the view of the philosopher new and unexpected regions." We must refer to the same work for an analysis of the paper, which, to do it justice, must be examined at a length much too great for the limits of the present work. A discovery so great as that of Davy could not fail to excite envy among less fortunate investigators; and various attempts were made to deprive him of, or at least to divide, the honour. All opposition was effectually silenced by the decision of the Institute of France, which, unsolicited, awarded to Davy the prize of three thousand francs, founded by Bonaparte, for the most important discoveries in Galvanism and electricity. Thus, while the nations were at deadly animosity, science was not forgotten, and national feuds were overlooked in rewarding the merits of a philosopher.

One of the most brilliant results of these discoveries followed immediately afterwards, in the discovery of the metallic basis of certain alkaline and earthy substances which had previously been regarded as simple bodies. The first experiment was made on a solution of potash. Having ascertained by a number of trials, that decompositions, inexplicable on the principles of chemistry as hitherto known, were produced by the action of Galvanism on the alkalies, Davy subjected a mass of moistened potash to the action of a powerful battery, and to his delight resolved it into a metallic substance which accumulated round the negation wire, and a gas, afterwards discovered to be oxygen, which was liberated at the position wire. To this metal he gave the name of potassium. This discovery was given to the world in the second Bakerian lecture, read before the Royal society in November, 1807. Like the former it did not pass without rigid examination, in which feelings by no means worthy of philosophers did not fail to take a part. But truth, in such hands as those of Davy, could not fail to silence all opposition, and in a short time the merit of the discovery, and the honour of the discoverer were at once established on an immoveable foundation. It is remarkable that many of the facts which Davy discovered, and which led him to the discovery of higher and more important principles, had been previously observed by others, yet without leading to any thing but surprise and vague conjecture.

In the same month in which this lecture was read, a severe illness nearly deprived the world of this great man. He was attended by Drs Babington, Frank, and Baillie, whose united exertions succeeded in saving him from imminent danger, but it was not till February, 1808, that he was able to appear again before the managers of the institution, and announce that he would recommence his lectures early in March. In

the meantime, his absence had proved a great loss to the funds of the institution.

In December, 1808, the researches of the year were related in his third Bakerian lecture. He had carried on his investigations into the nature of the alcalies and earths hitherto undecomposed, and proved by experiment the truth of those principles which on a happy analogy he had previously advanced. In 1809 he extended his researches, and made some attempts to decompose nitrogen, but without success. He discovered also several compounds of hydrogen; showing the power which that gas has of entering into combination with certain solid bodies and causing them to assume the gaseous form.

The next important subject to which he turned his attention, was the nature of oxymuriatic acid. The substance had been discovered by Schule about the period at which Davy was born, and been already the subject of some discussion. Schule considered it as muriatic acid deprived of phlogiston. At the period at which the theory of chemistry gave the name of phlogiston to hydrogen, the real nature of the oxymuriatic acid was nominally known, experiment had not yet established it on physical evidence. When the theory of Lavoisier assumed the ascendancy, the theory of phlogiston fell to the ground, and along with other parts of chemical science the notion of the nature of the dephlogisticated muriatic acid underwent a revolution. It was henceforward supposed to be muriatic acid combined with oxygen, and received the name of oxymuriatic acid. The result of the experiments of Davy was the discovery of the simple nature of the supposed compound, which he called chlorine, and the overthrow of the principle of the school of Lavoisier, that the presence of oxygen is always necessary to the formation of an acid. He discovered chlorine to be like oxygen a supporter of combustion, though in a different degree, and to be capable like it of forming acids, &c. by entering into combination with other bodies. The merit of this discovery was attempted to be taken from him in two ways,—by endeavouring to prove him in error; and by giving the priority of discovery to others. Both of these failed entirely, and by their failure contributed to the honour of Davy.

In 1810 the Dublin society invited Davy to Ireland. They requested that he would deliver a course of lectures on electro-chemistry in their new laboratory, to which the Farming society of Ireland added a request that he would repeat before them his lectures on agricultural chemistry. With these requests he complied, and after a most successful course, was presented by the society with the sum of five hundred guineas. In the following year the society preferred the same request, with which he again complied, giving also a course of lectures on geology. For these labours he was rewarded with the sum of £750. Before his return to England, the college of Trinity in Dublin testified their sense of his high scientific merits by conferring on him the degree of LL.D.

In the month of August he was one of those employed in devising the unsuccessful plan for ventilating the house of lords, the failure of which annoyed him exceedingly.

On the 8th of April, 1812, his late majesty, then prince regent, at a levee held in Carlton house, conferred on Davy the honour of knighthood. The next day terminated his career as professor to the Royal

institution, though the situation did not become vacant till next year, of which he took leave in a farewell lecture.

On the 11th of the same month he married the widow of Shuckburgh Ashby Apreece, Esq. daughter and heiress of Charles Kerr, of Kelso, Esq. who possessed a considerable fortune. After the marriage, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy resided for a short time with Sir John Selright, previous to setting out for Scotland, where they intended to make a tour.

In June, 1812, the first part of his 'Elements of Chemical Philosophy' was published, with a dedication to Lady Davy. The work has never been finished; indeed, the plan on which it was conceived was too great for any individual to accomplish, being nothing less than a system in which nothing was published without having been proved by the author's own experiments. So far as it goes it is a work well worthy of the genius of the author.

On the 18th June he presented to the Royal society a paper on the combinations of phosphorus and sulphur, in which he established the existence and nature of some new compounds. In October he was engaged in the examination of a detonating substance, now known as chlorid of nitrogen, when a violent explosion destroyed the vessel which contained the substance, and wounding him in the eye prevented him from continuing his researches. A letter on this, addressed by him to Sir Joseph Banks, was read on the 5th November before the Royal society, chiefly with the view of warning others from running the same risk. In the course of the next spring he was able to renew his experiments, and in July a second paper on the subject was read, in which the nature of the substance in question was fully investigated. Even in this second course of experiments he met with some accidents, but he had used sufficient precautions to render their consequences less dangerous than the former. On the 8th of July, 1813, he read a paper to the Royal society, descriptive of the substances produced in different chemical processes on fluor spar. In this paper he stated his conviction that fluoric acid consisted of an unknown base in combination with hydrogen, and therefore analogous to the muriatic acid. Of his work on agricultural chemistry, published at this time, we have previously spoken. Of this work we cannot here enter upon an analysis.

In the same year the permission of the emperor Napoleon was obtained by the French Institute, that Davy should travel on the continent without restraint. On the 13th of October he embarked at Plymouth, accompanied by Lady Davy and Mr Faraday, for Morlaix in Brittany. In Paris he met with his old friend Underwood, one of those who had been taken prisoners by Napoleon at the commencement of the war. On the 30th he visited the Louvre with this gentleman, and to the surprise of his friend, exhibited the utmost insensibility to the beauties of the works of art. The first of the *savans* to whom he was introduced was the venerable Vauquelin; but he desired most of all the acquaintance of M. Ampère, whom he looked upon as the one who had set the most proper value on his discoveries. It would be a needless waste of time were we to recount all the honours paid to Davy in Paris, or all the men of science with whom he associated. The most important circumstance which occurred during that time was his connection with the discovery of the nature of iodine. This substance is a

solid body of a dark colour, with a metallic lustre, capable of being converted by heat into a violet-coloured gas, and possessed of chemical properties analogous to those of oxygen and chlorine. M. Courtois, a manufacturer of saltpetre at Paris, was the discoverer of its existence, but the chemical talents of France had for twelve months in vain attempted to ascertain its nature and properties. Davy received a specimen from M. Ampère in November, 1813, and on the 24th January, 1814, his paper describing its real nature was communicated to the Royal society of London. The honour of the discovery seems to be divided between Davy and Gay-Lussac, for the paper of the former detailing his experiments is dated on the 10th December, and the latter had on the 6th merely thrown out in public a hint as to the probability of its being a new substance with properties analogous to those of chlorine. This affair, however simple it may seem, caused great dispute; the French chemists accusing Davy of an unjust attempt to take from them the honour of its discovery. During his residence in Paris, Davy was not introduced to the emperor, and indeed it is very doubtful whether he would have consented to paying his court to him. On the 13th of December, 1813, the first class of the Imperial Institute of France elected Davy a corresponding member. The utmost kindness was shown to him by every one; it is painful to think that if he did not absolutely repay it with ingratitude, he was at least not sufficiently careful to show that he was sensible of it. It is difficult to speak ill of such a man; the following words from his panegyrist and friend Dr Paris, will be better than any thing we could say: "It would be an act of literary dishonesty to assert that Sir Humphry Davy returned the kindness of the *savans* of France in a manner which the friends of science could have expected and desired. There was a flippancy in his manner, a superciliousness and hauteur in his deportment, which surprised as much as they offended."

From Paris Davy travelled to Montpellier, where he became acquainted with the eminent chemist Berard. From Montpellier he travelled by Nice and Turin to Genoa, where he arrived on the 25th of February. On the 13th of March he set out for Florence, where he employed himself in the laboratory of the Academia del Cimento, in prosecuting his researches on iodine, and likewise assisted at some experiments on the combustion of the diamond. He wrote a paper on the combustion of the diamond and other forms of carbon, which was sent to the Royal society, and appeared the same year in the 'Philosophical Transactions.' On the 6th of April he was in Rome, where he took advantage of the laboratory of the Academia del Lyncei to continue his experiments. We cannot follow him through the details of this tour; it is sufficient to say that, after visiting Naples, he returned to England by Rome, Mantua, the Tyrol, the south of Germany, and the north of France, and arrived in London on the 23d of April, 1815.

Soon after his return to England the attention of Davy was turned to the subject of the explosions in coal mines, produced by a mixture of inflammable gas and the air of the atmosphere, known by the name of *fire damp*, and the discovery of means for preventing them. This gas, which is chiefly carburetted hydrogen, seems to accumulate under different circumstances. In old workings, which have been ill-ventilated, it accumulates gradually from imperceptible sources; but even in the

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best ventilated mines it sometimes appears suddenly from fissures in the rock, when opened by the pick of the miner. The stream of gas thus let loose comes out with irresistible force, catches fire at the first light, and explodes with a tremendous power, destroying the apparatus of the mine, the workmen, and even forcing large bodies up the shaft. This is followed by the choke damp or carbonic acid, which destroys those persons who have escaped with their lives from the previous explosion. For some time previous to the period of which we have been speaking, those explosions had been unusually frequent and occasioned a great loss of life and property. The attention of Davy was first turned to this subject by a society established at Bishop-Wearmouth, for the purpose of ascertaining means for preventing accidents in coal mines. The object to be attained was the construction of a lamp of sufficient power to serve the purposes of the miner, and not be subject to the disadvantage of being capable of setting on fire a mixture of air and inflammable gas. Various plans were tried, and several of those suggested by Davy were found to be successful; but we shall confine ourselves to the description of that which was ultimately adopted, and is now in use in almost all mines. In the course of his experiments, Davy discovered that flame could not pass through the apertures of a tissue of wire cloth of a certain fineness. Thus, if we hold a piece of wire cloth above a stream of gas issuing from a tube, we may apply a light, either above or below the cloth, and the gas will inflame on that side, but the flame cannot pass through in either direction. This fact at once suggested a plan for a safety-lamp. After many experiments, Davy found that the wire gauze, consisting of wires from one fortieth to one sixtieth of an inch in diameter, and woven so as to contain upwards of 700 apertures in a square inch, was best adapted for the purpose. A safety-lamp was therefore constructed so as to be completely inclosed by a covering of this wire gauze, through which no flame could pass, and which thus obviated every chance of an explosion. Instead of adding to the danger, this lamp converts the deadly *fire damp* into a means of supplying light, for when it is surrounded by an explosive atmosphere, every opening becomes a point of inflammation, the gas burns inside the lamp, and the whole is in a general glow. Even when the wires become red hot the danger is not increased. The safety arises from the degree of heat requisite to influence carburetted hydrogen, being never above that of iron heated to whiteness, in passing the meshes of the wire gauze, therefore the inflammable matter is cooled below the point at which it burns. While engaged in the experiments which led to this, Davy made some discoveries of an interesting nature with regard to the combustion of gases. He found that flame was not an essential part of combustion; as an example of which we may adduce the combustion of spirit of wine, by means of a fine wire of platina, wound about the wick, which being once heated to redness, will continue so, and consume the spirit, even after the flame has been blown out. In the same way platina, in a peculiar condition, called spongy, consumes hydrogen, becoming red hot, and even setting it on fire.

Various attempts were made to deprive Sir Humphry of the honour due to him on this occasion, but they were soon overcome. It is unnecessary to enter into the particulars, such circumstances are never agreeable. We turn with greater pleasure to the honours which were

bestowed on him. On the 25th of September, 1817, at a meeting of a numerous company of coal-owners, and other gentlemen, in Newcastle, a service of plate was presented to Sir Humphry as a testimony of their admiration and gratitude for his exertions in their cause. We cannot quote the account of the proceedings on this occasion, but we may extract a single paragraph from the address made by the chairman, Mr Lambton:—"Your brilliant genius, which has been so long employed in an unparalleled manner in extending the boundaries of chemical knowledge, never accomplished a higher object, nor obtained a nobler triumph.—If your fame had needed any thing to make it immortal, this discovery alone would have carried it down to future ages, and connected it with benefits and blessings." In 1815, having sent to the Emperor Alexander of Russia a model of his safety-lamp, that monarch was graciously pleased to signify his acceptance of it, and transmitted to him a valuable silver-gilt vase in testimony of the value in which he held the invention.

The papers on flame, presented by Davy to the Royal society, obtained for him the Rumford medals. All his researches on this and other subjects connected with it, were collected and published in one volume in 1818. The government expressed their sense of his merits, on the 20th October, 1818, by creating him a baronet,—a barren reward, it must be acknowledged, for services such as those which Davy has rendered to humanity.

In 1818 he visited the continent again, under the patronage of the government, to assist in unrolling the ancient manuscripts found in Herculaneum. Some experiments had convinced him that chemical acid was not sufficiently trusted to by those previously engaged in this process, and he went out for the purpose of assisting with the resources of that science. He set out on the 26th May, 1818, and on the journey he employed himself in the investigation of a subject which had recently interested him, the circumstances under which mists are formed. He communicated the results in 1819 to the Royal society, in whose Transactions the paper may be found. He travelled by the Rhine, Austria, Hungary, Carniola, and arrived in Naples before the end of the year. His observations respecting the object of his visit, may be found in the memoir which he presented on the subject to the Royal society, printed in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1821. He made many important observations, proving that the carbonized condition of many substances had not been owing to the operation of fire, but to a gradual process of decomposition, varying according to the nature of the substance, and the situation under which it was found, but in the original object of his visit he failed almost entirely. According to Davy, this was not owing to the failure of his method, but to a want of co-operation on the part of the government and others at Naples.

Soon after his return to England, the death of Sir Joseph Banks, on the 19th of June, 1820, left the presidency of the Royal society vacant. Many persons were named as deserving of the honour of succeeding Sir Joseph, but none could stand in competition with Sir Humphry Davy and Dr Wollaston. The latter, however, declined entering into competition, and on the 20th of November, 1820, Sir Humphry was elected with scarcely a dissentient voice. That Sir Humphry Davy

deserved this honour does not admit of a doubt,—that his habits and disposition were well adapted for it, cannot, we fear, be said with truth. “To assert,” says Dr Paris, “that Davy retained his popularity, or to deny that he retired from the office under the frown of a considerable party, would be dishonest.” We cannot here enter into a detail of the circumstances which marked the decline and fall of his popularity; these must be sought for in more extended works.

Though now at the head of science in England, Davy did not cease (to use his own words) “to act as a private soldier in her ranks.” In 1819 the discoveries of Professor Oested, of Copenhagen, on the connection between magnetism and electricity, being made known to the world, Davy set about an investigation for the purpose of extending these researches. He made several interesting discoveries, and communicated them to the Royal society in three memoirs, in the years 1820–21–23. In 1822 a paper of his on the water and gases found in the cavities of crystals, was read before the Royal society. This subject was an important one, as it has always been supposed to bear upon the relative notions of the Huttonian and Wernerian systems of geology. The conclusion of Davy was, that the existence of water in the cavities of crystal is no argument against their having been formed by the agency of fire, since it is probable that they were formed under a pressure so great as to compensate for the expansive power of water when heated. The discovery of Mr Faraday respecting the liquefaction of gases under compression, may be mentioned here, as Sir Humphry was partly concerned in the experiments by which the subject was further elucidated, though the discovery does not belong to him.

It is well known that the copper used for sheathing the bottom of ships is liable to decay from various causes, and thus becomes a source of great expense. Many ineffectual means had been tried for preventing this loss, and in 1823 an application was made by government to the Royal society for advice on the subject. The investigations were made in various ways by Sir Humphry Davy, and an account of them may be found in various places in the Philosophical transactions. The principle upon which he went was this: that the destruction depends on the galvanic relations of the metal and the sea water; that if these can be altered, the action must cease. This was effected by certain pieces of zinc or iron, in contact with the copper. The theory was correct, but unforeseen disadvantages arose, and to the vexation of Davy the plan was pronounced a failure. In 1824 he travelled to Norway and Sweden, and returned by the north of Germany in the month of August, the same year. On the voyage he was employed in the investigation above mentioned; on land he devoted himself entirely to his favourite amusements of fly-fishing, and the contemplation of nature. We anticipate a little, but as it is connected with what we have been relating, we cannot help mentioning here, that his Bakerian lecture of 1826, “On the relations of electrical changes,” obtained him in 1827 the “Royal medal” awarded by the Royal society.

In 1826 his health began to fail, and prevented him from giving that attention to science and to his duties as president of the Royal society, which he had previously done. In the end of this year he suffered from an attack of apoplexy, from which, however, he recovered so far as to be able in 1827 to travel to Italy. While there his health re-

cruited to a certain extent, but remained so uncertain that he was obliged to resign the chair of the Royal society. Having received his resignation, the society on the 6th of November, 1827, appointed Mr Davies Gilbert president *pro tempore*, in his stead. In October, 1827, he returned to London in very poor health; and made an attempt, in a visit to the country, to enjoy his field sports, but without success. In the spring of 1828 he published his 'Salmonia, or days of Fly-fishing,' a book which can only be compared to that of Izaak Walton. It is full of elegant and exalted sentiments, and cannot be read without pleasure.

On the 20th of March, a paper of his was read before the Royal society, 'On the Phenomena of Volcanos;' it is full of interest but not peculiarly successful.

Soon after this he left England for the last time. After spending some time in Austria, he went to Rome, where he became alarmingly ill. He desired, however, to be removed to Geneva, where he arrived on the 28th of May, only to die; for though he appeared unusually well, he did not survive above 12 hours. In his last moments he was attended by Lady Davy, his brother, and his godson Mr Tobin. Every honour was paid to his remains by the authorities and the learned in Geneva, where, according to his own desire, he was buried. A tablet, which was placed by his widow in Westminster Abbey, is as yet the only monument which records his memory. He has left no children to inherit his name.

There remains to us now the difficult task of examining the character and merits of Sir Humphry Davy. His genius was of a high order. It is seldom that we see in one individual such a versatility of talent as he exhibited. Poetry, science, and philosophy were alike familiar to him, and sources of refined enjoyment. In the course of the foregoing description we have treated upon all his works except one, published after his death. This is entitled 'Consolations in Travel, or the last days of a Philosopher.' As our limits do not admit of an extended criticism, we shall be content with saying in the words of Dr Paris, "This is a most extraordinary and interesting work: extraordinary, not only from the wild extent of its fancy, but from the bright light of scientific truth which is constantly shining through its metaphorical tissue, and irradiating its most shadowy imaginings."

The mind of Davy was of a most aspiring nature. His imagination always went before his powers of investigation, yet he seldom erred. His perception of truth seemed almost intuitive, and before another could perceive the relations of the premises, he would often arrive at the conclusion. Of his ingenuity and industry we have already had sufficient evidence. His attachments were strong, but in forming them he was sometimes capricious. Perhaps no avenue to his heart was more open than that which admitted a brother of the angle. Was this love for angling a weakness? It is difficult to say; but when regarded as but a part of that passionate admiration of the beauties of nature which characterized him, it becomes important from the noble association. It is to be lamented that a want of polish in his manners rendered him disagreeable to many, and proved the cause of much of his unpopularity. We referred to this subject in speaking of his visit to Paris. Adulation soon changed his original simplicity of character,

and (in the words of Dr Paris) "when Davy sighed for patrician distinction in the chair of Newton, we can only lament the weakness from which the choicest spirits of our nature are not exempt." Yet his love for science was not tainted by a desire for making it a source of wealth. He might have amassed a fortune, but he preferred to be crowned with honours, no small part of which was that the services which they rewarded were unpaid for.

The last subject which claims our attention is the important question: How much does science owe to Davy? Perhaps this is superfluous; for as we have gone along we have shown the relation which his discoveries bear to what had gone before, yet a slight sketch of them in connection will not be without its advantages. However much praise be due to Sir Humphry Davy, it must not be forgotten that the honour of being reformer of chemical science is much divided, and that the state of the science at the period at which he began to take a share in it, was such as to afford to him facilities infinitely above those possessed by his predecessors. It is impossible for us to form an estimate of the comparative value of his discoveries without taking a general view of the progress of chemical science. In the seventeenth century chemistry had begun to emerge from the trammels of alchemy. The first attempt at a regular theory was that of Beecher, afterwards remodelled by Stahl. This rude system was founded upon the supposition that a substance called phlogiston entered into the composition of all combustible bodies, the elimination of which constituted combustion, which process was supposed to leave the germ of the body in a pure state, in which it was called a calx. A few careful experiments would have overturned this theory, but the experiments of the day were very imperfectly conducted. The modern system of experimental chemistry owes its origin to a later period, and to the researches of Schulc, Black, Cavendish, and Priestley. To them pneumatic chemistry owes much, and in general we may say that they discovered new substances, investigated combinations which had before not been understood, and rendered more perfect the art of chemical analysis. It was but a short step further that led Lavoisier to make those experiments by which the existence of phlogiston was shown to be merely imaginary, and to establish the relation of oxygen to acids, combustion, and metallic oxides. Such was the state of chemistry when the career of Davy began. The science was free from the grosser errors, but had fallen into others, by carrying refinement and generalization too far, while experiment had not yet accumulated a sufficient store of facts. Davy discovered that acids might be formed and that combustion might take place without oxygen; and that other substances might enter into combination with metals, producing compounds analogous to the oxides. He discovered that not only acids, but alcalies might be the result of metallic combinations with oxygen; he enriched the different branches of the science with numerous lesser discoveries; and finally, he was the author of the electro-chemical theory, of which we have already spoken. Taken together he has made more numerous and more brilliant discoveries than any other chemist, but it must not be forgotten that the labours of the illustrious men who preceded him had accumulated many of those facts, by reflecting on which his master mind saw the light of

a scientific system, where little had been seen before but a chaos of unconnected facts.

In conclusion, we must acknowledge ourselves indebted to the work of Dr Paris for the greater part of our information, other authorities have been referred to *en passant*. For a more extended view of the relation of the discoveries of Davy to the present state of chemistry reference must be made to Dr Thomson's excellent history of chemistry.

Sir James Edward Smith.

BORN A. D. 1759.—DIED A. D. 1828.

SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH was born in the city of Norwich, December 2d, 1759. He was the eldest of seven children, and for almost five years an only child. His father, Mr James Smith, was a dealer in the woollen trade, of respectable connexions and easy in his circumstances, and of a naturally strong understanding, much cultivated and enlarged by reading, and a habit of thinking for himself on all subjects. Sir James's mother, Frances Kinderly, was the daughter of a clergyman of an ancient and once opulent family in the north of England, remarkable for the sweetness of his temper and his eccentricities. On account of a constitutional delicacy of spirits, as well as of health, young Smith was never sent to a public school, but was attended at home by the best masters that his native city afforded, and under their tuition he acquired a competent knowledge of the French and Italian languages, and of the rudiments of Latin. But the best part of his education was derived from the society of his well informed sensible parents, and from reading and conversation in the domestic circle, by which the heart as well as the understanding was instructed and enlarged. Under these influences he grew up, and on the basis of extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of soul, by the aid of judicious culture and religious principle, a moral courage and a noble independence of character were reared, by which he became distinguished, in after life, almost as much as for his amiable and affectionate disposition.

Botany, "the amiable science," as it has been called, was the study for such a mind, and his early predilection for it, and the difficulties and encouragements he met with, are often mentioned in his writings. In one of his introductory lectures before the Royal institution, he observes: "From the earliest period of my recollection, when I can just remember tugging ineffectually with all my infant strength at the tough stalks of the wild succory on the chalky hillocks about Norwich, I have found the study of nature an increasing source of unalloyed pleasure, and a consolation and refuge under every pain. Long destined to other pursuits, and directed to other studies, thought more advantageous or necessary, I could often snatch but a few moments for this favourite object. Unassisted by advice, unacquainted with books, I wandered long in the dark; till some of the principal elementary works, the publications of Lee, Rose, Stillingfleet, and a few others, came in my way, and were devoured over and over again. This kind of botanical education has the advantages of the necessary drudgery of a grammar-school; it trains the mind to labour, it fixes principles, and facts, and

terms, and names, never to be forgotten. At length, however, I found I wanted something more to apply to practice what had thus been acquired. I was then furnished with systematic books, and introduced to Mr Rose, whose writings had long been my guide. I was shown the works of Linnæus; nor shall I ever forget the feelings of wonder excited by finding his whole system of animals, vegetables, and minerals, comprised in three octavo volumes. I had seen a fine quarto volume of Buffon, on the horse alone. I expected to find the systematic works of Linnæus constituting a whole library; but they proved almost capable of being put, like the Iliad, into a nutshell. Hence a new world was opened to me. I found myself, moreover, in the centre of a school of botanists. Ever since the Spanish tyranny and folly had driven commerce and ingenuity from Flanders, to take refuge in Britain, a taste for flowers had subsisted in my native county along with them. Our weavers, like those of Spitalfields, have from time immemorial been florists, and many of them most excellent cultivators; their necessary occupations and these amusements were peculiarly compatible. And it is well worthy of remark, that those elegant and virtuous dispositions, which can relish the beauties of nature, are no less strictly in unison with that purity of moral and religious taste which drove the founders of our worsted manufactory from foul and debasing tyranny to the abode of light, and peace, and liberty."

In the autumn of 1781, he repaired to Edinburgh to finish his education at the university, with a view to the study of medicine. Here he passed two years, and found warm and kind friends, as he did every where, and in friendship a pure enjoyment. His proficiency in other branches of knowledge appears to have been respectable only, but in his favourite science he soon distanced every competitor, and carried off all the honours.

From Edinburgh our young naturalist went up to London, still bent on pursuing and completing his medical studies, and anxious to avail himself, for this purpose, of the advantages to be derived from visiting the hospitals and attending the lectures of the celebrated Dr John Hunter. Here again he made many valuable acquaintances, and particularly, as might have been expected from his favourite tastes and pursuits, that of Sir Joseph Banks; to his connexion with whom, an incident is to be referred, which did more perhaps than all other causes put together, to shape his course and lay the foundation of his future eminence. We give it in the words of his biographer: "Upon the demise of young Linnæus, Dr Acrel, professor of medicine at Upsal, had written to Dr Engelhart, who was then in London, offering the whole collection of his books, manuscripts, and natural history, to Sir Joseph Banks, for the sum of 1000 guineas. 'It happened,' adds Sir James, 'that I breakfasted with Sir Joseph upon the day the letter arrived, which was the 23d of December, 1783; and he told me of the offer he had had, saying he should decline it; and, handing me the letter to read, advised me strongly to make the purchase, as a thing suitable to my taste, and which would do me honour.' Being thus encouraged by Sir Joseph, he went immediately to Dr Engelhart, with whom he had been intimately acquainted at Edinburgh, and made his desire known to him; and they both wrote the same day to Professor Acrel, Dr Engelhart to recommend his friend, and the other desiring

a catalogue of the whole collection, and telling him if it answered his expectations, he would be the purchaser at the price fixed." A writer in 'The Monthly Repository' says: "The sale was precipitated before the return of the king of Sweden, then on his travels, lest he should oblige the heirs to dispose of the whole, at a cheaper rate, to the university at Upsal. This would actually have been the case, as appears from the exertions made by his majesty, who, on his return, sent a courier to the Sound, and a swift sailing vessel to intercept the ship which was bearing away the prize." Higher offers had also been made, to tempt the heirs to break off the treaty, and, among the rest, an unlimited sum by a Russian nobleman; and Sir James appears to have owed it to the scrupulous honour of the negotiator, professor Acrel, that he succeeded at last in obtaining the inestimable treasure at the stipulated charge. The packages were safely landed at the custom-house in October, 1784. "Sir James's first idea," says his lady, "was to deposit his purchase in some spare rooms in the British museum; but he found some objections to the scheme, and preferred taking a house, that it might be safer, and more accessible to himself and his friends. He therefore hired apartments in Paradise-row, Chelsea, whither it was immediately conveyed; and often has he recurred with great pleasure to the first winter after its arrival, when, with Sir J. Banks and Mr Dryander, they examined the herbarium minutely, and carefully unpacked and arranged the whole collection. With no premeditated design of relinquishing physic as a profession, yet from this hour he devoted his time and all the powers of his mind to the object for which he had hazarded so much; nor was there ever a period, in his subsequent life, of misgiving or regret, that he had made a wrong choice; neither was his love of botany pursued to the exclusion of other literature or lighter pleasures; but it was the charm of his existence, always at hand ready to take up, always leading the mind forward and filling his hours with satisfaction."

On the 28th of May following, Sir James acquaints his father, that "he was admitted a fellow of the Royal society on Thursday, without a single black ball;" and adds, "I paid my money, £32 11s.; and took my seat the same evening: my success was indeed very flattering, and, I believe, gave my good friend the president—Sir Joseph Banks—great pleasure."

In the summer of 1786 he visited the continent, his immediate object being to obtain a medical degree at Leyden. Having done this, he quitted Holland, and spent the rest of that year, and most of the next, in France, Switzerland, and Italy, making the natural history of those countries his principal study, but not neglecting other objects of attention likely to interest a traveller. His habits of careful observation, his taste in the fine arts, his enthusiasm in the description of Alpine scenery, his liberal feelings and opinions, in regard to national or sectarian differences, are as conspicuous in his private letters, written home to his friends, as in the sketch of his tour, published some time after his return.

Soon after his return to England, he removed from Chelsea to Great Marlborough street, professedly with a view to begin his medical career in London. Natural history, however, and botany in particular, continued to occupy his attention almost exclusively; and one of the next

public undertakings, in which we find him engaged, was the institution of the Linnæan society, of which he was chosen the first president, an honourable appointment, which he held by successive annual re-elections until his death. Alluding, in his inaugural discourse, to the Linnæan collections, he says: "I consider myself as a trustee of the public, and hold these treasures only for the purpose of making them useful to the world and natural history in general, and particularly to this society, of which I glory in having contributed to lay the foundation, and to the service of which I shall joyfully consecrate my labours, so long as it continues to answer the purposes for which it was designed." From this period Sir James gave lectures on botany, first at his own house, and afterwards before various public institutions in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, and other places, and with great and increasing success and reputation, "When his health was good, the occupation was one he enjoyed. He arranged previously the heads of his lecture; but for words he always trusted to the ideas which arose in his mind while he was delivering it, and in general he exceeded the allotted time, and had more to say than could be compressed into the space of an hour. A printed abstract of the subject he intended to discourse upon was not omitted, for the convenience of himself and his auditors; and of these sketches he composed a great variety, as the succession of his courses required. Of one of these Dr Goodenough, in the year 1795, tells him, 'I am quite charmed with your syllabus. I would advise you, *while you are a lecturer*—do not defer it till you have given it up, it will not be half so well done—to draw out all that matter at full length, and publish it as suits you; it would be another *Philosophia Botanica* in a fashionable dress.'

In 1796 he married the only daughter of Robert Reeve, Esq. of Lowestoft, in Suffolk; and in the following year he removed to Norwich, his native place, where he continued to reside, paying occasional visits to London, for the remainder of his life.

Of Sir James's numerous and valuable scientific publications, it does not belong to our present purpose to speak. All of them are remarkable, as it has been said, "for accuracy in observing, accuracy in recording, and unusual accuracy in printing." Yet his biographer informs us, that he seldom copied what he wrote, but sent the first draught to the printer, sometimes with scarcely an erasure of the pen, and perfect in the minutest particulars of orthography and punctuation; and that he often wrote the best when pressed for time, as was commonly the case with his dedications and prefaces. But what most distinguishes his scientific writings is the pure, unconstrained, and affecting moral and religious spirit which they breathe, of which it would be easy to multiply illustrations. One must suffice, the concluding paragraphs of the preface to his 'Introduction to Botany.'

"To those," he observes, "whose minds and understandings are already formed the study of nature may be recommended independently, of all other considerations, as a rich source of innocent pleasure. Some people are ever inquiring, what is the use of any particular plant; by which they mean, what food or physic, or what materials for the painter or dyer does it afford? They look on a beautiful flowery meadow with admiration, only in proportion as it affords nauseous drugs or salves. Others consider a botanist with respect only as he may be able

to teach them some profitable improvement in tanning, or dyeing, by which they may quickly grow rich, and be then perhaps no longer of any use to mankind or to themselves. These views are not blameable, but they are not the sole end of human existence. Is it not desirable to call the soul from the feverish agitation of worldly pursuits, to the contemplation of Divine Wisdom in the beautiful economy of nature? Is it not a privilege to walk with God in the garden of creation, and hold converse with his providence? If such elevated feelings do not lead to the study of nature, it cannot be far pursued without rewarding the student by exciting them. Rousseau, a great judge of the human heart and observer of human manners, has remarked, that 'when science is transplanted from the mountains and woods into cities and worldly society, it loses its genuine charms, and becomes a source of envy, jealousy, and rivalry.' This is still more true, if it be cultivated as a mere source of emolument. But the man who loves botany for its own sake, knows no such feelings, nor is he dependent for happiness on situations or scenes that favour their growth. He would find himself neither solitary nor desolate, had he no other companion than a mountain daisy, that 'modest crimson-tipped flower,' so sweetly sung by one of nature's own poets. The humblest weeds or moss will ever afford him something to examine or to illustrate, and a great deal to admire. Introduce him to the magnificence of a tropical forest, the enamelled meadows of the Alps, or the wonders of New Holland, and his thoughts will not dwell much upon riches or literary honours; things that

'Play round the head, but come not near the heart.'

In botany all is elegance and delight. No painful, disgusting, unhealthy experiments or inquiries are to be made. Its pleasures spring up under our feet, and, as we pursue them, reward us with health and serene satisfaction. None but the most foolish or depraved could derive any thing from it but what is beautiful, or pollute its lovely scenery with unamiable or unhallowed images. Those who do so, either from corrupt taste or malicious design, can be compared only to the fiend entering into the garden of Eden."

In July, 1814, Sir James had the honour of being knighted by the late king, George IV. At the instance of Professor Martyn, and with the countenance and encouragement of many of the heads of the house, and of several of the first dignitaries of the church, he applied in 1818, for the botanical chair at Cambridge. But a cabal amongst the bigots and underlings repulsed the honour and advantage which such an appointment would have conferred on the university, on the ground that he was a dissenter and a Unitarian. Professor Schultz, an eminent Bavarian naturalist, in his narrative of a Botanical visit to England in 1824, exclaims: "Who would have believed that a university, within the walls of which the immortal Erasmus Roterodamus once taught, and which had produced such a man as Milton, should ever, and even in the twentieth year of the nineteenth century, sink to such a depth of barbarity! It could make over its Bible and Prayer book monopoly to Baskerville, a scoffing atheist; but the moment a dissenter and a Unitarian was understood to be approaching the consecrated precincts, though for purposes purely scientific, this pious and self-denying community bristles with horror."

Sir James Smith's health, always delicate, and subject to frequent attacks of an inflammatory nature, was visibly declining for the last five or six years of his life. It was amidst interruptions from this cause, and with the anxious desire often expressed that he might live to finish it, that he wrote his last and best work, the 'English Flora.' On the very day when he entered his library for the last time, the packet, containing the fourth and last volume, reached him. It concludes thus: "If our bodily powers could keep pace with our mental acquirements, the student of half a century would not shrink from the delightful task of being still a teacher; nor does he resign the hope of affording some future assistance to his fellow-labourers; though for the present, 'a change of study,' to use the expression of a great French writer, may be requisite, 'by way of relaxation and repose.'"

On Saturday, March 15th, 1828, he walked out as usual, and apparently without fatigue; but in the evening he was attacked by such an alarming fit of sickness, as almost immediately forbade the hope of his recovery. He continued sinking until six o'clock on the Monday morning following, when he quietly resigned his breath, and his spirit returned to God who gave it. His remains were interred in the vault belonging to Lady Smith's family at Lowestoft.

Thomas Bewick.

BORN A. D. 1753.—DIED A. D. 1828.

THIS ingenious artist was born at Cherryburn in Northumberland. At the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to Mr Ralph Beilby of Newcastle, a respectable copper-plate engraver, who afterwards took him into partnership. Mr Bewick was first brought into public notice by his wood-cut of the Old Hound, which gained the premium offered for the best specimen of wood-engraving by the Society of Arts, in 1775.¹ That circumstance was the foundation-stone of his fortune, and from this time his fame gradually increased. In 1790, conjointly with Mr Beilby, who was then his partner, he published his 'History of Quadrupeds.' In 1795, he, with his brother John, (who was also eminent as an engraver,) embellished an edition of Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' and 'Deserted Village,' and Parnell's 'Hermit;' it was a royal quarto volume, and attracted much attention from the beauty both of the typography and of the embellishments. In the following year he made some beautiful designs for Somerville's 'Chase.' In 1797, he published the first volume of 'British Birds;' in 1804, the second volume; and in 1818, appeared the last of his published works, 'The Fables.' He was engaged on a 'History of Fishes' when he died; and left in the hands of his relatives a MS. memoir of his family, which is said to be written with great *naïveté*, and full of anecdote.

"Mr Bewick's personal appearance was rustic; he was tall, and powerfully formed. His manners, too, were somewhat rustic; but he was shrewd, and never wished to ape the gentleman. His countenance

¹ An impression of this cut is given in the Memoir prefixed to 'Select Fables,' printed for Charnley, Newcastle: 1820.

was open and expressive, with a capacious forehead, strongly indicating intellect; his eyes beamed with the fire of genius. He was a man of strong passions, strong in his affections, and equally strong in his dislikes: the latter sometimes exposed him to the charge of illiberality; but the former and kinder feeling greatly predominated. True, he was (what most men are) jealous of his fame, and had not much affection for rival artists; but they seldom crossed his path, or caused him much uneasiness. His resentment, when once excited, was not easily allayed, and he seldom spared those who ill-treated him; but there was much warmth in his friendship. Strictly honourable in his dealings, to his friends there never was a more sincere or kinder-hearted man than Thomas Bewick."¹

There is an elegant critique on Bewick's works in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for 1825, from which we extract the following just and spirited remarks:—"Of Bewick's powers, the most extraordinary is the perfect accuracy with which he seizes and transfers to paper the natural objects which it is his delight to draw. His landscapes are absolute *fac-similes*; his animals are whole-length portraits. Other books on natural history have fine engravings; but still, neither beast nor bird in them have any character; dogs and deer, lark and sparrow, have all airs and countenances marvellously insipid, and of a most flat similitude. You may buy dear books, but if you want to know what a bird or quadruped is, to Bewick you must go at last. It needs only to glance at the works of Bewick, to convince ourselves with what wonderful felicity the very countenance and air of his animals are marked and distinguished. There is the grave owl, the silly wavering lapwing, the pert jay, the impudent over-fed sparrow, the airy lark, the sleepy-headed gourmand duck, the restless titmouse, the insignificant wren, the clean harmless gull, the keen rapacious kite—every one has his character.

"His vignettes are just as remarkable. Take his 'British Birds,' and in the tail-pieces to these volumes you shall find the most touching representations of nature in all her forms, animate and inanimate. There are the poachers tracking a hare in the snow; and the urchins who have accomplished the creation of a 'snow-man;' the disappointed beggar leaving the gate open for the pigs and poultry to march over the good dame's linen, which she is laying out to dry; the thief who sees devils in every bush—a sketch that Hogarth himself might envy; the strayed infant standing at the horse's heels, and pulling his tail, while the mother is in an agony flying over the style; the sportsman who has slipped into the torrent; the blind man and boy, unconscious of 'Keep on this side;' and that best of burlesques on military pomp, the four urchins astride of gravestones for horses, the first blowing a glass trumpet, and the others bedizened in tatters, with rush-caps and wooden swords.

"Nor must we pass over his sea-side sketches, all inimitable. The cutter chasing the smuggler—is it not evident that they are going at the rate of at least ten knots an hour? The tired gulls sitting on the waves, every curled head of which seems big with mischief. What pruning of plumage, what stalkings, and flappings, and scratchings of

the sand, are depicted in that collection of sea-birds on the shore! What desolation is there in that sketch of coast after a storm, with the solitary rock, the ebb-tide, the crab just venturing out, and the mast of the sunken vessel standing up through the treacherous waters! What truth and minute nature is in that tide coming in, each wave rolling higher than its predecessor, like a line of conquerors, and pouring in amidst the rocks with increased aggression! And, last and best, there are his fishing scenes. What angler's heart but beats whenever the pool-fisher, deep in the water, his rod bending almost double with the rush of some tremendous trout or heavy salmon? Who does not recognise his boyish days in the fellow with the 'set rods,' sheltering himself from the soaking rain behind an old tree? What fisher has not seen yon 'old codger,' sitting by the river side, peering over his tackle, and putting on a brandling?

"Bewick's landscapes, too, are on the same principle with his animals: they are for the most part portraits, the result of the keenest and most accurate observation. You perceive every stone and bunch of grass has had actual existence: his moors are north-country moors, the progeny of Cheviot, Rimside, Simonside, or Carter. The tail-piece of the old man pointing out to his boy an ancient monumental stone, reminds one of the Millfield plain, or Flodden Field. Having only delineated that in which he himself has taken delight, we may deduce his character from his pictures: his heartfelt love of his native country, its scenery, its manners, its airs, its men and women; his propensity

———— by himself to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang:

his intense observation of nature and human life; his satirical and somewhat coarse humour; his fondness for maxims and old saws; his vein of worldly prudence now and then 'cropping out,' as the miners call it, into day-light; his passion for the sea-side, and his delight in 'the angler's solitary trade:' all this, and more, the admirer of Bewick may deduce from his sketches."

Dugald Stewart.

BORN A. D. 1753.—DIED A. D. 1828.

THIS very eminent man was the son of Dr Matthew Stewart, professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh. He was born on the 22d of November, 1753. After having passed through the classes of the high-school, and attended courses of lectures on intellectual and moral philosophy, by Dr Stevenson and Dr Adam Ferguson, in the university of his native city, he removed to the university of Glasgow, chiefly with the view of attending Dr Reid's lectures on mental science. In 1774 he was appointed assistant and successor to his father in the chair which he held in the university of Edinburgh; and in 1778, during Dr Adam Ferguson's absence in America, he supplied the chair of moral philosophy also. In both these chairs he acquitted himself with great ability and success. In

1784 he exchanged his mathematical professorship, with Dr Ferguson, for that of moral philosophy.

In 1792 he published the first volume of his 'Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind,' of which the second volume appeared in 1813. The first volume, says his biographer, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, "did not excite that notice to which its own merit, and the high reputation of its author, unquestionably entitled it. The philosophy of the mind was then a subject of comparatively little interest; and, though divested of its usual repulsive aspect, it was not considered, as it is now, a necessary branch of polite education. The long interval of twenty-one years, which elapsed between the publication of the first and the second volumes, and the publication of his volume of 'Philosophical Essays' at an intermediate period, may afford us some reason for believing that Mr Stewart had abandoned the prosecution of his plan."

In 1793 he communicated to the Royal society of Edinburgh, 'An Account of the Life and Writings of Dr Adam Smith;' and, in 1796, 'An Account of the Life and Writings of Dr Robertson.' These are very beautiful and masterly compositions, and contributed not a little to establish and extend his reputation. In 1806, when Lord Lauderdale was deputed to proceed to Paris, to adjust the preliminaries of a general peace, he requested Mr Stewart to accompany him, and they accordingly spent some time in the French metropolis. Soon after his return, the Fox and Grenville administration revived for his benefit the office of gazette-writer for Scotland, in lieu of a pension. The emoluments of this situation were considerable, and it imposed upon him no labour that could not be performed by deputy. It also enabled him to devote himself more entirely to philosophical pursuits, for which purpose he accepted of the services of a joint-professor in Dr Brown: on whose death, some years afterwards, he resigned the chair of moral philosophy altogether, and removed to a country-house, about twenty miles from Edinburgh, where he spent the remaining years of his life. In January, 1822, he was struck with palsy, but his bodily faculties alone felt the shock; with the assistance of his daughter, who acted as his amanuensis, he was enabled to revise and prepare his works for publication with the same ardour of mind and vigour of intellect that he had before displayed. The third and fourth volumes of his 'Philosophy of the Human Mind,' were completed by him, successively, in 1827 and 1828; in the April of the latter year he had another paralytic attack, and died on the 11th of June following.

The name of Dugald Stewart is one of the few, which, of late years, serve to relieve in part the character of this country from the charge of a comparative neglect of the great sciences of intellectual and moral philosophy. His writings upon these all-important subjects, if not the most powerful, are perhaps the most engaging in form, and consequently the most attractive to the general reader, in the language. In the works of the late Dr Parr, we find a complimentary note addressed to Stewart, in which he is described as superior, for the union of fine taste and deep thought, to all other writers since the time of Bacon. This eulogy partakes of the exaggeration which habitually marked the manner of the great Hellenist. Various writers, posterior to Bacon, might be mentioned, who combined with at least an equal command of

language a higher power of original thinking,—as, for instance, Shaftsbury, Berkeley, Hume, Burke, and Adam Smith. But none of these, or of the others, who might fairly be considered as belonging to this class, with the exception perhaps of Hume, have pretended to give us a complete body of intellectual and moral science; and the remark of Parr, if considered as limited to such as have done this, might be received as substantially true. Locke, with a much superior power of thought, and with a plain, manly, and substantially good style, wants taste and elegance, and is undoubtedly, on the whole, much less attractive. Hume was perhaps superior in taste as well as natural acuteness and sagacity to Stewart; but such were the strange aberrations of his intellect, when applied to the study of metaphysics and morals, that his works on these subjects have little or no value, excepting as curious indications of the progress of learning, and of its state at a particular period. Reid, the founder of the Edinburgh school, was deficient in the graces of manner, which belonged to his pupil, who is, therefore, on the whole, at present, and will probably long remain, among English authors, the most popular professor of moral science.

The praise of exhibiting, with taste and elegance, the results of a somewhat limited power of thinking, may perhaps appear, at first view, to be not very high; but when we look through the history of learning, and remark with what economy intellectual gifts of the highest order have been always imparted to our race, we shall not be disposed to consider it as too scanty. To strike out new and entirely original ideas on abstract subjects, implies an intense exercise of thought which may almost be supposed to preclude the cultivation of the arts and graces that belong to manner. Nor is it, in fact, in the communication of these original thoughts, as they first present themselves, in their native simplicity, to the mind of the discoverer, that the graces of manner can be displayed to the greatest advantage. It is chiefly in the illustration, application, and development of the great discoveries which enlarge the sphere of science, that we recognise the peculiar province of the powerful and elegant philosophical writer. Without possessing the vigour and persevering activity of mind required for actual invention, he is able, by his somewhat limited power, to comprehend the results of a higher one, and spread them out in pleasing forms before the eye of the common observer. And it often happens that in so doing he appropriates to himself a glory, which belongs much more properly to the inventor. In fact, the praise we allow to Stewart is the same which is usually given to the greatest philosophical writers of ancient and modern times. Aristotle, Xenophon, Plato, and Cicero built up their elegant productions in a great measure out of the materials supplied by the original mind of Socrates, who himself wrote nothing. To comprehend, enter into, appropriate and refine upon the inventions of creative genius, implies an intellectual power second only to that of creative genius itself; and when this is combined with a faculty of happy and luminous expression, it forms the combination of talents which is best fitted to produce effect upon the public mind, and procure for its possessor every sort of compensation and distinction, excepting perhaps the barren laurel of remote and posthumous glory,

— ‘that fancied life in other’s breath,
The estate that wits inherit after death.’

The distinguishing characteristics of the talent and manner of Stewart being thus, as we have described them, of a nature to give his works a great popularity, and to enable him to exercise an extensive influence upon public opinion, it is not less fortunate for the world, than credible to himself, that they are inspired throughout by the purest and most amiable moral feelings. We are acquainted with no philosophical writings in any language which leave upon the mind a happier impression. This amiable writer has in fact breathed into all his works the kind, gentle, social, and benevolent spirit by which he was himself animated. He not only teaches us to believe in virtue, but brings the celestial vision before us in full loveliness and beauty, so as to engage our affections in her favour. He adopts and defends all the liberal and philanthropic notions that have ever been advanced by the lovers of mankind, while he avoids at the same time the excesses by which injudicious partisans have so often brought, and are still bringing, the best of causes into contempt and ridicule. He is pious without fanaticism,—cheerful and benevolent without an approach to licentiousness. He is devotedly attached to liberty without deeming it necessary to renounce his respect for social order and good government. He believes in the practicability of improvement without indulging in the idle dream of an earthly millennium.

It had happened by a sort of fatality that almost all the works on moral philosophy, at least in modern times, which were written in an agreeable and attractive style, had inculcated principles not only false in themselves, but completely subversive of the good order of society. Helvetius, and the other French sophists of the eighteenth century, had presented their detestable doctrines in the dress of the sweetest and most seductive language, and had introduced it by this means into the brilliant saloons of fashion and even the boudoirs of the ladies. Hume, in like manner, had disguised his still more fatal, because more subtle poison, under one of the most chaste, correct, and elegant forms, that the English language has ever assumed. Even Darwin, and the other writers of the British materialist school of vibrations and vibrationcles, (the most pitiful and contemptible, perhaps, that has yet appeared in the philosophical world,) tricked themselves out in a gaudy and fantastic sort of masquerade habit, which was singularly enough mistaken at the time for something highly graceful and attractive. Paley, a dignitary of the church, had lent the charm of a lucid and pleasing exposition, as well as the authority of his calling and the cloak of religion, to a system of absolute selfishness. In the meantime, the better opinions, if advanced at all, had been maintained, in a dry and heartless manner, in treatises for the most part devoid alike of depth and elegance. Under these circumstances we regard it as a singularly fortunate thing that a writer should have appeared, who, adopting a system of intellectual and moral philosophy in the main judicious, free from danger even in its errors, and inspired by a uniformly pure, amiable, and elevated moral feeling, should have been able at the same time to interest the world and give his notions a general popularity by the beauty of his language. The works of such a writer were absolutely necessary to prepare the way for that complete reformation of the theory of moral science which is so much needed. They want, it is true, the strong originality of thought, the rigorous correctness of

reasoning, the nervous precision of language, which would be required for affecting this great object, but they possess the qualities that were proper for bringing about a favourable change in the state of public sentiment on these momentous subjects. They are like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. They prepare the way for the coming of a still greater teacher, and collect an audience previously well disposed to listen to and profit by his instructions. At the same time, by creating a general interest in favour of the science and thus leading many persons to study it with correct prepossessions, they tend to produce the reformer whose success they prepare and facilitate. Such are the great services which the writings of Stewart have rendered and are rendering to the cause of truth and virtue. They are sufficient to entitle him for ever to the respect and gratitude of all good men.

Mr Stewart's original intention, in coming before the world as a writer, appears to have been to publish successively complete treatises on metaphysics, or, as he preferred to say, the philosophy of the mind, on ethics and on politics, founded probably on the courses of lectures, which, in his capacity of professor, he delivered to his pupils upon these subjects. This intention is announced in the preface to the first volume of the 'Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind;' but seems to have been completely executed only in reference to that particular branch. The notes, which formed the text-book of the ethical course, were published as early as the year 1793, under the title of 'Outlines of Moral Philosophy,' but without much development; and his two last volumes, which is another edition of the same matter in a more enlarged form, appears nevertheless to be the result of a less thorough and careful revision than that which had been given to the metaphysical course for the purpose of forming the 'Philosophy of the Mind.' The 'Dissertations on the History of Moral Philosophy,' prefixed to the volumes of the Encyclopædia, complete the list of our author's publications. He is, therefore, one of the least voluminous, although he may perhaps be fairly regarded as, on the whole, the most eminent and valuable writer of his time. His example seems to corroborate the wholesome truth, already demonstrated by a hundred others, that a writer gains much more, even on the score of mere reputation, by maturing his works, than by hurrying constantly to the press, in the vain expectation of securing the public attention by keeping his name for ever in the newspapers.

Archdeacon Coxe.

BORN A. D. 1747.—DIED A. D. 1829.

WILLIAM COXE was born in London, in 1747. His father was physician to the royal household. His mother was of foreign extraction. Young Coxe was educated at Eton, where he had the assistance of Sumner, afterwards master of Harrow, as his private tutor. In 1765, he was elected to King's college, Cambridge. He came to the university a tolerable Greek and Latin scholar, but his habits, at this period, were not such as promised a brilliant career. He shot, fished, and loitered away the first year of his residence. From this unhappy state of men-

tal indolence he was at last rescued by the example and influence of two or three Peterhouse students of distinguished abilities and great application. In 1770, he gained the bachelor's prize for Latin prose, and he again obtained a similar success in 1771, in which latter year he was admitted to deacon's orders by the bishop of London.

His first appointment was to the curacy of Denham near Uxbridge, but he had not long filled that station when he was appointed tutor to the duke of Marlborough's son, the marquess of Blandford, on the recommendation of the learned Jacob Bryant. Mr Coxe's first attempt in authorship was a series of essays in imitation of the *Spectator*. The plan, however, was in time abandoned, and he next undertook a life of Petrarch, a work which he also left unaccomplished.

At the end of two years he relinquished his attendance on Lord Blandford, on the score of weak health; but, in 1775, he accepted the office of tutor to Lord Herbert, son of the earl of Pembroke, with whom he made a tour on the continent. In 1778 he published his 'Travels in Switzerland,' in the form of letters addressed to his friend Melmoth, the translator of Pliny's and Cicero's epistles. Lord Herbert extended his tour to the northern kingdoms of Europe, and Coxe availed himself of this opportunity to investigate the social and political condition of the countries through which he passed. Soon after his return to England, he published an 'Account of the Russian discoveries in the seas between Asia and America.' In 1784 he published his 'Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark.' His literary reputation was now established, and he enjoyed the acquaintance of Johnson, Porson, Robertson, and the leading authors and scholars of the day. Soon after the publication of this latter work, Mr Coxe again undertook the office of a travelling tutor, and visited the continent with Mr Whitbread. He returned to England in 1786, but revisited the continent two or three times during the nine following years. In 1788 he was presented to the rectory of Bemerton by Lord Pemberton.

In 1798 appeared his 'Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole,' one of the most judicious and valuable pieces of biography in the English language. Four years afterwards he published his 'Memoirs of Lord Walpole.' In 1803 Mr Coxe married. "His habits of composition were now so confirmed, that they were almost essential to his health. No sooner had he completed one great work than he laid the foundation for another. He could not, as he expressed it, rest, *les bras croisés*." In 1807 appeared his 'History of the House of Austria;' in 1813, 'Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon, from 1700 to 1788;' and at the age of sixty-nine, he began his 'Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough.' While engaged on this last work his sight began to fail him, and the labour of inspecting about thirty thousand manuscript letters, gave a confirmed ascendancy to the disease. It is said, however, by those who assisted him in his literary labours, that "his memory, originally retentive, seemed to improve after his loss of sight; and the attention being less withdrawn to external objects, could be more uninterruptedly fixed upon whatever was the immediate object of research." In 1821 he published the 'Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury.' The remaining years of his life were employed upon the 'Memoirs of the Pelham administration.' A constitution originally vigorous, and maintained in health and activity

by regular and temperate habits, enabled Mr Coxe to go through literary labours which would have broken down many a healthy frame, and to number his eighty-first year before symptoms of approaching dissolution began to manifest themselves. He died in 1829.

William Shield.

BORN A. D. 1749.—DIED A. D. 1829.

WILLIAM SHIELD, one of the most celebrated English composers, was born at Swalwell, Durham, in 1749. His father was an eminent singing-master. He was taught by his father to modulate his voice, and practise the violin, when only six years old; and, within a year and a half, he had made so extraordinary a progress as to be able to perform Corelli's fifth work. This was the more remarkable, as much of his time had been occupied by the harpsichord. He could then sing at sight, and read every cliff. In his ninth year, William lost his parent and tutor, who left a widow with four children. He was desirous of making music his profession, but his desire was checked by the ridicule with which the calling of a fiddler was constantly treated in a sea-port town. He had the choice given him of becoming a sailor, a boat-builder, or a barber. He decided in favour of boat-building, and was bound apprentice to Edward Davison, then residing in the neighbourhood of South Shields. He was kept close to his employment; yet his master occasionally indulged him in the exercise of his favourite pursuit, from which, in the third year of his apprenticeship, he sometimes obtained slight pecuniary advantages. He led the Newcastle subscription concerts, where he repeatedly played the solo parts of Geminiani's and Giardini's concertos; and having already produced an admired specimen of sacred music, when the new church was to be consecrated at Sunderland, he was requested to compose an anthem.

He ultimately resolved to relinquish boat-building, and to adopt the profession of music. From the celebrated theorist, Avison, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, he received lessons in thorough bass; and, having grounded himself in the principles, as well as practice of his art, he went upon a musical expedition to Scarborough, whither he was invited by his intimate friend, Cunningham, the pastoral poet, several of whose songs he had set to music at South Shields. At Scarborough, his talents were much noticed; he acquired the situation of leader of the theatrical band, and of the principal concerts; and he obtained the intimacy and friendship of many respectable individuals. Soon after the death of Mr Avison, the son of that gentleman engaged him as leader at the Durham theatre and at the Newcastle concerts. Returning next season to Scarborough, he was solicited by Fischer and Borghi to accept a vacant seat in the orchestra at the Italian opera house. The offer was accepted, and Giardini placed him in the rank of the second violins. In the following season, Cramer removed him to the principal viola, at which post he remained eighteen years; in the course of which he produced upwards of twenty operas for Colman's theatre, and for Covent-garden. Mr Shield, on account of the ill health of Mr Bulkley, was, one season, leader of the band at the little theatre in the Hay-

market. At that time the Rev. Mr Bate (afterwards the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley) wrote the after-piece of the 'Flitch of Bacon,' for the music of which he applied to Mr Shield. Dr Arnold being the regular composer for the theatre, Shield's delicacy induced him to hesitate; but, as Mr Bate threatened to withdraw the piece unless it was produced with Shield's music, he at length complied. His success was great and decisive. Mr Shield's time was much occupied in assisting at the great concerts, such as Bach's, Abel's, and La Motte's, for which first-rate performers only were qualified; when Mr Harris, manager of Covent-garden theatre, offered to engage him as regulator of the band, and composer to the house. This appointment he accepted, and filled with much success, until a difference between him and Mr Harris, on a pecuniary point, induced him to resign. He was also appointed one of the musicians in ordinary to the king; and he was engaged in the ladies' Friday concerts, the grand Sunday concerts, and the Wednesday's concerts of ancient music. From the last of these he withdrew, as the necessary attendance at the Monday's rehearsals interfered with his theatrical duty. Lord Sandwich, however, who was the influential friend of Mr Harris and Joab Bates, commanded his return to a task which he always performed with pleasure, and at last relinquished with regret. About this time Mr Shield accidentally travelled from London to Taplow with the celebrated Haydn; and he considered himself to have gained more important information by four days' society with that great founder of a style which has given fame to numerous imitators, than he ever acquired by the best directed studies in any four years in any portion of his life.

In the month of August, 1792, after the relinquishment of his engagement at Covent-garden theatre, he visited Italy, in company with the ingenious but eccentric Mr Ritson, to whom the public are indebted for the restoration of many valuable productions of the British lyric muse. At Paris, Mr Shield and Mr Ritson were joined by several agreeable foreigners, who also were anxious to improve their taste by witnessing the great operatical performances of the continent. From Paris they proceeded to Lyons, to Chambery, Turin, Milan, Lodi, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, Florence, Sienna, and Rome. At Rome Mr Shield met with Sir William Hamilton, whose attention to him did honour to his regard for genius. Here also he contracted an intimate friendship with More, the landscape-painter. After receiving lessons every day for two months, and obtaining much instruction, he returned to England. On his arrival, he renewed his engagement at Covent-garden theatre. However, another misunderstanding took place between him and the manager, and he again resigned. Not long afterwards, he published his well-known 'Introduction to Harmony.' At the death of Sir W. Parsons, George IV., with whom Mr Shield was always a great favourite, appointed him master of his musicians in ordinary.

Mr Shield, as a composer, was pure, chaste, and original. His prominent characteristic was simplicity. Perhaps no composer ever wove so few notes into melodies so sweet and impressive; while the construction of the bass and harmony is at once graceful, easy, and unaffected. In *Rosina*, *Marian*, &c. his airs breathe all the freshness and purity, and beauty of rural life; though the more

ornamented and difficult parts are carried far beyond the common style of bravura. His songs are strictly national. After Purcell, Shield constitutes the finest example of real English composers. It was to his compositions that the late Bannister, Incledon, Irish Johnstone, and Mrs Billington, were chiefly indebted for their celebrity as English ballad-singers. Of his dramatic pieces, the following is, we believe, a complete list:—The Flitch of Bacon; Rosina; Lord Mayor's Day; The Poor Soldier; Robin Hood; Friar Bacon; Fontainebleau; Omai; The Cholerick Father; The Magic Cavern; The Noble Peasant; Sprigs of Laurel; Travellers in Switzerland; The Midnight Wanderer; Netley Abbey; The Highland Reel; The Farmer; Love in a Camp; The Crusade; The Woodman; Marian; The Picture of Paris; The Enchanted Castle; The Czar; Oscar and Malvina; Hartford Bridge; Arrived at Portsmouth; Lock and Key; Abroad and at Home; and the Italian Villagers. Mr Shield also published an Introduction to Harmony; A Cento; Six Canzonets; Two Sets of Trios for a violin, tenor, and violoncello, &c. Amongst his simple pieces, always in great estimation, we find Shakspeare's Loadstars; The Thorn; The Bud of the Rose; O bring me Wine; The Wolf; The Heaving of the Lead; The Post Captain; Old Towler; The Streamlet; The Ploughboy; Let Fame sound her Trumpet; The Pretty Little Heart; How shall we Mortals; Village Maids; Ah, well-a-day my Poor Heart; the Battle Song; I've traversed Judah's Barren Land; 'Tis no harm to know it, ye know; Heigho; Tom Moody; Poor Barbara; the Literary Fund Glee; Down the Bourne and Through the Mead; the Prince and Old England for ever; Our Laws, Constitution, and King; and Oxfordshire Nancy bewitched. The last of these is said to have been composed at the request of Garrick, long after he had retired from the stage. Mr Shield was devotedly attached to his wife, and, whilst she was living, to his mother. It has been said of him, that he never broke his word or lost a friend. He died at his residence in Berners-street, on the 25th of January, 1829. His remains were interred in Westminster abbey.¹

William Hyde Wollaston.

BORN A. D. 1766—DIED A. D. 1829.

THE family of Wollaston has for several generations been eminent in the circles of science. Dr Wollaston's great-grandfather, the Rev. William Wollaston, was the author of a popular work, entitled 'The Religion of Nature Delineated.' His son, Francis Wollaston, Esq. F.R.S. had three sons, all likewise fellows of the Royal society. Dr Hyde Wollaston was the second son (and one of seventeen children), and was born August 6, 1766. He received his academical education at Caius college, Cambridge, where he proceeded M. B. 1787, and M. D. 1793. He first settled at Bury; but, after only a short residence, found reason to remove to London. Soon after his arrival in the metropolis, he was a candidate for the office of physician to St George's hos-

¹ The Harmonicon.—New Monthly Magazine.

pital; but having been successfully opposed by Dr Pemberton, he expressed his determination never again to write a prescription, and henceforth devoted his time almost entirely to experimental chemistry. He was elected a fellow of the Royal society in 1793; and was elected Second Secretary, November 30, 1806. His communications to the 'Philosophical Transactions' commenced in 1797, and amount to the following numerous list:—

In 1797, 'On the Gout and Urinary Concretions;' in 1800, 'On Double Images caused by Atmospherical Refractions;' in 1801, 'Experiments on the Chemical Production and Agency of Electricity;' in 1802, 'A Method of examining Refractive and Dispersive Powers by Prismatic Reflection; and a paper 'On the Oblique Refraction of Iceland crystal;' in 1803, the Bakerian Lecture, consisting of 'Observations on the quantity of Horizontal Refraction; with a method of measuring the Dip at Sea;' in 1804, a paper 'On a new Metal found in crude plate;' in 1805, another 'On the discovery of Palladium, with observations on other substances found with Platina;' in 1806, the Bakerian Lecture, 'On the force of Percussion;' in 1807, an 'Essay on Fairy-rings;' in 1808, three 'On Platina and Native Palladium from Brazil;' 'On the identity of Columbium and Tantalum;' and a 'Description of a Reflective Goniometer;' in 1810, the Croonian Lecture, 'On Muscular Action, Sea-sickness, and the salutary effects of exercise on gestation;' and an essay 'On Cystic Oxide, a new species of Urinary Calculus;' in 1811, 'On the non-existence of sugar in the blood of persons labouring under Diabetes Mellitus;' in 1812, two papers 'On the primitive crystals of Carbonate of Lime, Bitter Spar, and Iron Spar;' and 'On a Periscopic Camera Obscura and Microscope;' in 1813, the Bakerian Lecture, 'On the elementary particles of certain Crystals; the explanation of 'A Method of drawing extremely fine Wires; and 'A Description of a Single-lens Microscope;' in 1820, articles 'On the methods of cutting rock crystal for Micrometers;' and 'On sounds inaudible by certain ears.'—Dr Wollaston communicated, in 1815, to Thomson's 'Annals of Philosophy,' 'A Description of an Elementary Galvanic Battery;' and to the Philosophical Magazine, in 1816, 'Observations and Experiments on the Mass of Native Iron found in Brazil.' Within the session only, in the midst of which his decease occurred, five essays by Dr Wollaston were read before the Royal society. The first was the Bakerian Lecture, 'On a method of rendering Platina malleable; for which, on their last anniversary, November 30, 1828, the Royal society awarded to the inventor one of the royal medals; and an honourable eulogy was delivered by the President on the occasion. The subjects of the other four essays were, On a microscopic double; On a differential Barometer; On a method of comparing the Light of the Sun with that of the Fixed Stars; and, On the Water of the Mediterranean.

Thomson, in his 'History of the Royal society,' when speaking of modern British Chemistry, says that "three distinct schools have been established by three gentlemen,"—Dr Wollaston, Mr (the late Sir Humphrey) Davy, and Mr Dalton. "Dr Wollaston," he adds, "possesses an uncommon neatness of hand, and has invented a very ingenious method of determining the properties and constituents of very minute quantities of matter. This is attended with several great advantages; it requires

but very little apparatus, and therefore the experiments may be performed in almost any situation; it saves a great deal of time and a great deal of expense; while the numerous discoveries of Dr Wollaston demonstrate the precision of which his method is susceptible." It may be added, that the laboratory of Dr Wollaston, small as it was, proved more profitable to his purse than has usually been the case with experimental philosophers. His discovery of the malleability of platinum, it has been asserted, alone produced about £30,000. Among the delicate instruments, which he was accustomed to make in a remarkably neat manner, was a sliding rule of chemical equivalents, which is exceedingly useful to the practical chemist. He also constructed a galvanic battery of such small dimensions, that it was contained in a thimble. By inserting platina wire in silver, and when at a great heat drawing out both together, and afterwards separating them by dissolving away the silver with nitrous acid, he produced some wire of platina, of so diminutive a diameter as to be very much finer than any hair, and almost imperceptible to the naked eye. Of the Geological society Dr Wollaston became a member in 1812: he was frequently elected on the council, and was for some time one of the Vice-presidents. He made no contributions to the publications of that learned body; but he was well acquainted with the scope of their inquiries, and always attended to the geological phenomena of the countries which he visited in his excursions.

At the annual meeting of the Society, February 20, 1829, Dr Fitton, the president, remarked, that "though Dr Wollaston did not publish any thing on the more immediate subjects of our pursuit, his success in the cultivation of other branches of knowledge has conducted in no small degree to the recent advancement of geology. The discovery of two new metals was but a part of his contributions to chemical science: and his application of chemistry to the examination of very minute quantities, by means of the simplest apparatus, divested chemical inquiry of much of its practical difficulty, and greatly promoted mineralogy. His Camera Lucida is an acquisition of peculiar value to the geologist, as it enables those who are unskilled in drawing to preserve the remembrance of what they see, and gives a fidelity to sketches hardly attainable by other means. The adaptation of measurement by reflection to the purposes of crystallography, by the invention of his goniometer, introduced into that department of science a certainty and precision, which the most skilful observers were before unable to attain; and his paper on the distinctions of the carbonates of lime, magnesia, and iron, affords one of the most remarkable instances that can be mentioned, of the advantage arising from the union of crystallography with chemical research. He was in fact a mineralogist of the first order,—if the power of investigating accurately the characters and compositions of minerals be considered as the standard of skill. Possessing such variety of knowledge, with the most inventive quickness and sagacity in its application to new purposes, Dr Wollaston was at all times accessible to those whom he believed to be sincerely occupied in useful inquiry: he seemed indeed himself to delight in such communications; and his singular dexterity and neatness in experiment rendered comparatively easy to him the multiplied investigations arising from them, which to others might have been oppressive or impracticable. His penetration and correct judgment, upon subjects apparently the most remote from his own immediate pursuits, made him,

during many of the latter years of his life, the universal arbiter on questions of scientific difficulty; and the instruction thus derived from communication with a man of his attainments, has had an effect on the progress of knowledge in this country, and on the conduct of various public undertakings, the value of which it would be difficult to estimate, and the loss of which is at present, and long will be, quite impossible to supply. These, gentlemen, are some of the grounds on which the memory of Dr Wollaston claims our gratitude and veneration, as cultivators of natural science; but to those who have known him in private life he has left, what is still more precious, the example of his personal character. It would be difficult to name a man who so well combined the qualities of an English gentleman and a philosopher; or whose life better deserves the eulogium given by the first of our orators to one of our most distinguished public characters; for it was marked by a constant wish and endeavour to be 'useful to mankind.'

Dr Henry, in the last edition of his 'Elements of Experimental Chemistry,' draws the following parallel betwixt Davy and Wollaston: "It is impossible to direct our views to the future improvement of this wide field of science, without deeply lamenting the privation which we have lately sustained of two of its most successful cultivators—Sir Humphrey Davy and Dr Wollaston;—at a period of life, too, when it seemed reasonable to have expected from each of them a much longer continuance of his invaluable labours. To those high gifts of nature which are the characteristic of genius, and which constitute its very essence, both those eminent men united an unwearied industry, and zeal in research, and habits of accurate reasoning, without which even the energies of genius are inadequate to the achievement of great scientific designs. With these excellencies, common to both, they were nevertheless distinguishable by marked intellectual peculiarities. Bold, ardent, and enthusiastic, Davy soared to greater heights; he commanded a wider horizon; and his keen vision penetrated to its utmost boundaries. His imagination, in the highest degree fertile and inventive, took a rapid and extensive range in pursuit of conjectural analogies, which he submitted to close and patient comparison with known facts, and tried by an appeal to ingenious and conclusive experiments. He was imbued with the spirit, and he was a master in the practice, of the inductive logic; and he has left us some of the noblest examples of the efficacy of that great instrument of human reason in the discovery of truth. He applied it, not only to connect classes of facts of more limited extent and importance, but to develop great and comprehensive laws, which embrace phenomena that are almost universal to the natural world. In explaining those laws, he cast upon them the illumination of his own clear and vivid conceptions;—he felt an intense admiration of the beauty, order, and harmony, which are conspicuous in the perfect chemistry of nature; and he expressed those feelings with a force of eloquence which could issue only from a mind of the highest powers, and of the finest sensibilities. With much less enthusiasm from temperament, Dr Wollaston was endowed with bodily senses of extraordinary acuteness and accuracy, and with great general vigour of understanding. Trained in the discipline of the exact sciences, he had acquired a powerful command over his attention, and had habituated himself to the most rigid correctness, both of thought and of language. He was sufficiently provided with the

resources of the mathematics, to be enabled to pursue with success profound inquiries in mechanical and optical philosophy, the results of which enabled him to unfold the causes of phenomena not before understood, and to enrich the arts, connected with those sciences, by the invention of ingenious and valuable instruments. In chemistry he was distinguished by the extreme nicety and delicacy of his observations; by the quickness and precision with which he marked resemblances and discriminated differences; the sagacity with which he devised experiments, and anticipated their results; and the skill with which he executed the analysis of fragments of new substances, often so minute as to be scarcely perceptible by ordinary eyes. He was remarkable, too, for the caution with which he advanced from facts to general conclusions; a caution which, if it sometimes prevented him from reaching at once to the most sublime truths, yet rendered every step of his ascent a secure station, from which it was easy to rise to higher and more enlarged inductions. Thus these illustrious men, though differing essentially in their natural powers and acquired habits, and moving independently of each other, in different paths, contributed to accomplish the same great ends—the evolving new elements; the combining matter into new forms; the increase of human happiness by the improvement of the arts of civilized life; and the establishment of general laws, that will serve to guide other philosophers onwards through vast and unexplored regions of scientific discovery."

A short time before his death, Dr Wollaston presented to the Royal society funded stock to the amount of £1000, the interest of which is to be annually employed towards the encouragement of experiments. His remains were interred at Chisselhurst, in Kent. The funeral was, according to his particular request, exceedingly private, as he had desired that it should be attended only by the descendants of his grandfather. Dr Wollaston was never married.¹

Thomas Young.

BORN A. D. 1774.—DIED A. D. 1829.

THIS distinguished philosopher and most accomplished scholar, was educated partly at Gottingen and partly at Edinburgh. He graduated at the latter university, and soon after came to London, where he was appointed one of the lecturers at the Royal institution, and subsequently physician to St George's hospital. In 1794 he was elected a fellow of the Royal society, and in 1804 he was appointed Foreign secretary to that distinguished body, having already acquired equal reputation in science and letters.

Dr Young's fame will chiefly rest upon his discovery of the phonetic system of Egyptian hieroglyphics. The following list, however, of his publications previously to 1815, when his remarks on the Inscription of Rosetta were first given to the public, will best illustrate the extraordinary fertility and activity of his mind. It is taken from an autograph manuscript of the author:—

¹ New Monthly and Gentleman's Magazines.—Annual Obituary, vol. xiv.

1. A short Note on Gum Ladanum, with a verbal Criticism on Longinus, signed with his initials, and inserted in the Monthly Review for 1791, seems to have been his first appearance before the public. The criticism was admitted by Dr Burney to be correct.—2. In the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1792, Observations on the Manufacture of Iron; an Attempt to remove some Objections to Dr Crawford's theory of Heat, which had been advanced by Dr Beddoes.—3. Entomological Remarks; Gentleman's Magazine, December, 1792: on the Habits of Spiders; on a Passage of Aristotle, with an Illustration of the Fabrician System; and a plate of the mouth of an insect.—4. Observations on Vision; Philosophical Transactions, 1793, p. 169; explaining the accommodation of the eye, from a muscular power in the crystalline lens—a theory not altogether new, but immediately afterwards claimed by John Hunter, as a discovery of his own.—5. Contributions to Hodgkin's Calligraphia Græca, 4to. London, 1794; including Lear's Curses in Iambics.—6. Description of an Opercularia. Linnæan Transactions, vol. iii. p. 30. London, 1797; read in 1794. The Opercularia Aspera of Gærtner, called by Persoon, Cryptospermum Youngii, from the name here suggested.—7. Some Notes and an Epigram, in Dalzel's Collectanea Græca, 8vo. Edinburgh, 1795.—8. De Corporis Humani Viribus conservatricibus, Dissertatio, 8vo. Gottingen, 1796: an Inaugural Dissertation, collected from a multiplicity of authors.—9. Translation of Lichtenstein on the Genus Mantis. Linnæan Transactions, vol. vi. p. 1.; read in 1797.—10. The Leptologist. British Magazine, 1800: a series of Essays on Grammar, Criticism, Geometry, Paintings, Manners, Riches, Exercises, Medicine, and Music; some of them reprinted afterwards.—11, 12. There is also an account of the French Calendar and Measures, and an Essay on the Morals of the Germans.—13. Experiments and Enquiries respecting Sound and Light. Philosophical Transactions, 1800, p. 106: the vibrations of the air observed by means of smoke; those of strings counted, and their orbits observed with a microscope; their harmonics suppressed at pleasure.—14. A Bakerian Lecture on the Mechanism of the Eye. Philosophical Transactions, 1801, p. 23: describing a new Optometer, and showing that the eye retains its power of accommodation under water; measuring also the dispersive power of the eye. (Dr Young remarks, that he “afterwards found that his own eye lost almost the whole of its power of accommodation soon after fifty, remaining fixed at its greatest focal distance.”)—15. A Letter respecting Sound and Light. Nicholson's Journal, August, 1801; in Answer to Professor Robison, of Edinburgh.—16. A Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, 8vo. London, 1802: presenting a Mathematical Demonstration of the most important Theorems in Mechanics and in Optics; and containing the first publication of the general law of the Interference of Light, which has been considered as the happiest result of all the author's efforts. It was not till the year 1827, that the importance of this law could be said to be fully admitted in England: it was in that year that the council of the Royal society adjudged Count Rumford's Medal to M. Fresnel, for having applied it, with some modifications, to the most intricate phenomena of polarised light.—17. A Bakerian Lecture on the Theory of Light and Colours; Phil. Trans. 1802, p. 12; developing the law:

of interference, and entering into all the details of the theory to which it leads; dwelling, at the same time, upon the difficult points, with somewhat more of candour than might have been consistent with his object, had he been anxious to obtain proselytes.—18. *An Account of some Cases of the Production of Colours*, p. 387; containing a simpler statement of some applications of the same law, intended to exhibit the facts in a more concentrated form.—19. *A Reply to Mr Gough's Remarks*. Nicholson, November, 1802, p. 1. This letter, together with some subsequent correspondence, relates principally to the coalescence or composition of sounds, affording an analogy to the interference of light.—20. *Journals of the Royal Institution*, 8vo. London, 1802–3. A first volume, and part of a second were edited, and chiefly written, by Dr Young.—21. *Experiments and Calculations relative to Physical Optics*. Phil. Trans. 1804, p. 1. Another Bakerian Lecture, continuing the demonstration and the application of the law of interference.—22. *A Reply to the Animadversions of the Edinburgh Reviewers*, 8vo, 1804: a defence of the papers printed in the Transactions, against two articles supposed to have been written by Mr Brougham.—23. To an Imperial Review, which was an unsuccessful speculation of some booksellers in 1804, he contributed several medical and some other miscellaneous articles. The works that he reviewed were, Dumas *Physiologie*, Darwin's *Temple of Nature*, Blackburn on *Scarlet Fever*, Percival's *Medical Ethics*, Fothergill's *Tic Douloureux*, Crichton's *Table*, Nisbet's *Watering Places*, Rowley on *Madness*, Hutton's *Ozanum*, Buchan on *Sea-Bathing*, Robison's *Astronomy*, Winterbottom's *Sierra Leone*, Macgregor's *Medical Sketches*, Wilson's *Philosophy of Physic*, Richerand's *Physiology*, and Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*.—24. *An Essay on the Cohesion of Fluids*. Phil. Trans. 1805, p. 71; containing many of the results which were published as new about a year afterwards by La Place. The mathematical reasoning, for want of mathematical symbols, was not understood, even by tolerable mathematicians; from a dislike of the affectation of algebraical formality, which he had observed in some foreign authors, he was led into something like an affectation of simplicity, which was equally inconvenient to a scientific reader.—25. *A Course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts*; two volumes, 4to. London, 1807. This elaborate work was the result of the unremitting application of five years; two, whilst the author was engaged in giving the lectures at the Royal institution, and three more in compiling the mass of references contained in the second volume, and in incorporating their results, when requisite, with the text of the first. By means of numerous plates, and by indexes of various kinds, he had endeavoured to render the book as convenient for occasional reference, as it was correct for the purposes of methodical study. (The failure of the booksellers who published this work, at the moment of its appearance, so greatly injured its sale at the time, that it did not repay the expenses of the publication; and Dr Young considered that his labours were first generally appreciated by the natural philosophers of the continent.)—26. *Remarks on Looming, or Horizontal refraction*. Nicholson, July, 1807, p. 153, supplying some deficiencies in Dr Wollaston's Theory, particularly with regard to the occurrence of actual reflection.—27. *A Table on Chances, with Remarks on Waves*. Nicholson, October, 1807, p. 116.—28. A

Theory of Covered Ways and Arches. Nicholson, December, 1807, p. 24.—29. Remarks on a Pamphlet of Professor Vince. Nicholson, April, 1808, p. 304; pointing out the mathematical fallacy of the professor's supposed refutation of the hypothesis of Newton, respecting the cause of gravitation.—30. Calculation of the Rate of Expansion of a supposed Lunar Atmosphere. Nicholson, June, 1808, p. 117.—31. Determination of the Figure of a gravitating Body. Nicholson, June, 1808, p. 208.—32. Calculation of the Attraction of a Spheroid. Nicholson, August, 1808, p. 273.—33. A Review of Sinclair on Longevity. *British Critic*.—34. Abstracts and Criticisms in the 'Retrospect,' about 1808 and 1809.—35. Hydraulic Investigations. *Phil. Trans.* 1808, p. 164; principally subservient to an intended Croonian Lecture.—36. A Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on the Elements of the Medical Sciences, 8vo. London, 1809. These lectures were delivered for two seasons at the Middlesex hospital. (Dr Young remarks, that "they were little frequented, on account of the usual miscalculation of the lecturer, who gave his audience more information in a given time, than it was in their power to follow.")—37. Computation of the Depression of Mercury in the Barometer. Nicholson, March, 1809, p. 215. A Continuation of the Paper on the Cohesion of Fluids, October, p. 81.—38. Remarks on the Friction of Wheels, in Buchanan's Essay on Wheel-work, 8vo. Glasgow, 1809.—39. A Croonian Lecture on the Heart and Arteries. *Phil. Trans.* 1809, p. 1: attempting to demonstrate, on mechanical principles, that the larger arteries can have little or no concern in propelling the blood by their active muscular powers.—40. A Numerical Table of Elective Attractions. *Phil. Trans.* 1809, p. 148: with remarks on the sequences of double decompositions, showing that if numerical expressions of electric attractions are possible, their effects in double decompositions may be compendiously expressed by tables of sequences only.—41. A Memoria Technica for Elective Attractions, in a few Latin Hexameters. Nicholson, April, 1809.—42. Account of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis, in Cumberland's London Review, 1810.—43. To the early volumes of the 'Quarterly Review' he contributed a variety of articles, which frequently, according to the custom of modern times, contained more original research than of immediate criticism. To vol. i. *La Place*, *Action Capillaire*. Vol. ii. *Haslam*, *Pinel*, *Cox*, and *Arnold*, on *Insanity*; *La Place*, *Refraction Extraordinaire*. Vol. iii. *Herculanensia*; *Jones* on the *Gout*; *Mémoires d'Arcueil*. Vol. vi. *Cuthbert* on the *Tides*; vol. viii. *Davy's Chemical Philosophy*. Vol. ix. *Blackall* on *Dropsies*. Vol. x. *Adelung's Mithridates*; *Göthe* on *Colours*. Vol. xi. *Malus*, *Biot*, *Seebeck*, and *Brewster*, on *Light*; *Bancroft* on *Dyeing*; *Davy's Agricultural Chemistry*; *Adams* on *Ectropium*. Vol. xiii. *Wells* on *Dew*. Vol. xiv. *Jamieson* and *Townsend* on *Languages*; *Pym* and *Fellowes* on *Yellow Fever*, an article printed, but not published in the work. Vol. xix. p. 411. *Restoration and Translation of the inscription on the Sphinx*.—44. *Berzelius* on *Definite Proportions*, from the German, appeared in several successive numbers of the *Philosophical Magazine*, from January, 1813, to April, 1814.—45. *A Theory of the Tides*. Nicholson, July, August, 1813.—46. *An Introduction to Medical Literature, including a System of Practical Nosology*, 8vo. London, 1813. a work of considerable labour, though far less arduous

than the 'Natural Philosophy.' The Appendix contains an abstract of Berzelius's Animal Chemistry, from the Swedish. To a second edition, published in 1823, were added the References to later Journals, and an Essay on Palpitations, which first appeared in the fifth volume of the Medical Transactions of the College of London.—47. Remarks on the Employment of Oblique Riders, and on other Alterations in the Construction of Ships. Phil. Trans. 1814, p. 303; the substance of a Report before presented to the Board of Admiralty, relating to Sir Robert Sepping's Improvements, with some additional illustrations.—48. An Investigation of the Thrust of soft Substances. Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary; edition 2., 1815. Article, Pressure.—49. A Practical and Historical Treatise on Consumptive Diseases, 8vo. London, 1815.

Many learned men had directed their investigations to the hieroglyphic system of the Egyptians: such as Father Kircher the Jesuit, whose different works on Egyptian antiquities had been successively published in Rome, from 1636 to 1652,—Warburton, the highly gifted author of the 'Divine Legation of Moses,'—the learned Count de Gebelin,—the Chevalier Palin,—and others of equal and less name. But these had all confessedly failed, and the learned almost gave up the subject in despair, so much so, that the only opinion which appeared to be well established among them was, "that it was impossible ever to acquire that knowledge which had hitherto been sought with great labour, and in vain." Warburton, however, had got a glimpse of it, as we shall presently see. In the midst of these discouragements, a circumstance occurred, familiar probably to our readers, but to which we allude merely to observe, that it seemed at once to open a new era of investigation, and is among the many evidences of the fact, that events of apparently the most inconsiderable description, are connected with results whose magnitude cannot be estimated. At the close of the last century, while the French troops were engaged in the prosecution of the war in Egypt, it is well known that a number of learned men were associated with the expedition, for the prosecution of purposes far more honourable than those of human conquest,—we mean the exploration of a hitherto sealed country, with the express design of advancing the arts and sciences. One division of the army occupied the village of Raschid, otherwise called Rosetta; and, while they were employed in digging the foundation for a fort, they found a block of black basalt, in a mutilated condition, bearing a portion of three inscriptions, one of which was in the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The fate of the military expedition, lost to the French the possession of this stone, as it fell into the hands of the British by the capitulation of Alexandria; it was afterwards conveyed to London, and placed in the British museum in 1802.

"The Rosetta stone, No. 32 in the British museum, is a piece of black basalt. In its present state it is much mutilated, chiefly at the top and at the right side. Its greatest length, in its present condition, is about three feet, measured on the flat face which contains the writing: its breadth, which in some parts is entire, is about two feet five inches. The under part of the stone, which is not written upon, is left rough in thickness the stone varies from ten to twelve inches. The discovery of this triple inscription excited a very lively interest among all who

had devoted themselves to Egyptian archæology, since it gave hopes that we should at last be able by means of it to decipher the numerous inscriptions of ancient Egypt. The Rosetta stone contains parts of three distinct inscriptions; the highest on the stone is in what we generally call hieroglyphics; the second is in that character commonly called the 'enchorial,' or 'the characters of the country;' and the third, which is in Greek, declares at the end that the decree which this stone contains was cut in three different characters, the 'sacred characters,' 'those of the country,' or the 'enchorial,' and 'the Greek.' A large part of the hieroglyphic inscription is broken off; the beginning of the first fifteen lines of the enchorial or second inscription is also wanting; and the end of the Greek inscription is mutilated."¹

This is a brief history of the Rosetta stone, as it is called, but still it baffled the investigations of the learned. They had gone upon the supposition, that the hieroglyphic method of writing must, of necessity, be ideographic, i. e. figurative or symbolical, and that each of these signs was the expression of an idea. Here appears to have been the great root of all their mistakes on the subject—mistakes naturally fallen into by the moderns, inasmuch as the few incidental passages left on the subject in the writings of the ancients, all recognised this as a fact. Except Clement of Alexandria, one of the fathers of the church, not a solitary writer had left on record any other opinion; and the passage of Clement had itself never been understood. It is as follows:—"Those who are educated among the Egyptians," says this author, "learn first of all that arrangement of the Egyptian letters called the epistolographic, then the hieratic which is used by the hierogrammates, and lastly the hieroglyphic, which is, 1st, according to its first elements (*δια των πρωτων στοιχειων*) kyriologic, or, 2dly, symbolic. But the symbolic system is either, first, kyriologic, by means of resemblances, or secondly, it represents the objects tropically (figuratively,) or thirdly, it allegorizes by certain enigmas. Thus, in the first, or kyriologic method, if they wish to represent the sun, they make a circle, and if the moon, a crescent. For the tropical method, they proceed by analogies, and thus first, they represent objects circuitously, or secondly, change them slightly, or thirdly, transform them into various ways. Thus, wishing to record the praises of sovereigns under theological expressions, they preserve them by means of anaglyphs. As to the third mode, or that by means of enigmas, here is an example. They represent the other stars, on account of the obliquity of their courses, by a serpent, but the sun by a beetle."

"A cursory inspection of the pillar of Rosetta," says one of the ablest writers on the disputed claim to the discovery, "was sufficient to establish, as incontrovertible, Bishop Warburton's profound observation, already noticed, that the hieroglyphics constituted a real written language. Of the three inscriptions sculptured on its sides, a considerable part of the first is unfortunately wanting; the beginning of the second, and the end of the third are also mutilated; but the last, which is in Greek, terminates with the important information, that the decree which it contains (in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes,) had been ordered to be engraved in three different characters—the sacred or hieroglyphic, the

¹ 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.' Egypt. Antiq. vol. ii. pp. 342—344.

enchorial or letters of the country (synonymous with the demotic,) and the Greek: so that here was an authentic specimen of hieroglyphic characters—expressly accompanied by a translation.

“ Now, the first step to be taken evidently was, to obtain an exact translation of this translation. Accordingly, the Society of Antiquaries having caused a correct copy of the triple inscription to be engraved and circulated, Porson and Heyné, the two best scholars of the age, employed themselves in completing and illustrating the Greek text which constituted the third part of the inscription;—a task, we may observe, in the performance of which the superior industry and vigilance of the German gave him a decided advantage over the more active genius of the English professor. This, as we have said, was the first step: but the next was far more arduous. No data had been yet obtained by means of which a comparison might be instituted between the Greek, which the labours of Porson and Heyné had restored, and the hieroglyphical and enchorial texts, of which not a single character was known. In these circumstances there was but one course to be adopted; and that was, to adjust the inscriptions, so that they might as nearly as possible correspond, and, from the situation of the proper names in the Greek inscription, endeavour to ascertain their places in one or both of the other inscriptions. If characters merely phonetic entered into the composition of the hieroglyphic and enchorial texts, it was evident that, by this means, the value of some of them would be ascertained. It was, therefore, a matter of indifference whether the comparison was first made between the Greek and hieroglyphic, or between the Greek and enchorial inscriptions; but a notion happening to prevail that the enchorial was altogether alphabetical, the first attempt was made upon it. Accordingly, M. Silvestre de Sacy having examined the parts of this text, corresponding, by their relative situation, to two passages of the Greek inscription in which the proper names Alexander and Alexandria occur, soon recognised two well marked groups of characters nearly resembling each other, and which he, therefore, considered as representing these names. He also made out, very satisfactorily, the locus of the name of Ptolemy; but beyond this he found it impossible to advance a single step, and ultimately abandoned the pursuit as hopeless. He had done something, however; and, above all, he had shown that the investigation, which he gave up in despair, was not so impracticable as he had imagined. M. Akerblad, a diplomatic gentleman then at Paris, and afterwards Swedish resident at Rome, resumed the inquiry at the point where it had been abandoned, and completely demonstrated the truth of what De Sacy had done little more than conjecture, viz. that the enchorial text contained Greek proper names written in Egyptian characters. From these he subsequently attempted to construct an alphabet, and to extend his readings to the other parts of the text: but in this he completely failed; partly because, like his predecessor, he had imbibed the notion, that the whole inscription was alphabetical; and partly, too, from his expecting to find in the Egyptian writing all the vowels which the same words contain in the Coptic texts still extant;—while he ought to have considered that the greater part of them would probably be suppressed, according to the practice which obtains in the Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, and other written Oriental languages. Excepting the detached observation respecting

the numerals at the end, M. Akerblad made little or no effort to understand the first, or hieroglyphic, inscription on the pillar; and he was even disposed to acquiesce in the correctness of M. Pálin's interpretation, which proceeds on the supposition that parts of the first lines of the hieroglyphics are still remaining on the stone.

"Matters were in this state when Dr Young commenced his labours. Little or nothing had been done to interpret the hieroglyphics; but the germ of all the succeeding discoveries may be said to have been found, when the idea of fixing the places of proper names had once been suggested, and of considering the corresponding groups of figures as representing their sounds. Having been induced, as he states, 'by motives both of private friendship and of professional obligation,' to offer to the editors of a periodical publication an article containing an abstract of the 'Mithridates of Adelung,' a work then lately received from the continent, the doctor's curiosity had been very forcibly excited by a note of the editor, Professor Vater, in which the latter asserted, that the unknown language of the Rosetta stone, and of the bandages often found with the mummies, was capable of being analysed into an alphabet consisting of little more than thirty letters: but having merely retained a general impression of this original and striking remark, he thought no more of these inscriptions till, early in 1814, they were recalled to his attention by the examination of some fragments of papyrus which had been recently brought to England by Sir W. R. Broughton, and on which, after a hasty inspection of M. Akerblad's pamphlet, he communicated a few anonymous remarks to the Society of Antiquarians. In the summer of the same year, he applied himself vigorously, first to the enchorial, and afterwards to the hieroglyphic inscription; and, by an attentive and methodical comparison of the different parts with each other, he was able, in the course of a few months, to send to the *Archæologia* a 'conjectural translation' of each of the Egyptian inscriptions, distinguishing the contents of the different lines with as much precision as his materials would then admit of. He was obliged, however, to leave many important passages still subject to doubt; but he hoped to acquire additional information before he attempted to determine their signification with accuracy; and having made the first great step, he concluded that many others might be added with facility and rapidity. Meanwhile, in order to facilitate the inquiry, he endeavoured to make himself familiar with the remains of the old Egyptian language, as these are preserved in the Coptic and Thebaic versions of the scriptures,—hoping, with the aid of this knowledge, to discover an alphabet which would enable him to read the enchorial inscription at least, into a kindred dialect; and, though he felt himself compelled gradually to abandon this expectation, he soon after published anew (in the *Museum Criticum* of Cambridge) his conjectural translation with considerable additions and corrections. Finally, in the article *Egypt*, in the fourth volume of the 'Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,' published in December, 1819, he digested and arranged in a methodical form the result of his researches, and, in particular, gave a vocabulary, comprising upwards of 200 names or words, which he had succeeded in deciphering in the hieroglyphic and enchorial texts and in the Egyptian manuscripts. We do not hesitate to pronounce this article the greatest

effort of scholarship and ingenuity of which modern literature can boast."¹

Dr Young's claim to the discovery of the nature and meaning of the phonetic hieroglyphics was contested by M. Champollion, a learned Frenchman. The question is, we think, very satisfactorily determined in favour of our countryman by the learned writer last quoted, who goes on to say: "Dr Young is entitled to the exclusive merit of having solved an enigma which had, for centuries, baffled all the resources of the learned. The method adopted by him for deciphering the enchorial and hieroglyphic texts of the Rosetta inscription is a masterpiece of ingenious contrivance; and he has the honour of having been the first to demonstrate, that in the latter as well as in the former, certain characters, whatever may have been their original import, were employed to represent sounds. He was no doubt of opinion that the characters employed by the Egyptians were essentially ideographic, and were only used phonetically in representing foreign combinations of sound; but this unlucky notion, which prevented the prosecution of his own discovery, did not hinder him from laying the foundations of a hieroglyphic, and exhibiting an enchorial alphabet comparatively so extensive that few additions of any moment have as yet been made to it. In short, (to use the words of Mr Salt, with which we most cordially agree,) 'Dr Young seems to us to stand alone with regard to the progress he has made in the enchorial, as well as for having led the way to the true knowledge of hieroglyphics.'

"We have no means of ascertaining the precise time at which M. Champollion commenced his researches on the subject of hieroglyphics; nor is the point of any importance, except for the purpose of settling the question of priority between him and Dr Young;—a question, be it observed, which has been stirred by himself alone, and about which no other human being can entertain a particle of doubt. After giving a short summary, in the shape of distinct propositions, of the doctrines maintained in the article Egypt, M. Champollion adds, 'Je dois dire qu' à même époque, et sans avoir aucune connaissance des opinions de M. le Docteur Young, je croyais être parvenu, d'une manière assez sûre, à des résultats à-peu-près semblables.' But there are several considerations which render it utterly impossible to credit this statement. In the first place, we have the direct testimony of Dr Young in disproof of it,—a testimony which M. Champollion has not ventured to contradict. 'At the beginning of my Egyptian researches, (that is, as we have seen, in 1814 and 1815,) I had accidentally,' says the doctor, 'received a letter from M. Champollion, which accompanied a copy of his work on the state of Egypt under the Pharaohs, sent as a present to the Royal society; and as he requested some particular information respecting several parts of the enchorial inscription of Rosetta, which were imperfectly represented in the engraved copies, I readily answered his inquiries from a reference to the original monument in the British museum; and, a short time afterwards, I sent him a copy of my conjectural translation of the inscriptions, as it was inserted in the *Archæologia*.' The doctor adds, that 'with regard to the

¹ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xlv. Article, *Hieroglyphics*.

enchorial inscription, M. Champollion appeared to him to have done at that time but little; and that the few references he made to it 'seemed to depend entirely on M. Akerblad's investigations,' which he had tacitly adopted. How then, can M. Champollion pretend to say, that he commenced his hieroglyphical researches at the same period with Dr Young, and without having any knowledge of Dr Young's opinions? But, in the second place, it appears from the respective dates of M. Champollion's publications, that nearly six years elapsed from the period of the above communication until that when the first of these was given to the world; whereas Dr Young's 'conjectural translation' had been published in 1815, long before so much as a hint had escaped that M. Champollion was engaged in similar investigations. The priority of publication, therefore, is quite indisputable. But as M. Champollion has not ventured to contradict the statement of Dr Young in regard to the communication above referred to, and as he admits having seen the article Egypt in the Supplement, nearly two years before the publication of his 'Lettre à M. Dacier,' which contains his first *aperçus* touching hieroglyphics; it is evident that he was in the knowledge of Dr Young's opinions at almost every stage of his progress, and that the question of originality may be as easily settled as that of priority of publication. Lastly, even if there were no weight in the considerations which have now been stated, the habitual disingenuity and want of candour manifested by M. Champollion in every case where Englishmen are concerned, would be sufficient to discredit his allegation in a matter where his personal vanity and national pride are both deeply interested. We have no inclination to say any thing unnecessarily severe; but while we are ready to admit that M. Champollion 'has accomplished too much to stand in need of assuming to himself the merits of another,' the fact, we think, is undoubted that he has done so; and, by the instances which we shall have occasion to produce, it will be proved from his own mouth, that Dr Young is not the only individual who has reason to complain of him, and that his sense of literary justice is extremely dull when the claims of Englishmen are in question.

"M. Champollion appears to have commenced his hieroglyphical studies by a very close examination of the remarkable text of Clemens above quoted, and to have imbibed from it a strong conviction, that phonetic signs entered as an integral element into the system of writing in use among the ancient Egyptians. Indeed, the right interpretation of the passage in question inevitably led to this conclusion; which, in its turn, evidently led to another, viz. that if an alphabet of phonetic characters could be constructed, it would probably furnish a key to hieroglyphical writing in general, and produce new and unexpected results of the utmost importance to history. This, accordingly, was the principle upon which M. Champollion proceeded; and he is entitled to the undivided merit of having foreseen the consequences to which it might ultimately lead.

"The first and great point, therefore was, if possible, to obtain such an alphabet; and to this M. Champollion directed his attention. But the task which he had to perform was comparatively an easy one: for Dr Young, as we have already seen, had not only demonstrated the practicability of constructing such an alphabet, but, by an analysis of the names Ptolemy, Berenice, and others, had assigned phonetic values to nine

distinct characters, a considerable portion of which have since been found to be correct. *Facile est inventis addere.* The first great step had been made; and it only required perseverance and good fortune to insure success. We say good fortune; because Dr Young had already done almost all that was possible with his materials. If the hieroglyphic inscription of Rosetta had come to Europe entire, a tolerably complete alphabet of phonetic hieroglyphics would, in all probability, have been formed, before M. Champollion was heard of as a labourer in this interesting field of inquiry. But, unfortunately, the stone contains only the last fourteen lines of the hieroglyphic text, and these much mutilated; while the hieroglyphic name of Ptolemy, enclosed in an oval or elliptical ring, is the only one of all those mentioned in the Greek text which has escaped total destruction. This name is represented by eight hieroglyphic characters, one of them (the feather) being repeated; and as the Greek name ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΣ consists of ten letters, it was of course impossible, without further materials, to fix, with absolute certainty, the relation between the seven or eight hieroglyphic signs and the ten Greek letters. But the discovery of a new monument (and in this consisted M. Champollion's good fortune) at length removed all uncertainty in this respect, and led directly and easily to the formation of the alphabet required."

Dr Young's subsequent publications were as follows:—1. Extracts of Letters and Papers relating to the Egyptian Inscription of Rosetta, in the Museum Criticum of Cambridge, Part VI. 8vo. 1815; a Correspondence with MM. Silvestre de Sacy and Akerblad.—2. An Investigation of the Pressure sustained by the fixed supports of flexible Substances. Phil. Mag. September, 1813, applied to the Hoops of Casks, and to Dock Gates.—3. An Algebraical Expression of the Value of Lives. Phil. Mag. January, 1816, with a Diagram.—4. Account of some Thebaic Manuscripts, written on Leather. Legh's Narrative, 4to. London, 1816.—5. Additional Letters relating to the Inscription of Rosetta; the first addressed to the Archduke John, who had lately been in England; the second to M. Akerblad, Museum Criticum VII. The letters were printed and distributed in 1816; the Journal was not published till 1821. They announce the discovery of the relation between the different kinds of Egyptian Letters or Characters; the basis on which the system of M. Champollion was afterwards erected.—6. Letter of Canova, and two Memoirs of Visconti, translated from the French and Italian: 8vo. London, 1816. A volume of 200 pages, which was completed in twelve days; together with remarks on an error of Delambre, which was afterwards confuted more at large by Mr Cadell.—7. In 1816 Dr Young complied with an application made to him by Mr Macvey Napier, to write some articles for a Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, conducted under the superintendence of that gentleman, and completed in 1825. He wrote sixty-three articles in all.—8. Remarks on some Theorems relating to the Pendulum. Phil. Trans. 1818, p. 95, in a Letter to Captain Kater.—9. Translation of some Greek Inscriptions. Light's Travels, 4to. London, 1818.—10. Specimen of a Greek Manuscript in the possession of the earl of Mountnorris, 1819. Archæologia, vol. xix. This may possibly have been a pawnbroker's account: another piece nearly resembling it was sent by Mr Salt to the British Museum.—11. Remarks on the

Probabilities of Error in Physical Experiments, and on the Density of the Earth, considered especially with regard to the Reduction of Experiments on the Pendulum. *Phil. Trans.* 1819, p. 70, computing the density of the earth, upon the supposition of the compression of a homogeneous elastic substance only.—12. Dr Young edited the *Nautical Almanac*, from the year 1819, for the remainder of his life.—13. Remarks on La Place's latest Computation of the Density and Figure of the Earth. *Brande's Journal*, April, 1820; determining the Ellipticity, on the supposition of a compressed elastic substance.—14. Dr Young furnished quarterly, for many years, to *Brande's Philosophical Journal*, about twenty pages of Astronomical and Nautical Collections, beginning in 1820; the greater part either original or translated by himself.—15. Appendix to the second edition of *Belzoni's Travels*, 4to. London, 1821.—16. *Elementary Illustration of the Celestial Mechanics of La Place*, 8vo. London, 1821; with some additions relating to the motions of Waves, and of Sound, and to the cohesion of Fluids. (This volume, and the article 'Tides,' in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Dr Young considered as together containing the most fortunate of the results of his mathematical labours.)—17. *An Account of some recent Discoveries in Hieroglyphical Literature and Egyptian Antiquities*, including the Author's original Alphabet, as extended by M. Champollion, 8vo. London, 1823; with a Translation of some Greek Manuscripts on Papyrus, the most remarkable of which was Mr Grey's 'Antigraph' of an Egyptian original then lying on his table; the discovery of which singular coincidence was the immediate cause of the publication of the volume.—18. *Hieroglyphics collected by the Egyptian Society*, folio. London, 1823: a collection of Plates of Egyptian Antiquities, subservient to the study of Hieroglyphical Literature, lithographed at the expense of about fifty subscribers, but not at that time publicly sold. The second number, plates 16 to 40, contains nearly all that was known of the interpretation of the Hieroglyphics, the evidence for each word being exhibited in a comparative Index.—(This work was entirely carried on by Dr Young; but the subscriptions not being adequate to the expenses, it was afterwards made over to the Royal Society of Literature, he undertaking to continue the supervision as before.)—19. A finite and exact Expression for the Refraction of an Atmosphere nearly resembling that of the Earth. *Phil. Trans.* 1824, p. 159; a computation derived from an optical hypothesis not exactly agreeing with the probable height of the physical atmosphere, but affording correct results.—20. Remarks on Spohn and Seyffarth. *Brande's Phil. Journal*, October, 1826, in a Letter addressed to the Baron William von Humboldt.—21. A Formula for Expressing the Decrement of Human Life; in a Letter addressed to Sir Edward Hyde East, Bart. *Phil. Trans.* 1826; intended to render the Interpolation from the best observations more regular: it is followed by a correction of Dr Price's mistake, respecting the periodical payments of annuities.—22. Practical Application of the Doctrine of Chances, as it regards the Subdivision of Risks. *Brande's Phil. Journ.* October, 1826; showing the Limitations under which Speculations on Probabilities may be conducted with Prudence.—23. Remarks on Mr Peyron's Account of the Egyptian Papyrus. *Brande's Phil. Journal*, January, 1827—the great Greek Papyrus of Turin; in which Mr Grey's three contracts are cited

and explained,—not two of them only, as had been supposed by Mr Peyron.

Dr Young's industrious and useful life was terminated by death on the 10th of May, 1829.

Daniel Terry.

BORN A. D. 1780.—DIED A. D. 1829.

THIS admired actor was a native of Bath, in which city he received his education. He was apprenticed to an architect, but immediately on the close of his indentures joined Macready's company at Sheffield, from which, however, he soon transferred his services to that of Stephen Kemble. In 1806 he obtained an engagement at Liverpool, where he became a great favourite with the public. His next engagement was with the Edinburgh company. Whilst in the northern metropolis he made the acquaintance and friendship of Sir Walter Scott, and many other eminent literary characters, who admired his talents, and wrote very gratifying criticisms on his theatrical appearances. In 1812 he accepted an engagement at the Haymarket theatre in London, where he was very favourably received, and played an entire season with great success. In 1813 he was engaged for Covent Garden; and remained on that establishment till 1822, when, on some disagreement with the managers, he transferred his services to Drury Lane. His death, which took place in 1829, was to appearance accelerated by the unfortunate issue of certain speculations in which he engaged connected with the purchase of the Adelphi theatre.

The 'Annual Register' for 1809 contains the following critique on Terry's style of acting, from the pen of Scott: "At the head of the performers who appeared on our stage for the first time must undoubtedly be placed Mr Terry, an actor of very comprehensive and very eminent talents. He has successfully exhibited his powers in tragedy, comedy, pantomime, and farce; and, with the exception of lovers, fine gentlemen, and vocal heroes, there is scarcely a character in the range of the drama, some one of which he does not fill with excellence. His figure is not striking, though muscular and active; but he has a powerful voice, an expressive countenance, and an intellect eminently clear, vigorous, and discriminating. In tragedy, his merit is alike in those characters which exhibit the strong workings of a powerful mind, and the deepest tortures of an agonized heart. But his grief is best when it is required to be vehement: the tone of his feelings is ardent and impassioned; and we do not see the full effect of his powers, unless when his grief is exasperated to frenzy, or combined with the darker shades of guilt, remorse, or despair. In the display of tender emotion, we should think he would fail; but he carefully abstains from those characters in which it is required. He has performed King John, Lear, and Macbeth, all of them with approbation, the two first with distinguished applause. In the celebrated scene with Hubert, he excited a sensation of horror which thrilled the whole audience; and in Lear he marked with equal power the shades of incipient insanity creeping over the mind, and obscuring ere they altogether eclipsed the light of reason. In comedy he excels

chiefly in old men; equally in those of natural every-day life, as in the tottering caricatures of Centlivre, Vanburgh, and Cibber. His Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Bashful Constant, and Sir Anthony Absolute, are extremely good; and in Lord Ogleby we are inclined to think he has no rival on the stage. He has also essayed the arduous character of Falstaff; and, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a thin face and figure, he has, by the power of his penetrating and accurate intellect, raised it to an equality with any one he performs. In characters of amorous dotage and fretful peevishness he is not less successful; of which his Sir Francis Gripe, Don Manuel, and Sir Adam Contest, are excellent instances.

"The chief fault of this excellent actor is want of ease. In tragedy, he is often impressive, affecting, and even sublime; in comedy, humorous, satirical, and droll: in both he is classically correct; but he is never simple or flowing. His conceptions are just and original; but we sometimes perceive the working of the springs, when we should only be impressed by the felicity of the effect. There are certain characters in which this exhibition of the machinery does well; but it ought in general to be avoided. This error in Mr Terry we hold to have had its origin in the peculiar distinctness of his perceptions, the accuracy with which he is accustomed to analyse his characters, and a laudable anxiety to present them to his audience with unerring clearness and effect. This has imparted to his delivery an air of weighty precision and oracular strength, which, though always vigorous and effective, is not always pleasing or appropriate. It has led also to a violence and frequency of emphasis, that aggravates the defects of a voice at all times rather powerful than melodious, and demands, for strong passion, an exaggeration and vehemence of tone and action, which not only injures the expression, but exhausts the performer. Yet Mr Terry never rants; he sometimes gives needless or hurtful force to a just feeling, but he never exhibits a false one. Were this fault corrected—and being still in the early vigour of life, there is nothing to prevent him from correcting it—we scarcely see an eminence to which Mr Terry may not hope one day to attain. We entertain this expectation with the more confidence, because the rank which he has already reached depends, as we have said, less upon mere personal qualifications than on the constant and uniform exertions of a mind acute, intelligent, well-informed, and, we believe, decidedly bent upon the attainment of professional excellence. His soul appears to us to be devoted to his profession, and that with an enlarged and comprehensive view of his object. The exertions of each evening seem a part of one general system. We never observe those starts of caprice or negligence, too often indulged by performers, who, having acquired the public favour, they themselves know not why, endanger the loss of it they know not wherefore. It is a corresponding part of Mr Terry's merit, that on the stage he is uniformly attentive to the general business of the drama, and to the support of his dramatic character. He never marks by his manner of playing that he is addressing an audience, or even that he is conscious of their presence. And as he is attentive to the maintenance of his own character, he aids, as far as possible, the scenic illusion, by acting as if those on the stage along with him were actually the persons they represent. This is a point much neglected by some performers, who, conscious of real merit themselves, conceive it gives them a right to despise their inferior brethren,

forgetting, that if Hamlet marks by his contemptuous conduct that his bosom confidant, Horatio, is only Mr —, he inevitably forces upon the audience the conviction, that the Prince of Denmark himself is but a shadow. To receive as genuine the base coin which a manager must occasionally put into circulation, may sometimes be a trial of patience; but the more a performer of merit aids the theatrical delusion, by appearing to act with real persons, and under the influence of real motives, the more he will frame the audience to that state of mind on which his higher and solitary efforts are calculated to produce the most favourable effect. It is upon our conviction that Mr Terry acts from a happy mixture of genius, good taste, and mature reflection, that we venture to augur boldly of his future fortunes, though not to presage the extent of his success. The extent of the triumph of personal qualifications, even the most brilliant, can be readily estimated; but there is no placing bounds to the march of mental energy, where there are no physical obstructions to its career."

An able and impartial writer in 'The Spectator,' thus follows up the remarks of Walter Scott: "The towering elevation to which this competent critic conceived it in the power and in the destiny of Terry to attain, it is well known he never reached. But this single-minded actor of a school that closes with him knew and practised none but the old and meritorious way to eminence; and seeking it by desert, found not what the ignorant mob which now fills our Dom-daniels of vice and ennui awards only to *cliquant* and vulgarity. Terry disdained the artifices on which alone now is a theatrical reputation to be built; and could not believe that the great art of Garrick and Kemble was comprised in a growl or a grimace—a quaint gesture, a laugh, or sneer—a new reading—a pause—a trick—as empty-pated as Puff's Lord Burleigh's oracular shake of the head, and as deserving of laughter from all beings pretending to intellect. Terry had another peculiarity, consistent with the simple and primitive turn of his genius, but which mainly contributed to keep the big London pit in partial ignorance of the merits of the performer: he never affected the honours of a 'star,' twinkling through clouds in solitary brilliancy, and coveting a stage everywhere else black and dark whereon to manifest his splendour. He was well known to managers as a something more extraordinary even than a great actor—who, in proportion to his presumed greatness, is generally a petted one; Terry was a manageable actor; the 'most useful actor,' in the words of the present proprietor and manager of one of the summer theatres, 'that ever trod the boards—who never refused a part, never objected to a part as beneath him—gave himself no airs—did his best for the most insignificant, and did every thing well.' In the eyes, therefore, of the well-judging pit, he could not possibly be a great performer, who has haply condescended ere now to be the Horatio or the Polonius of another's Hamlet. But Terry, besides his noble spirit of accommodation, looked on the characters of a play as children of the same father, by the just representation of the meanest of which just fame was to be acquired; and that, for example, he who could personate well the friend of Hamlet was the fittest to stand in the shoes of Hamlet. So thought Mrs Siddons at least; who, we have heard, on her leave-taking visit to Edinburgh, selected Terry to support her in her brother's parts, as the best substitute for John Kemble. Thus, with all intelli-

gent lovers of the stage, did Terry set himself practically, and at his own cost, against a system which has planted the stage with sticks, that it might be left vacant for some little great actor to play tricks on before high heaven, which makes the spirits of Garrick and Kemble to grieve. It arose from this temper of a truly great mind, that Terry was one of the most versatile actors that ever trod the stage; not meaning by versatile that he was in the habit of filling merely the widest range of parts, but that he sustained more characters with more success than any performer of whom the present age can speak. As an instance of this, it may be observed, that he whom Sir Walter Scott has pronounced to have followed the first Lord Ogleby (King) with not unequal steps—a part in which he has himself been worthily succeeded by Farren—has been found, on the same night in which he gave to view the veritable battered old beau of Colman and Garrick, animating in the afterpiece the shaggy carcass of Orson.”

Robert Gooch.

BORN A. D. 1784.—DIED A. D. 1830.

ROBERT GOOCH, M.D., was born in June, 1784, at Yarmouth, in Norfolk. His father was the master of a vessel in the merchant service, and had formerly served in the royal navy. His early education was limited, as his parents were not in good circumstances, and during the first years of his school education he was not distinguished in any degree above other boys. About the age of fifteen he began the study of Latin, and exerted himself so much that he became a tolerable scholar without any assistance from others. He was now an apprentice with a Mr Borrett, a surgeon and apothecary in Yarmouth, and studied with much attention the elementary branches of his profession. At this time he became acquainted with a Mr Harley, a gentleman of Yarmouth, who had the misfortune to be nearly blind. He was extremely fond of literary and scientific studies, and Gooch was accustomed to read to and converse with him on various subjects. This exercise of his mental energies was of essential advantage to the young student, who was wont, in after life, to look back with great pleasure on the period of his association with Mr Harley. Many years afterwards he went to see him, and as a mark of respect and gratitude left him by will the sum of £100. During his residence with Mr Borrett, Gooch frequently visited the naval hospital at Yarmouth, where he became acquainted with a Mr Tupper, who was of essential service to him, being much further advanced in his medical studies. Among the friends whom he made at this time was the benevolent Mr William Taylor of Norwich, with whom he formed a close intimacy. Many difficulties were now in the way of the further progress of Gooch. His father had been captured by the French, and was detained in prison. Of course his circumstances, formerly limited, were now rendered more so. By considerable exertion on the part of his family, however, he was enabled to prosecute his studies at Edinburgh, whither he went in October, 1804. He appears to have distinguished himself there by uncommon diligence, and became an active member of the medical and speculative societies. It is a

remarkable circumstance that in these societies he soon got over the difficulties of public speaking, while in private he was long before he could shake off a reserve and awkwardness that were natural to him. His acquaintances in Edinburgh during the first session were very few; his intimate friends were Mr Lockyn, afterwards a physician in Plymouth; Mr Fearon, who had been an army surgeon and suffered in Egypt from the ophthalmia; and Mr Henry Southey. Only one of these now survives, and looks back on the days when they used to meet as among the most happy and interesting periods of his life. After the academical session was finished, Gooch returned to Yarmouth. He spent some time in the company of Mr Taylor at Norwich, and employed himself in the study of German. In the same summer he became acquainted with a lady, who afterwards became his wife. This was Miss Emily Bolinbroke, who appears to have been in every respect worthy of that tender affection which she soon inspired in the mind of Gooch. The attachment was mutual; but, from its very strength, its occurrence was perhaps unfortunate. In the words of his biographer: "To a man of Gooch's temperament, always disposed to take a gloomy view of his own affairs, an engagement the accomplishment of which depended upon his professional success, did not contribute to immediate happiness." In the course of this summer he went to Cambridge in the hope of obtaining a medical fellowship, but being disappointed, he returned to Edinburgh in autumn. He now lived with his friends, Fearon and Southey, and became acquainted with a gentleman who afterwards proved a valuable friend, Dr, now Sir William Knighton. In the summer of 1806 he returned to Norfolk, and spent his time very much in the society of Miss Bolinbroke. Returning to Edinburgh in order to complete his medical education, he became acquainted with Mr Travers and Dr Holland, and in June, 1807, he graduated in medicine. He now made a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, and, returning to England, went to pass the winter in London. He was there a pupil of Sir Astley Cooper, and prosecuted with diligence the study of anatomy.

In 1808 he began practice in Croydon, having entered into partnership with a Mr James, a gentleman who had for some time been established there. Besides the occupations of general practice, he employed himself frequently in contributing to the medical journals, especially the 'London Medical Review.' Like most young critics he was sometimes too severe, and is said to have afterwards expressed some regret for it.

About this time his professional prospects were such as to encourage Gooch to marry, and his long constancy was rewarded with the hand of the lady already mentioned. In this marriage he was singularly unfortunate. The health of his wife was uncertain when he married her, and in 1811 she died after a lingering consumption. She had one child, which survived her but six months. Gooch was now left alone, and to a man of his strong feelings the affliction must have been a heavy one. He received strong encouragement to give up his country practice and remove to London; which he did, and before the end of 1811, was a licentiate of the college of physicians. The department which he proposed to cultivate was that of physician accoucheur—perhaps an unfortunate choice, when we consider that his health was far from being

decided, but certainly much the reverse, if we refer merely to his professional fitness and his future success. In the following year he was elected physician to the Westminster Lying-in hospital; which added greatly to his chances of success, and we find that in consequence his practice increased "in a way and with a rapidity," to use his own words, "which surprised" him. Very shortly after he became lecturer on midwifery at St Bartholomew's hospital, along with Dr Thynne, and in the following year he entered on the sole enjoyment of the emoluments of that situation, in consequence of the death of his aged partner. He was a timid but a very successful lecturer, and in a few years was considered one of the best in London; having acquired a surprising facility in communicating his ideas, and along with the power of being able to dispense with the use of notes.

In January, 1814, Dr Gooch married for the second time. The lady is sister to Mr Trevors, and the choice was a remarkably happy one. The practice of Gooch continued to increase, but his health was not equal to his continual exertions. For a long time he had been subject to occasional attacks of asthma, and his stomach was beginning to give him considerable uneasiness. In the early part of 1815 he had a dangerous inflammation in his lungs, which was happily soon recovered from. In April of the same year his eldest son was born. He removed in 1816 to the west end of the town, where his practice was rapidly extending. When on a visit to the marquess of Wellesley at Ramsgate, the first symptoms of an alarming affection of his stomach appeared. He could retain no food, and suffered for some days from almost incessant vomiting, but returned as soon as possible to London, where in the course of a few weeks he was sufficiently recovered to be able to resume his professional duties. In 1820 he lost his eldest son, a calamity which affected him very deeply. His health was now so delicate that he was frequently obliged to resign, for a few weeks at a time, his professional duties. In 1822 he travelled on the continent, and visited Paris. The state of his mind and body prevented him from receiving much enjoyment from this, or indeed from any source. In a tour through part of England the same year he met with Dr Parr, and has described his interviews with him in a humorous paper published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' entitled 'Two days with Dr Parr.' For some time afterwards his time was partly divided between his practice in London and excursions into various parts of the country. In December, 1825, he inserted a paper on the 'Contagious nature of the Plague,' in the 'Quarterly Review.' In the same year his health was extremely bad, and he visited the continent, travelling in France and Flanders; but returned without receiving any benefit. He suffered from hæmorrhage from the lungs, but recovered so far as to be able to spend a part of 1826 and 1827 in town, attending to his practice, and pursuing his literary labours. In 1826 he was chosen librarian to the king, through the influence of Sir William Knighton. In 1829 he completed his excellent work on the diseases of children, and lived to see his reward in his established reputation. It is said to be an extremely valuable book. After this his powers of body gradually sunk; so that before his death he was reduced to a state of great debility; but the powers of his mind, with the exception of a few transient attacks of delirium, remained unchanged to the last. He died on the 16th February, 1830.

George Dawe.

BORN A. D. 1781.—DIED A. D. 1829.

THIS eminent artist was born in London, on the 8th of February, 1781. In his fourteenth year he published two plates in mezzotinto, which displayed to advantage his talents in engraving, but he relinquished that line of art altogether on his coming of age. The last engraving published by him was Bacon's Monumental Groupe, to the memory of the Marquess Cornwallis.

Mr Dawe commenced portrait-painter about the year 1802, but it was in the historical department of the art that he gained his chief fame. The first work of this class which he is known to have painted—Achilles frantic for the loss of Patroclus—obtained the gold medal, and was pronounced by Fuseli to be the best ever offered to the Academy on a similar occasion. The next important picture which he exhibited at the Academy was Naomi and her two daughters-in-law. Of a scene from Cymbeline, his succeeding performance, the British Institution thought so highly, that they presented him with a premium of two hundred guineas. In 1811 he painted the Infant Hercules strangling the Serpent, and a picture from Coleridge's 'Genevieve.' His last great work, exhibited at Somerset house, was, the Mother rescuing her Child from the Eagle's Nest.

Mr Dawe was one of the most successful portrait-painters of his day. His celebrated picture of Miss O'Neill, in the character of Juliet looking over the balcony, is well-known to the public by the engraving. Among the illustrious patrons of Dawe were Prince Leopold and the Princess Charlotte, of whom he painted several portraits. The Duke and Duchess of Kent also employed him; he went in the suite of the former to Brussels, Cambray, and Aix-la-Chapelle, where he painted the portraits of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, General Alava, and several of the most distinguished Russian officers. The manner in which he executed these induced the Emperor Alexander to engage him to paint the portraits of all the superior Russian officers who had been engaged in the war with Napoleon. He accordingly left England for St Petersburg in January, 1819, and in his way thither painted, at Brussels, portraits of the Prince and Princess of Orange; at Cobourg, of the reigning duke; and at Weimar, of the Grand Duke of Meiningen, and the celebrated Goëthe. His arduous undertaking at St Petersburg occupied him nine years, in the course of which period he painted, besides nearly four hundred portraits of Russian officers, three whole lengths of the field-marshal Wellington, Kutusoff, and Barclay de Tolly, and a portrait of the Emperor Alexander on horseback, twenty-one feet in height.

A cold, which he had caught during his last journey to St Petersburg, now began to show its effects on his health in a very serious manner, and he was recommended to try the sulphur-baths at Aix-la-Chapelle. Receiving, however, no benefit from them, he determined on returning to London; but he was too far gone for recovery and died on the 15th of October, 1829.

Sir Thomas Lawrence.

BORN A. D. 1769.—DIED A. D. 1831.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was born at Bristol in the year 1769. At an early age he gave indications of more than ordinary genius. His father probably designed him for the stage. He taught him to repeat long passages, in a theatrical manner, from Shakspeare and Milton; and used to exhibit him, with a pardonable vanity, to his guests. This gave the boy a facility in reading and reciting, which he never lost. His own bent was, however, for the pencil, and he displayed it at a very early age. When he was but six years old, it happened that Lord Kenyon, with his lady, arrived late in the evening at the inn at Devizes, which was then kept by Lawrence the father. They were on their way to Bath, and had felt the inconveniences of the heavy style of travelling in those "good old times;" and, as they confessed, they were not in the best possible humour, when Mr Lawrence, senior, entered their sitting-room, and proposed to show them his wonderful child. "The boy," he said, "was only five years old, but he could take their likenesses, or repeat to them any speech in Milton's *Pandæmonium*." To that place the offended guests were on the eve of commending their host to go, and the lawyer's lips were just opened to pronounce the sentence, when the child rushed in; and, as Mrs Kenyon used to relate, her vexation and anger were suddenly changed into admiration. He was riding on a stick, and went round and round the room, in the height of infantile joyousness. Mrs Kenyon, as soon as she could get him to stand, asked him if he could take the likeness of that gentleman, pointing to her husband. "That I can," said the little Lawrence, "and very like too." A high chair was placed at the table, pencils and paper were brought, and the infant artist soon produced an astonishingly striking likeness. Mr Kenyon now coaxed the child, who had got tired by the half-hour's labour, and asked him if he could take the likeness of the lady? "Yes, that I can," was the reply once more, "if she will turn her side to me, for her face is not straight." The speech of the child indicated much less of his future character, than the production of his pencil. Few persons became more easy and polished in manner, and less likely to mortify the self-complacency of a fair lady.

He found a more illustrious judge of his rhetorical powers in Garrick, who was in the habit of stopping at his father's inn on his way to Bath. "Tommy, Sir, has learned one or two speeches since you were here," was the usual address with which the good natured tragedian was received. He would then retire to a summer-house in the garden, and amuse himself for some time with the recitations of the lively boy, in whom he seemed to take pride and interest. In this way his education became very desultory. He went but little to any regular school, and does not appear to have been taught even the rudiments of the classical languages. There are on record very few instances of a genius for painting, which displayed itself, and was so far matured, at such an early age. Many of his drawings, done at the age of eight, are yet extant, and they exhibit, strongly, indications of that freedom, grace, and

poetic character, which distinguished his mature productions. At ten years old, we find him turning from mere portraits to original compositions of the highest class. By painting historical subjects, requiring invention and design, he gave evidence of a talent far beyond that of merely taking a likeness, or even copying a landscape. He painted two pictures, choosing as his subjects, 'Christ reproving Peter,' and 'Reuben's application to his father that Benjamin might accompany his brethren into Egypt.' The former of these is mentioned by Barrington as "amazingly successful;" they both contributed greatly to extend his reputation; and, his father removing about this time from Devizes to Bath, he became an object of notoriety among the numerous persons of rank and distinction, who then frequented that place. It was the fashion to sit to him for his oval crayon likenesses. At first the price was a guinea, and it was soon raised to a guinea and a half. When he was twelve years old, his painting room was the resort of the rich and gay: of the real and pretended judges and patrons of art. His time became so much occupied, that he could devote himself to no other pursuit; and he received sums of money for his pictures, much greater than were ever before paid to a young artist. When a Derbyshire baronet, struck with the beauty and genius of the lad, offered to send him to Rome, at the expense of £1000, his father told him "that his son's talents required no cultivation." We particularly dwell upon these facts, as they render more surprising his having avoided the sins against taste and science, which might naturally be expected in a person entirely self-taught, and who had lived aloof from the society of artists, and without even the advantage of a reference to many of the standard works of the old masters. But his taste was excellent and intuitive. What little time he could snatch from his regular employment, he did devote to the study of such works of the ancient masters as he could obtain a sight of, and such subjects as afforded more scope to his genius.

In 1787 we find young Lawrence established in London, and admitted as a student of the Royal academy. His talents were of a nature peculiarly adapted to work their own way into celebrity; and his very graceful person and appearance, and his easy but unobtrusive manners, placed him on an agreeable and honourable footing with persons of intelligence, as well as of rank, fashion, and wealth. Sir Joshua Reynolds, then the father of English art, received the young aspirant to his own fame with peculiar kindness. Soon after his arrival in London, Lawrence determined to seek his favourable notice. "He had no one to introduce him to Sir Joshua, though he was his near neighbour. But Sir Joshua was of easy access to persons of decided talents; and, upon an application from Mr Lawrence, with a reference to the early works of his son, the president of the academy willingly appointed an interview. The father and our young artist repaired to the house of the affluent head and origin of the English school, and they were received with kindness. Young Lawrence took with him his oil portrait of himself, as a specimen of what he could do. There have been disputes about the exact period at which this portrait was drawn; but I have inserted the letter, which determines the point. He found the attention of the president bestowed upon another juvenile aspirant, who had evidently come upon a similar errand, and who stood in trembling ex-

pectation of the decision of the oracle, which was to determine his future course; Sir Joshua having examined the specimen of his art, dismissed this other visitant with the negative encouragement of, 'Well, well! go on—go on.' The anhelation of young Lawrence during this scene, may be easily imagined. Sir Joshua now inspected the portrait of our youth. He was evidently much struck with it, and discerned those marks of genius which foretold the future fame of the juvenile artist. He bestowed upon the painting a very long scrutiny, in a manner which young Lawrence thought, an alarming contrast to the more hasty glance with which he had dismissed the other. At last, turning to the boy with an air of seriousness, he addressed him—'Stop, young man, I must have some talk with you. Well, I suppose now, you think this is very fine, and this colouring very natural; hey! hey!' He then placed the painting before the astonished and trembling youth, and began to analyse it, and to point out its numerous imperfections. Presently, he took it out with him from the gallery to his own painting-room, and young Lawrence knew not how to interpret this; but Sir Joshua soon returning, addressed him kindly, and concluded by saying, 'It is clear you have been looking at the old masters; but my advice to you is, to study nature; apply your talents to nature.'—He then dismissed him with marked kindness, assuring him that he would be welcome, whenever he chose to call. Of an invitation so flattering and useful, our young artist availed himself with a frequency that would have put it to too severe a test, had it been meant in the ordinary sense of compliment; but Mr Lawrence was always received with a kindness which indicated that Sir Joshua was highly pleased with his society, and desirous to promote his interests.

None of the obstacles which so often impede the path of genius, arose in the way of Lawrence. As he became known, his reputation increased, and he found himself an object of patronage among the noble and the wealthy. At the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which occurred in 1792, he received an unexpected honour, of which eminent and older artists would have been justly proud. He was unanimously elected Sir Joshua's successor, as painter to the Dilettanti society. His majesty also appointed him to succeed Sir Joshua, as his portrait-painter in ordinary, and in the month of July following, he painted, by the royal command, two elaborate whole-length portraits of the king and queen. The royal patronage increased, though it did not create, that of others. The occupations of Lawrence became incessant, and his works were subjects of general celebrity. He exhibited every year, at the Royal academy, a number of his productions, and the periodical publications of the day abound with remarks upon them. He did not always meet with favourable critics. Among others, a writer of considerable notoriety, under the signature of Anthony Pasquin, treated his works with great severity.

In 1797 Lawrence exhibited a work which aspired to the highest rank in the school of art. It was a historical painting of Satan calling his legions. This was received with much approbation, and, as a painting, it was undoubtedly full of beautiful details. The figure of Satan had all the ferocious energy and violent dignity suited to the character, and was finely contrasted with the dejection and despondence of some of the other fallen angels. But the colouring, though clear and forcible

ble, was not natural or pleasing; and the drawing of the principal figure was not altogether correct. On the whole, however, as a picture, it is acknowledged to be among the very grandest, and in many respects, most successful attempts at the sublime, of which English art can boast. His own feelings at the time may be seen in the following letter to an intimate friend:—"The first thing I shall tell you is, that I have gained in fame—not more than my wishes!—you do not desire them to be bounded—but more than my expectations. To hear the voice of praise, nor feel it ignorance or flattery, is sweet and soothing. The work I have undertaken has answered my secret motive in beginning it. My success in portraits will no longer be thought accident and fortune; and if I have trod the second path with honour, it is because my limbs are strong to reach the higher walks. My claims are acknowledged by the circle of taste, (our little world!) and are undisputed by competitors and rivals. But believe not that I am inflated with a triumph, which, however great when compared with contemporary merit, did never yet satisfy the soul that thirsted for fame. (You, at least, will not laugh at these rhapsodies.) What cold mind ever reached to greatness? And who would not cherish that ardency in man, which, however clogged by weakness and imbecility, is evidence of Deity itself, and stamps his soaring nature? When I think of, 'What shall I do to be for ever known?' I feel myself a sluggard in the race. Dear friend, let me guard against your laugh by giving it you. Think of the country mayor, who, taking on him the office, told his friends that 'for all that, he was but mortal man!' I shall write to-morrow. I invited Paoli to the dinner. I know it will please you that I am grateful in little things—at first at least, for the novelty; destroy this. Pray read it alone, I am ashamed of its egotism; yet these are my thoughts."

Among the most intimate of the friends of Lawrence, at this period, were the Kemble family, and he has recorded the evidence of his regard by several pictures of them. He painted John Kemble successively in the characters of Coriolanus, Rolla, and Hamlet; and those productions are entitled to a rank far above that assigned to mere portraits.

With each succeeding year, he became more popular; and by the death of Hoppner, an artist of much merit, who had enjoyed the particular patronage of the prince of Wales, he was left without a rival. In the year 1812 he gained increased reputation by another painting of Mr Kemble. Less a portrait than a picture of the stern and lofty Cato, he endeavoured to give it the character of an historical production; and as such it will long remain a brilliant effort of his genius. He has not endeavoured to portray the 'atrocem animum Catonis,' but has described the great philosopher, in a mood of contemplative serenity. The body relaxed, but without loss of dignity, the large, the brilliant, yet thoughtful eye, the whole aspect of repose, gave no evidence of the elegant, the diffident, the refined taste, which usually recommended, and was supposed to characterize, the pictures of Lawrence; but displayed a bold, new, original conception, with full power of execution.

In the year 1814 the success of the coalition against France opened its capital to English visitors. Lawrence was among the first that repaired there, anxious to obtain a view of the gallery of the Louvre, before the works of art were removed to the countries whence they had been brought by Napoleon. His stay at Paris was short. He was re-

called by the prince regent, who was anxious that the portraits of the princes, statesmen, and celebrated generals, who visited London after the peace, should be painted by him. He accordingly took several likenesses of these distinguished personages, and received from the prince the order of knighthood. What proved however a more congenial task, was to paint the portrait of Canova, who, also, about that time, came to London. Similarity of taste and of feeling excited a reciprocal attachment between the two artists, which continued uninterruptedly till the death of Canova, six years afterwards. There was much resemblance in their individual characters. They were both of humane dispositions, sensitive to the sympathies of life, and full of all its charities, and yet they scarcely attempted any work that may be called pathetic. It would be difficult to name two men of equal fame, whose works were addressed so much to the imagination, and so little to what is termed pathos.

In the year 1816 Sir Thomas Lawrence exerted himself to induce the government to purchase the Elgin marbles, as the foundation of a national gallery of sculpture. He united with other eminent artists in assigning to those productions a high rank among the relics of ancient art; and was examined by a committee of the house of commons, although the opinions of no other painters were required. Fortunately he concurred in the sentiment with the government, and those surprising specimens of genius have been saved from the destruction which would undoubtedly have been their fate, had they not been removed from Greece. The dispersion of them could only be prevented by their becoming the property of a nation.

We have seen that, in the year 1814, the prince regent of England had conferred on Sir Thomas Lawrence the commission of taking the likenesses of the royal personages then in that country, and of those who composed their retinues. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, four years afterwards, offered an opportunity to complete the plan thus commenced, which was at once improved. In November, 1818, Sir Thomas Lawrence arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle. The magistrates of the city granted him the use of part of the large gallery of the Hotel de Ville, which was immediately fitted up as his painting-room; and there the emperors of Russia and Austria, and the king of Prussia, gave him numerous sittings. In these pictures he succeeded in giving general satisfaction; the family, attendants, and subjects of each sovereign declaring, that the portraits he drew were the most faithful resemblances that had ever been painted. He was treated too, personally, with great attention and respect. From Aix-la-Chapelle he proceeded to Vienna; where he resided with his friend Lord Stewart, now marquess of Londonderry, the British ambassador at the Austrian court. In that aristocratic place, Sir Thomas Lawrence says that he guided his conduct with reference to the mission he held from his own sovereign, and it seems the exclusive laws of society were waved in his favour, and that he was admitted into the first circles:—a fact, sufficiently humbling; one would suppose, to human nature, which shows that the absurd regulations of society can place a host of silly personages, remarkable for no one quality but their unpronounceable names, in a position to look down on a favoured child of genius, and an eminent labourer in the elevated regions of art. Sir Thomas, however, fortunately for himself;

viewed the condescension as it was intended, and felt in its full force the honour which was extended to him. He had seen and painted princes and lords enough, to view them with becoming deference. While on the continent, he received the commands of the prince regent to extend his tour, and as a completion of the general plan, to proceed to Rome in order to paint for him the pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi.

To visit Rome was one of the dreams in which he had long indulged; and the circumstances under which he was now enabled to gratify his wishes, were as favourable as could be imagined; yet, at first, he seems to have had less pleasure in thus extending his journey, than he might be supposed to feel. He desired rather to return home, and to go to Italy at another time. His wishes, however, on this head, could not be gratified. The commission of his royal master was to be executed. After setting out on his journey, his soul evidently became excited, and thoughts of Rome kindled in his mind all the enthusiasm so natural to his profession. It is curious to reflect upon the fact, that a person, so high as an artist, should be visiting Italy for the first time at the age of fifty. If any prejudice, however, existed, against one so distinguished, who had not drunk at the Pierian spring, it was overcome by his substantial merits, for we hear of no competition, of no damning with faint praise. The honours paid to him at Rome were flattering to the individual, and gratifying to his countrymen.

His first impressions of Rome, (he arrived on the 10th of May, 1819,) and of its architecture, were very unfavourable; but he had soon occasion to alter his sentiments. Men of strong imaginations can always create ideas of objects more grand and beautiful than the objects themselves, and they anticipate more ardent feelings, than, at first, they are likely to experience. It is reflection, and a just association of ideas, that afterwards raise the objects to their real value, and the feelings become warmed upon every new examination. Sir Thomas says, that he first caught the distant view of the dome of St Peter's on a very fine morning, between six and seven o'clock, and that his pleasure at approaching the city increased every fifty yards, until he entered at the Porto del Popolo, when his delusion vanished, and he found Rome small. He shortly afterwards confesses that he was subsequently overpowered with its immensity and grandeur. At Rome, itself, the longer he remained, the more deeply was he impressed with the charms it has to impart to a person of his character and genius. Its past greatness, the magnificent edifices of its more recent power, its treasures of art, and the climate, the sweet pure hues of atmosphere that seemed to wrap every thing in their own harmony, had the deepest influence on his feelings:—"Have you ever seen Rome," he writes to one of his friends, "from the top of the Villa Pamphili, in the evening sun of a fine day? You see grouped together, in small compass, three objects of great interest and beauty—Monte Mario, St Peter's, and, in farthest distance, Soracte rears itself between them. Then, on the other side, you have all that the Alban hills command, with Tivoli, and its mountainous scenery, uniting the fine and various lines of horizon, till they are stopped by the masses of the Vatican. I have this evening driven there alone, (having determined to be to myself this whole day,) and felt the exceeding beauty of the scene, with that undefined loneliness of delight which amounts almost to pain, formed, as it is, of many causes—

thoughts of the past—of youth—and friends, and absence, which I think, when alone, the close of evening in the country always brings before me. I passed my morning for some hours in the Sestini Chapel and the Vatican; and having the finest light, I sent up, and procured an order to admit me to go round the top of the chapel in the narrow gallery, which possibly you may remember, over the cornice. I thus saw the noble work with closer inspection, and therefore more advantage. With all your love of Raphael, my dear ladies, you must and shall believe in the superiority of that greater being, of whom, in grateful, virtuous sincerity, your painter himself said, ‘I bless God that I live in the time of Michael Angelo.’ Admired and popular as he was, it was fine, yet only just in him to say so; and from frequent comparison of their noble works, I am the more convinced of the entire veracity of Sir Joshua Reynolds’s decision in favour of Michael Angelo. I am not used, I hope, to be presumptuous in my opinions about art, but, in my own mind, I think I know that Sir Joshua Reynolds could not have had another opinion on the subject.”

From Rome, Sir Thomas Lawrence proceeded to Naples, where he made a short stay. He speaks of the excursion as very pleasant. The scenery was magnificent and enchanting, and the city as gay as Paris. He visited all the objects of interest, and amongst the rest Vesuvius, on a night, fortunate for the view of it, as the volcano was in unusual activity and splendour. He says, that “a few hours before he ascended the mountain, he went to Pompeii, and lingered till the close of twilight in that city of the dead; having on the right a sweet moon rising in its pure brightness; and on the left, its old, still living, and threatening foe, whose lava then appeared rolling out in colour of the purest gold; not the dull red, in which, in full day, and in its sluggish mood, it generally appears.” From Naples, Sir Thomas returned to Rome, and thence proceeded to the north of Italy. He was exceedingly impressed with the works of Domenichino, as well as of the other masters, and travelled from place to place, filled with all the enthusiasm of a great painter.

When Sir Thomas reached London, on the 30th of March, 1820, he found that Mr West, the venerable president of the Royal academy, was just dead. He was at once selected, both by the general voice, and by the opinion of artists, as the person most worthy to succeed him. He was elected the very day of his arrival, and the king conferred upon him a gold chain and medal, as a mark of his approbation. He now resumed in England the laborious and diligent exercise of his profession, which he continued with unabated zeal and increasing celebrity till his death. He exerted himself much during this interval, in promoting the foundation of a national gallery of paintings, and he also collected some pictures of great excellence for a private gallery of his own. The addresses which he delivered annually before the Royal academy, gave evidence of a refined taste, a most liberal feeling, and a deep devotion to extend and patronise the arts in his own country. No man was ever more free from every sentiment of envy, or more ready to pay every tribute to the genius and labours of other artists. Though occasionally suffering from the great confinement and fatigue to which the number of his paintings compelled him to submit, he gave no apparent evidence of any dangerous disease, until a few days before his death.

When attacked, however, he seems, from the first, to have apprehended that his illness would be fatal. One of his friends endeavoured to remove these apprehensions, and mentioned to him many of his acquaintances who had suffered long, but had recovered their health, and pursued arduous professions. He said, "You and I view this subject in very different lights; you are trying to prove to me how long people may suffer and drag on a miserable existence, while I consider that a sharper and a shorter struggle is more to be desired; yet," he added, "I am the last who ought to murmur, blessed as I have been with almost uninterrupted health." He then made an effort to rouse himself to exertion, and painted nearly an hour, on his majesty's portrait. He did not, however, survive many days. On the seventh of January, 1830, he expired, being then sixty-one years of age. His funeral was conducted with much splendour, and, in addition to the members of his own profession, who followed him to the grave, there were seen in the train, many noblemen and gentlemen of rank and political distinction. He was buried in St Paul's cathedral, near the spot where Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr West, are entombed.

The personal appearance of Sir Thomas Lawrence was very handsome; the expression of his countenance was full of intelligence, and his features were uncommonly fine. In his manners he was eminently polished. He attracted, in all the circles of fashion and splendour among which he moved, peculiar notice, from the ease and grace by which he was marked. He had cultivated a taste for letters, far beyond what his early education promised, and the extracts we have selected from his letters, will show the fluency and liveliness, as well as general purity of his style. He frequently amused himself with the composition of verses, which if not an evidence of high poetic genius, evince much imagination, a happy humour, and uniform benevolence and sensibility. With a very large income, he suffered much pecuniary embarrassment; not, as has been asserted, from an indulgence in gambling or dissipation,—from these he seems to have been entirely free,—but from an extensive, incessant, and munificent, though secret relief of the wants of others. Of this, the most remote branches of his family felt the benefits. At the very outset of his life, while yet a mere youth, he actually involved himself, by positive obligations for the aid and support of his parents, to a degree which long entailed serious difficulties upon him, and to the last he displayed the same liberal and disinterested spirit. He says, writing to a friend, "I have neither been extravagant nor profligate in the use of it; neither gaming, horses, curricles, expensive entertainments, nor secret sources of ruin from vulgar licentiousness, have swept it from me. I am, in every thing, but the effects of utter carelessness about money, the same being I was at Bath. The same delight in pure and simple pleasures—the same disdain of low enjoyments—the same relish for whatever is grand, however above me—the same admiration of what is beautiful in character—the same enthusiasm for what is exquisite in the productions, or generous in the passions, of the mind. I have met with duplicity, which I never practised, (for this is far removed from inconstancy of purpose,) and it has not changed my confidence in human nature, or my firm belief that the good of it infinitely overbalances the bad. In moments of irritation, I may have held other

language, but it has been the errata of my heart, and this is the perfect book which I could offer, were my being now to end."

The reputation of Sir Thomas Lawrence is a sufficient proof of his merit as a painter. "We may be permitted, however, to doubt," says an able American critic, "whether the English do not place him too high, when they rank him as the first artist of the age. In his own line he was certainly the first, but that line is not entitled to an equal rank with those branches of the art which require a far wider scope of imagination and invention. Indeed, he seems himself truly to have estimated the extent of his own powers. Undoubtedly he aspired to historical composition; he attempted it himself, and his admiration of the great historical painters was enthusiastic. Yet with all this, he confined himself to portraits. It is true, he threw into these the variety, the spirit, the genius, of historical compositions; but still they were and will be considered as portraits. This was certainly an evidence of great judgment. It has given to his portraits a character far beyond those of other contemporary masters. It has imbued them with an historical spirit, if we may be allowed the expression; and instead of being an historical painter below the greatest, he has made himself a portrait painter equal, and perhaps, taken altogether, superior to the best. Though some of the Italian critics found fault with his drawing, there seems to be little ground for their censure. It arose, perhaps, from his style of finish, which is less hard than that now usually seen in the works of the continental artists. At least he has displayed a perfect knowledge of the human figure, in its various classes, and his back grounds usually indicate a fine and luxuriant taste. It is, however, in the intellectual character which he has given to his pictures, that his great excellence consists. He produced a surprising variety of happy and original combinations: he seized always the most interesting expression of countenance: and certainly, in painting beauty, he yielded to no artist. There was sometimes, perhaps, a love of dramatic effect too easily perceptible, but in general his attitudes were graceful and easy. In his colouring, he followed nature rather than the style of other painters, and though this has deprived his pictures often of the depth and richness to be found in the works of the best Italian colourists, it gives them a striking air of fidelity and truth. He bestowed on his pictures excessive labour, and finished them with uncommon care. This increased rather than diminished with his reputation. In the latter part of his life, when his great practice might have been expected to make him more rapid in the completion of his works, the increased pains he took, arising no doubt from his improved perceptions, and his anxiety to maintain or add to his excellence, acquired for him the character of slowness, with which he could not be, in the slightest degree, truly charged. On one occasion, he is known to have painted thirty-eight hours together, without reposing, or taking any sustenance but coffee. In painting children he was remarkably happy. He caught, perhaps beyond any other painter, the innocence, the artless simplicity, the easy, unaffected attitudes of childhood, and he has left several compositions of this kind, that will pass down to posterity, not as portraits, but as the sweetest productions of the art. The same may be said of several pictures of female beauty. He has combined all the vivacity of youth and intellect, with the freshness of gaiety and fashion."

William Roscoe.

BORN A. D. 1753.—DIED A. D. 1831.

WILLIAM ROSCOE was born in Liverpool on the 8th of March, 1753. His father kept a public-house, and cultivated a market-garden, and was fond of field sports and other amusements,—a taste for which did not descend to his son, who was formed in a gentler and nobler mould. His remoter ancestors do not seem to have been of any higher rank in the world than his father; a circumstance which was so far from troubling him, that he made it a matter of good-natured pleasantry, telling Garter king-at-arms, when he met him in London, that as nothing was known of his humble forefathers, and as he himself had six sons, he thought he was an unobjectionable person to stand at the head of a family.

Of the childhood and early youth of Mr Roscoe, he has himself given a short account in an epistle to a friend, which is preserved by his biographer. One of the first things which he remembers, is “a decided aversion to compulsion and restraint.” This, to be sure, is not uncommon in children; but in him it was the dawning of that love of virtuous liberty, which afterwards enlightened his whole character. From first to last it may be said of him, that his soul,

“——— Though touched with human sympathies,
Revolted at oppression.”

At the age of six he was put under the tuition of a Mr Martin, who kept a school for boys in Liverpool. “To his care,” he says, “and the instructions of a kind and affectionate mother, I believe I may safely attribute any good principles which may have appeared in my conduct during my future life. It is to her I owe the inculcation of those sentiments of humanity, which became a principle in my mind. Nor did she neglect to supply me with such books as she thought would contribute to my literary improvement.” Here is another instance added to the many which history records, of the power which maternal influence has exerted in forming great and good men. Elizabeth Roscoe, the inn-keeper’s wife at the ‘Bowling Green,’ had little reason to envy the equipages which rolled past her door, or to sigh for a more extended sphere of duty or display, while she was guiding the mind and guarding the heart of a beloved boy, which was by and bye to take his place among the most distinguished writers and eminent philanthropists of his age. After remaining about two years with Mr Martin, young Roscoe was removed to another school, where he continued till he was twelve years of age. The germs of a poetical temperament and a humane disposition were now fast unfolding. “According to my best recollection,” he says, “I was at this period of my life of a wild, rambling, and unsocial disposition; passing many of my hours in strolling along the shore of the river Mersey, or in fishing, or in taking long walks alone. On one occasion I determined to become a sportsman; and, having procured a gun, and found an unfortunate thrush perched on the branch of a tree, I brought him to the ground with fatal aim;

but I was so horrified and disgusted with the agonies I saw him endure in death, that I have never since repeated the experiment."

He now began to be of service to his father in the garden; and often carried potatoes to Liverpool market for sale, on his head, in a large basket, and was intrusted with the disposal of them. Being called upon in his fifteenth year to make choice of a profession, his attachment to reading induced him to prefer that of a bookseller, but, on being apprenticed, he soon grew tired of it. In the following year, 1769, he was articled for six years to an attorney and solicitor, and thus entered on the study of the law, but still devoted what time he could spare to the perusal of poets and other authors who fell in his way, among whom Shenstone and Goldsmith were his favourites. About this time he had the misfortune to lose his excellent mother.

In the year 1773 Mr Roscoe became one of the founders of a society for the encouragement of the arts of painting and design, in Liverpool, and commemorated the event by an ode which was his first published piece. The following comparison between the great masters of poetry and painting is well imagined, and shows the early taste of the author for both those arts:

"Majestic, nervous, bold, and strong,
Let Angelo with Milton vie;
Opposed to Waller's amorous song,
His art let wanton Titian try;
Let great Romano's free design
Contend with Dryden's pompous line;
And chaste Corregio's graceful air
With Pope's unblemished page compare;
Lorraine may rival Thomson's name;
And Hogarth equal Butler's fame;
And still, where'er the aspiring muse
Her wide unbounded flight pursues,
Her sister soars on kindred wings sublimo,
And gives her favourite names to grace the rolls of time."

Before he had attained his twentieth year he published a longer poem, entitled, 'Mount Pleasant,' which was the name of an eminence overlooking the town of Liverpool. This poem obtained the praise of Dr Enfield, the poet Mason, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is remarkable as containing the author's first public protest against the slave trade. He also composed a tract in prose about the same period, to which he gave the title of 'Christian Morality, as contained in the Precepts of the New Testament, in the language of Jesus Christ.'

Having completed his clerkship, Mr Roscoe was admitted, in 1774, an attorney of the court of king's bench, and commenced the practice of his profession at Liverpool. On the 22d of February, 1781, he was married to Miss Jane Griffies, a lady to whom he had been attached for several years, and whose literary taste, good sense, amiable dispositions, and correct principles harmonized with his own character and pursuits, and made her a help meet for him. In the spring of the year 1782 Mr Roscoe visited London on professional business, where he took the opportunity of adding, as far as prudence permitted, to his small collection of books and prints, and where he became acquainted with several distinguished men. In the years 1787 and 1788, he published the first and second parts of his 'Wrongs of Africa,' a poem in

which he manfully continued his opposition to that traffic which above all others has been branded with the epithet "accursed." His high and true heroism in being so active in this cause may be in some measure estimated from the following remarks from his son: "The African slave-trade constituted, at this period, a great part of the commerce of Liverpool. A numerous body of merchants and ship-owners, and a still more formidable array of masters of vessels and sailors, looked to the continuance of that traffic for their emolument or their support. The wealth and prosperity of the town were supposed to depend chiefly upon this branch of commerce, and there were few persons whose interests were not, directly or indirectly, connected with the prosecution of it. Even those whose employments had no reference to commercial objects, found their opinions and feelings with regard to the traffic necessarily affected by the tone of the society in which they mingled. Under these circumstances it was hardly to be expected that Liverpool should be the place from which a voice should be heard appealing to the world on behalf of the captive African. Fortunately, however, the mind of Mr Roscoe remained unshackled by the prejudices or the interests of those around him, nor did any motives of a personal nature operate to prevent the expression of his opinions. He had been gifted with those strong feelings of abhorrence to injustice, and resistance to oppression, which are the great moral engines bestowed by God upon man for the maintenance of his virtue and his freedom. The aversion to compulsion, recorded by Mr Roscoe as one of his earliest characteristics, led him in his youth to form very decided opinions upon this question, which, in after life, occupied much of his attention, and in which he had ultimately the gratification of knowing that he had laboured not unsuccessfully."

At the same period he published a pamphlet on the same important subject, entitled, 'A General View of the African Slave Trade, demonstrating its Injustice and Impolicy; with Hints towards a Bill for its Abolition.' This excited great attention, and was much commended by the friends of the cause of freedom; and yet more praise was elicited by an answer which he published a few months afterwards, to a work called 'Scriptural Researches on the Licitness of the Slave-trade,' written by a Rev. Raymond Harris, a clergyman of the church of England, who had been educated for the catholic priesthood. It immediately attracted the attention of the London Abolition committee, who took all the remaining copies, and ordered another edition to be printed. "It is the work of a master," says his friend, Mr Barton, "and by much the best answer Harris has received."

Mr Roscoe now began to engage himself pretty actively in politics; from no interested motives, however, but because he found it impossible to remain a quiet spectator of the excitement produced in England by the accounts of the commencement and progress of the French revolution. It is hardly worth while to state which side he espoused, it is so evident from what has already been exhibited of his principles, that he must have joined the friends of rational freedom, and enemies of arrogant despotism. He went into the controversy heart and hand, and, as usual, brought his pen to the contest in poetry and prose. At a meeting held in Liverpool to celebrate the taking of the Bastille, on the 14th of July, 1790, he produced a song which became quite popular,

beginning, "Unfold, Father Time! thy long records unfold;" and on a similar occasion, the next year, he brought forward his more successful and better remembered song, 'O'er the vine-covered hill and gay regions of France.' At this period he engaged in correspondence with some of the most distinguished men of the liberal party, among whom was the marquess of Lansdowne. As the French revolution went on, he, with all other good men, was shocked and even dismayed by the excesses and atrocities which were every day committed; but he did not on that account conceive it necessary that he should forsake his principles, as many did, and go over to the favourers of arbitrary government. Mr Burke's 'Two Letters to a Member of Parliament' were answered by Mr Roscoe, in a pamphlet containing 'Strictures' on those letters; and as he was aware that ridicule is often as formidable a weapon as argument, he assailed his great antagonist in a ballad, entitled, 'The Life, Death, and Wonderful Achievements of Edmund Burke.'

Amidst the storms of politics, however, Mr Roscoe did not lose his taste for the calm pursuits of literature, or for the pleasures of the country and agricultural occupations. About the year 1792 he formed the design of reclaiming and cultivating an extensive tract of moss-land in the neighbourhood of Manchester; and, in order to obtain a lease of it, he visited London in the winter of that year, in company with his friend, Mr Thomas Wakefield, who had joined him in the enterprise. Two years before this he had removed from Liverpool, and taken a house pleasantly situated at Foxteth park, about two miles from the town. He was attracted to this place of residence by a beautiful dingle which stretched on to the shores of the Mersey, and which he has celebrated by an 'Inscription,' beginning, "Stranger! that with careless feet." In 1793 he left this situation, and removed to Birchfield, also in the vicinity of Liverpool, where he erected a house for himself. Previously to the last named removal, Mr Roscoe had applied himself seriously and diligently to the execution of his long cherished design of writing the life of Lorenzo de Medici. The obstacles in his way, arising from the great quantity of necessary materials, published and unpublished, and the difficulty of procuring them, were many and great. Many books he had obtained by busy search into all the book-stalls and shops of London; and the Crevenna and Pinelli libraries, being on sale at this time, supplied him with many more; but the rich stores contained in the literary repositories of Italy were still inaccessible, and his engagements at home prevented his taking a journey to the continent for the purpose of personal examination. Perhaps he might have been discouraged at this, had it not been that an intimate friend of his, Mr William Clarke, was residing for the winter at Florence, for the sake of his health, who became of the greatest service to him, by sending him the titles of such books as he supposed he might require, and by causing extracts to be taken from many valuable manuscripts which existed in the great Florentine libraries, relating to the history of the Medici family. Among the unpublished pieces thus transmitted to him were many original poems of Lorenzo de Medici, a small collection of which he sent to the press in 1791, as a sort of avant-courier to his life, limiting the number of copies to twelve, to be distributed among his literary friends. This volume was appropriately dedicated, in the Italian language, to his friend Mr Clarke. The first sheets of the life of Lorenzo

were committed to the press in the autumn of the year 1793, and in February, 1796, it was published by Mr Edwards of Pall-mall, who soon wrote the author word that the whole of the parcel sent from Liverpool had gone off in three days, and that he was "most cruelly teased for more." Compliments and encomiums poured in upon the historian from all quarters; notes of thanks and gratulation were received from old Lord Orford, the earl of Bristol, the marquess of Lansdowne, Dr Parr, Sir Samuel Romilly, Dr Aikin, and others; in short, the success of the work was brilliant and complete. Mr Roscoe published the first edition of his work on his own account. Soon after its appearance Messrs Cadell and Davies offered him twelve hundred pounds for the copy-right, which offer was accepted. Those gentlemen speedily put a second edition to the press, which was followed by another in 1799.

On the continent the success of the life was answerable to its reception at home. A translation of it was made in Italy by the Cavaliero Gaetano Mecherini, and was published in 1799. In Germany it was translated into the language of that country by Kurt Sprengel, a celebrated medical professor at Halle. The work appeared in 1797. Two years afterwards a French translation by M. François Thurot was published in Paris. In America an edition of the life was printed at Philadelphia in the year 1803, and was quickly disposed of.

It is not to be wondered at that a man of Mr Roscoe's taste should grow tired of his profession, though it was the one which he had chosen for a support. The two following extracts from letters to his friends, Mr Ralph Eddowes of Philadelphia, and Mr Rathbone of Liverpool, give the reasons for his leaving it, and also furnish pleasant specimens of his epistolary style. The first is addressed to Mr Eddowes:

"Since I last addressed you I have made a very important change, though not a local one, and have entirely relinquished my profession; having, however, first made an arrangement with my late partner, Mr Lace, productive of some advantage to me. This I have been induced to do rather from a concurrence of many reasons, than from any one predominant circumstance; but I must, in truth, confess that a consciousness that I was not suited for the profession, nor the profession for me, has long hung about me, and that I have taken the first opportunity which has been allowed me of divesting myself of it altogether. Add to this, that my undertaking in the draining of Chat and Trafford mosses bears a favourable aspect; and that I shall be under the necessity of being so frequently absent from Liverpool, as would render it impossible for me to carry on the business of the law with satisfaction either to my clients or myself." A note to Mr Rathbone, written about the same time as the preceding letter, manifests very clearly the tone of Mr Roscoe's mind at the period of this change: "I am much obliged by the tail-piece to your letter of to-day, though, to say the truth, it amounts to nothing more than calling me, in very friendly terms, an idle and extravagant fellow, who is playing off the artful trick of getting hold of the conveniences and pleasures of life without performing any of its duties. This I relish the worse, as I am not sure that there is not some degree of truth in it; but I am much surer, that to toil and labour for the sake of labouring and toiling is a much more foolish part; and that it is the curse of God upon avarice, that he who has given

himself up too long to its dominion shall never be able to extricate himself from its chains. Surely man is the most foolish of all animals, and civilized man the most foolish of all men. Anticipation is his curse; and to prevent the contingency of evil, health, wisdom, peace of mind, conscience, are all sacrificed to the absurd purpose of heaping up for the use of life, more than life can employ, under the flimsy pretext of providing for his children, till practice becomes habit, and we labour on till we are obliged to take our departure, as tired of this world as we are unprepared for the rational happiness of the next. I have much more to say to you on this subject, but this is not the place for it. I shall therefore leave you to your

‘Double, double,
Toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and caldron bubble,’

whilst I go to the arrangement of the fifth class of my plants, and take my chance of a few years in a work-house, some fifty years hence, which I shall think well-compensated by having had the lot to live so long.”

The relinquishment of his profession by Mr Roscoe took place in 1796. He had some idea of resuming it, on making a visit to London the next year, and even went so far as to be entered at Gray’s inn, but he soon gave up the design altogether.

Not long after Mr Roscoe had relinquished his profession, in which he had been laboriously engaged for upwards of twenty years, he was enabled to purchase Allerton hall, a beautiful old manor about six miles from Liverpool. And here he thought he should be able to spend the rest of his life in the pursuit of his literary, botanical, and agricultural tastes. But he soon felt himself obliged by the claims of friendship, to become an active partner in the extensive banking-establishment of the Clarkes, whose affairs he had been instrumental in adjusting when they were in a state of considerable embarrassment. He was thrown again into the midst of affairs, and for a short time the engagements of his new situation “almost put a complete stop to his literary labours.” By and by, however, as this pressure was gradually alleviated, he returned in corresponding degrees to his cherished pursuits. He resumed his labours on the ‘Life of Leo X.’ the design of writing which he had for some time entertained, and he prosecuted afresh his botanical studies. There being at this period considerable attention paid to botany in Liverpool, he joined with several of his friends in the establishment of a botanic-garden, which was opened in the summer of 1802; and which soon became celebrated for its scientific value, as well as for its beauty. His connection with this institution led him into a correspondence with Sir Edward Smith, who, in 1803, paid a visit to Allerton, when a friendship was commenced between these two accomplished and excellent men, which was strengthened every year, and continued uninterrupted till the death of the latter.

The ‘Life of Leo X.’ which had been in the press upwards of two years, appeared before the public in the summer of 1805, in four quarto volumes; and the whole edition, consisting of a thousand copies, was soon disposed of. Generally it was received with the same favour which had greeted the publication of ‘Lorenzo;’ but some complained

that it was prolix. Against the charge of prolixity Mr Roscoe defended himself by stating, that he had collected many original facts and documents of importance, and that it was impossible to do justice to these, and to the great variety of subjects necessarily involved in his task, without seeming tedious to many readers. As was the case with 'Lorenzo,' 'Leo X.,' was translated into the German, Italian, and French languages; and was republished in Philadelphia.

We next see Mr Roscoe again and more prominently on the stage of politics. He was requested by his friends in Liverpool, just before the general election of 1806, to stand as candidate for parliament, and he consented. His opponents were the old members, Generals Gascoigne and Tarleton, and at the end of a severe contest of seven days, he beat the military gentlemen by a good majority. His career at St Stephen's was an useful, though a short and not a brilliant one. He particularly discharged his conscience and gratified his feelings, by speaking against the slave-trade, and voting for its abolition; a measure which was accomplished by that parliament of which he was a member. Parliament was dissolved in the spring of 1807; various political circumstances contributed to his defeat at the next election, and he returned without regret to private life. But though no longer in a public station, Mr Roscoe could not so far withdraw himself from politics as not to feel deeply interested in the stirring events of the times, and not to express his opinions with openness and force. Through the whole of Pitt's warlike administration he was the steady opponent of that minister; undazzled by successes abroad, and unintimidated by the popular voice at home, which is in all countries secured by military glory, he remained the unflinching advocate of peace; peace for his own country, and peace, on general principles, for the world. His pamphlets were among the best which the times called forth. On the subject of parliamentary reform, Mr Roscoe had an opportunity of laying his sentiments before the public, in a letter addressed to Mr Brougham, in the year 1811. This letter was called forth by one from Mr Brougham, in which that gentleman had explained his own views, and requested those of his correspondent. Although there was not an exact harmony between the opinions of the writers, Mr Brougham at that time believing that reform should be introduced, or rather insinuated, by slow degrees and small beginnings; yet he thought so highly of the general argument of Mr Roscoe's letter, that he urgently requested him to publish it, and with this request its author complied. The main point enforced in the letter, with regard to the elective franchise, was, that "the right of voting should be extended to all who, as householders, are heads of families, and contribute to the exigencies of the state, as well as to some other descriptions of the community." The advocates for small and cautious reforms are told plainly, that "the time for intermediate measures is past. Those who are in the possession of the emoluments of office, and rely upon borough-influence, have taken their stand; they will either retain all or lose all; and would consider the smallest concession towards reform as a Hollander would the cutting through an embankment, which would let in the ocean which must sweep him away." And to the same purpose is the following picturesque passage: "He who attempts to restore a mouldering brick, or to replace a rotten timber, is as obnoxious to them as he who would pull down the build-

ing. It is in the holes, and chinks, and corners, which time and decay have produced, that they live, and feed, and fatten; and the first symptom of improvement is to them the signal of alarm."

On the success of these opinions, his son and biographer, writing in 1833, says: "At the close of his life Mr Roscoe had the happiness of seeing a scheme of reform introduced, founded upon the principles which he himself had thus earnestly supported. He witnessed an attempt made to abolish the various and capricious qualifications of voters, and to substitute, in place of them, a franchise at once just, simple, and rational, in those 'who as householders are heads of families, and contribute to the exigencies of the state.' He saw a system proposed which realized, in almost every particular, the plan recommended by himself. He did not, indeed, live to see the completion of this great measure, or to witness the confirmation which it afforded of the many important truths contained in his letter to Mr Brougham: to mark the accuracy of his assertion, that 'the feeling of the people, when once warmed and excited, will not stop short of an ultimate and substantial reform,' and that 'alterations or reforms in government are more to be dreaded from the opposition they meet with, than from the effects they are likely to produce.' It was the happy fortune of his distinguished correspondent, not only to see these important changes effected, but also to be one of the principal instruments of their accomplishment."

The year following the publication of the above mentioned letter, Mr Roscoe was strongly solicited by his Liverpool friends to offer himself once more to represent his native city; and he was also requested to stand for Westminster. But he had made up his mind not to quit private life; and he probably wanted those showy and pushing qualities in action, which are almost necessary in political life, to gain for a man a conspicuous place, or a shining name. He exerted himself, however, as the head of the liberal party in Liverpool, to procure for his friends the best candidates, and Mr Brougham and Mr Crewey were prevailed upon to offer themselves. The anti-reformers were roused to exert themselves, and procured Mr Canning as their candidate. After a sharp contest they carried the day, and Mr Canning and General Gascoyne were returned.

From 1812 to 1815 Mr Roscoe occupied himself chiefly with literary pursuits. During this period he became acquainted with Mr Owen of Lanark; and his correspondence with him shows, that though he regarded some of his benevolent plans with approbation and pleasure, he seriously expostulated with him on those crazy and pernicious notions, which have completely vitiated all the good which that misguided individual has ever done, or probably can ever do.

We now come to the period when the strength of Mr Roscoe's mind, and the depth and value of its resources were doomed to be tried by a total reverse of worldly fortune; when the elegant competence, if not wealth, which he had acquired by professional labour, by his literary works, and by honourable business, was to be all taken away; when the choice collections which his taste had gathered, under the warrant of his means, were to be surrendered, divided, and scattered abroad. Toward the close of the year 1815 the banking-house in which Mr Roscoe was a partner had laboured under considerable difficulty, owing to several adverse circumstances. In addition to this, the opening of

the American trade, in consequence of the peace, created a great demand of cash, and large balances were withdrawn from the bank. After struggling for a few days to sustain themselves, the partners were obliged to suspend their payments on the 25th of January, 1816. At a meeting of creditors a committee of seven was appointed to inquire into the concerns of the house, and their report declaring the house to be solvent, was adopted at another meeting. Under this aspect of affairs, Mr Roscoe believed himself justified in retaining the management of the business, and drew up a plan by which he proposed to discharge all the debts of the bank, with interest, in six years. To this end he laboured with all his energies, early and late, and large payments were made; but owing to the fall of landed and other property, and various circumstances of a like unpropitious nature, he was at last obliged to relinquish what he had undertaken. The private property of the partners was surrendered at the first. Mr Roscoe promptly yielded his own to the necessity of the case, and it was only parting with his library and literary collections that cost him much regret. But he had resolved to part with every volume and every print, excepting those only which had been presented to him by their authors; and, in the midst of his engagements and anxieties, he prepared the catalogue of his library with his own hands. His benevolence and deep sense of duty were highly manifested in the midst of this dark change of condition. During the four years in which he was struggling to maintain the credit of his bank, and living with the most careful economy, he continued to correspond with his friends, and with eminent men at home and abroad, on the subjects which interested his heart. In the year 1819, particularly, he exerted himself in many ways to soften the horrors of prisons, and of the criminal laws of England, and published his three parts of 'Observations on the Penal Jurisprudence, and the Reformation of Offenders,'—tracts which are informed by the spirit of enlightened humanity, and which, as we have before observed, contributed to bring about that system of prison discipline, which has already produced the most salutary effects in our own country.

Mr Roscoe devoted the remnant of his years and energies to literary undertakings. In the course of the year 1821 he published his 'Illustrations, Historical and Critical, of the Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent,' which was intended to vindicate the character of his favourite, and his own fidelity and accuracy as his biographer; and, nearly at the same time, he produced a little volume, entitled, a 'Memoir of Richard Roberts Jones, of Aberdaron, in the county of Carnarvon, North Wales, exhibiting a remarkable instance of a partial power and cultivation of intellect.' This person was one of those singular individuals of our race who sometimes appear among us, exciting our wonder by great intellectual capacity of a certain sort, and an almost idiotic deficiency in every thing beside. Mr Roscoe took this learned and forlorn being under his protection, but though he was never disappointed in his moral character, he never could teach him to apply his head or his hands to any thing useful, for that seemed to be totally beyond poor Richard's sphere. That his learning was really profound appears from the following amusing anecdote of a conversation which he had with Dr Parr, while the latter was on a visit to Allerton, in

1815. "It was on a previous day, during the same visit, that Richard had an interview with Dr Parr, who immediately plunged into the darkest recesses of ancient learning. The refinements of the Greek language, and the works of the critics who had illustrated it were entered into, and gradually the conversation changed to the Hebrew, its peculiar construction, and its analogous tongues. Here Richard had evidently the advantage; and, after an attempted inroad into the Chaldee, the doctor rather precipitately retreated, leaving a token of his liberality in the hands of the poor scholar. Richard being afterwards asked what he thought of the learned person with whom he had been conversing, replied, 'He is less ignorant than most men.'"

During the spring and summer of 1823 Mr Roscoe was engaged in preparing a new edition of the works of Pope. In the same year he was chosen president of a society which some gentlemen of Liverpool had formed for promoting the abolition of slavery, and drew up for them a declaration of the objects of the society, which was printed. In September, 1824, he lost his wife, with whom he had lived "upwards of forty years in uninterrupted confidence and harmony," and the shock was so great that for a space of time his studies were laid aside.

In 1825 the edition of Pope's works with a new life appeared; and the editor had the manliness and the high principle to omit some indelicate pieces which had been included in former editions. His views on this subject are thus stated: "In performing the difficult task which has devolved upon the present editor, of determining what pieces ought to be admitted into this edition, as constituting 'The Works of Pope,' he has endeavoured to keep in view what he conceives to be the chief duty of an editor, viz., to execute an office which the author can no longer perform for himself, in the same manner as he would have performed it if living; admitting nothing that he would himself have rejected,¹ and rejecting nothing that he would have admitted; not, however, disregarding the additional considerations suggested by the change which has taken place, so greatly for the better, in the sentiments and manners of the present times, and by which it is probable that the author himself would have been equally influenced. On the whole, he has reason to believe that the differences which would have arisen between the author and himself on this head, would have been trivial, if any; and that the great variation in this respect will appear between the two last editions of Dr Wharton and Mr Bowles, and the present." About a year afterwards Mr Roscoe published new editions of 'Lorenzo' and 'Leo X.,' in which he availed himself of the valuable notes which had been appended to those works by foreign translators.

And now he felt that his life must be drawing near to its close, and resolved, like a wise man, to engage in nothing new, but to complete those undertakings which were yet unfinished. These were, a manuscript catalogue of Mr Coke's library at Holkam,—his correspondence with Americans on the subject of penitentiaries,—and a work on the Monandrian plants, which was issued in numbers, and which had already gained for him a high botanical reputation. His labours were interrupted, toward the close of the year 1827, by an attack of paralysis,

¹ "Pope himself acted upon this principle with regard to his friend Gay. 'Our poor friend's papers are in my hands; and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him.'"—Life of Pope, p. 368.

a tendency to which had existed for a long time before. From this he gradually recovered, however, and lived to enjoy a few years more of domestic happiness, and to see his wishes as an author all fulfilled. The fifteenth and last number of the splendid work on Monandrian plants was printed in 1830, and the volume, being the closing labours of its author's powers, and treating of perhaps the most charming department of natural history, was fitly inscribed, not to any earthly friend, but to his and nature's God.

"God of the changeful year!—amidst the glow
Of strength and beauty, and transcendent grace,
Which, on the mountain heights, or deep below,
In sheltered vales, and each sequestered place
Thy forms of vegetable life assume,—
Whether thy pines, with giant arms display'd,
Brave the cold north, or wrapt in eastern gloom,
The trackless forests sweep, a world of shade;
Or whether, scapting ocean's heaving breast,
Thy odoriferous isles innumerable rise;
Or under various lighter forms imprest,
Of fruits and flowers, thy works delight our eyes;
God of all life! whate'er those forms may be,
O, may they all unite in praising Thee!"

There is nothing in the above lines to remind us, that nearly eighty years had passed over the writer's head, and that he had suffered from a disorder, which, above all others, is wont to impair the intellectual capacity.

"Mr Roscoe," says his biographer, "might now almost be said to be *ultimus suorum*. He had survived not only the companions of his youth, but most of the friends of his maturer years." Holden and Rigby, Currie and Clarke, had long since been gone. Rathbone, Parr, Aikin, Fuseli, and more lately Sir J. E. Smith, had followed them. He himself did not sit waiting long after the departure of the last-named friend. "Towards the conclusion of the month of June, 1831, he suffered from a severe attack of the prevailing influenza, from which he appeared to have partially recovered, when, on the evening of Monday the 27th of June, while listening to a letter which one of his sons was reading to him, containing an account of the progress of the Reform bill, he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of shivering, accompanied by an almost total prostration of strength. He was with difficulty conveyed to his bed, from which he never again rose. At this trying hour, that confidence in the goodness of God, and that submission to his will, which had supported him in every vicissitude of his life, did not desert him, and he resigned himself, without one murmur, to the change which he well-knew was near at hand. While yet able with difficulty to make himself understood, he said to Dr Traill,—'Some people suffer much in dying; I do not suffer.' On the morning of Wednesday he distinctly inquired from his highly valuable medical attendant, Mr Bickersteth, his opinion with regard to his situation; and on receiving his reply, he took leave of him with affectionate composure, by extending to him his hand. Soon afterwards he became unable from weakness to articulate, though he retained his senses till within an hour of his death, which took place at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning, the 30th of June. The immediate cause of his death was an effusion of water into the chest."

Sarah Siddons.

BORN A. D. 1755.—DIED A. D. 1831.

THIS unrivalled tragic actress was born at Brecon, on the 5th of July, 1755. She was the sister of that great master of the histrionic art, John Kemble. "I remember," says Mr Campbell, "having seen the parents of the great actress in their old age. They were both of them tall and comely personages. The mother had a somewhat austere stateliness of manner, but it seems to have been from her that the family inherited their genius and force of character. Her voice had much of the emphasis of her daughter's; and her portrait, which long graced Mrs Siddons's drawing-room, had an intellectual expression of the strongest power; she gave you the idea of a Roman matron. The father had all the suavity of the old school of gentlemen. Persons who cannot for a moment disjoin the idea of human dignity from that of station, will perhaps be surprised that I should speak of the dignified manners of a pair who lived by the humble vocation which I have mentioned. It is nevertheless true, that the presence and demeanour of this couple might have graced a court; and though their relationship to Mrs Siddons and John Kemble of course enhanced the interest which their venerable appearance commanded, yet I have been assured by those who knew them long before their children became illustrious, that in their humblest circumstances they always sustained an entire respectability. There are some individuals whom no circumstances can render vulgar, and Mr and Mrs Kemble were of this description. Besides, in spite of all our prejudices against the players' vocation, irreproachable personal character will always find its level in the general esteem." Mr Roger Kemble being, like his ancestors, a catholic, whilst his wife was a protestant, it was arranged that their sons should be bred in the catholic faith, and the daughters in that of their mother. They had twelve children, of whom four died young; but three sons and five daughters arrived at adult years,—and they almost all chose the profession of their parents, though Mr Campbell says, "I have no doubt that Mr and Mrs Roger Kemble were anxious to prevent their children from becoming actors, and that they sought out other means of providing for them; but they made this attempt too late, that is, after their offspring had been accustomed to theatrical joyousness. For parents who are players themselves, it is hardly possible to keep their children from following the same life. The conversations,—the readings,—the books of the family,—the learning of the parts,—the rehearsals at home,—the gaiety diffused by the getting up of comic characters before they are acted,—and the imposing dignity of tragic characters,—the company,—every thing, indeed, which the children of play-acting parents hear and see, has a tendency to make them more prone to the stage than to any other such plodding and drudging occupations as the most of them would be otherwise destined to pursue."¹

Like her brother, Sarah Kemble was led upon the boards at a very tender age; so young indeed was she, that the rustic audience, offended

¹ 'Life of Mrs Siddons. By Thomas Campbell.' London: 1834.

at her infantile appearance, began to hoot and hiss her off, when her mother led her to the front of the stage, and made her repeat the fable of the Boys and the Frogs, which she did in such a manner as appeased the critics, and insured a favourable reception for her ever after. In her eighteenth year she married Mr Siddons, an actor in her father's company; and the young couple soon after took an engagement to act at Cheltenham. "At that time," says Mr Campbell, "the honourable Miss Boyle, the only daughter of Lord Dungarvon, a most accomplished woman, and authoress of several pleasing poems, one of which, 'An Ode to the Poppy,' was published by Charlotte Smith, happened to be at Cheltenham. She had come, accompanied by her mother, and her mother's second husband, the earl of Aylesbury. One morning that she and some other fashionables went to the box-keeper's office, they were told that the tragedy to be performed that evening was 'Venice Preserved.' They all laughed heartily, and promised themselves a treat of the ludicrous, in the misrepresentation of the piece. Some one who overheard their mirth kindly reported it to Mrs Siddons. She had the part of Belvidera allotted to her, and prepared for the performance of it with no very enviable feelings. It may be doubted, indeed, whether Otway had imagined in Belvidera a personage more to be pitied than her representative now thought herself. The rabble, in 'Venice Preserved,' showed compassion for the heroine, and, when they saw her feather-bed put up to auction, 'governed their roaring throats, and grumbled: pity.' But our actress anticipated refined scorers, more pitiless than the rabble; and the prospect was certainly calculated to prepare her more for the madness than the dignity of her part. In spite of much agitation, however, she got through it. About the middle of the piece she heard some unusual and apparently suppressed noises, and therefore concluded that the fashionables were in the full enjoyment of their anticipated amusement, tittering and laughing, as she thought, with unmerciful derision. She went home after the play, grievously mortified. Next day, however, Mr Siddons met in the street with Lord Aylesbury, who inquired after Mrs Siddons's health, and expressed not only his own admiration of her last night's exquisite acting, but related its effects on the ladies of his party. They had wept, he said, so excessively, that they were unpresentable in the morning, and were confined to their rooms with headaches. Mr Siddons hastened home to gladden his fair spouse with this intelligence. Miss Boyle soon afterwards visited Mrs Siddons at her lodgings, took the deepest interest in her fortunes, and continued her ardent friend till her death. She married Lord O'Neil, of Shane's castle, in Ireland. It is no wonder that Mrs Siddons dwells with tenderness in her Memoranda on the name of this earliest encourager of her genius. Miss Boyle was a beauty of the first order, and gifted with a similar mind, as her poetry, and her patronage of the hitherto unnoticed actress, evince; though patronage is too cold a word for the friendship which she bestowed on so interesting an object. Though the powers of the latter were by her own confession still crude, yet her noble young friend consoled and cheered her; and, with the prophetic eye of taste, foresaw her glory. Miss Boyle took upon her the direction of her wardrobe, enriched it from her own, and made many of her dresses with her own hands."

A rumour of the newly discovered genius having reached Garrick,

Mrs Siddons was soon honoured with an invitation to London, though still "upon very low terms." Her feelings on this occasion, and the situation in which she found herself after her arrival in London, are affectingly described in her 'Autograph Recollections': "Happy," she says, "to be placed where I presumptuously augured that I should do all that I have since achieved, if I could but once gain the opportunity, I instantly paid my respects to the great man. I was, at that time, good-looking; and certainly, all things considered, an actress well worth my poor five pounds a-week. His praises were most liberally conferred upon me; but his attentions, great and unremitting as they were, ended in worse than nothing.—How was all this admiration to be accounted for, consistently with his subsequent conduct? Why, thus, I believe:—He was retiring from the management of Drury-lane, and, I suppose, at that time, wished to wash his hands of all its concerns and details. I, moreover, had served what I believe was his chief object in the exaltation of poor me,—and that was, the mortification and irritation of Mrs Yates and Miss Younge, whose consequence and troublesome airs, were, it must be confessed, enough to try his patience. As he had now almost withdrawn from it, the interests of the theatre, grew, I suppose, rather indifferent to him. However that may have been, he always objected to my appearance in any very prominent character; telling me that the forenamed ladies would poison me, if I did. I, of course, thought him, not only an oracle, but my friend; and in consequence of his advice, Portia, in the Merchant of Venice, was fixed for my *débüt*; a character in which it was not likely that I should excite any great sensation. I was, therefore, merely tolerated.¹ The fulsome adulation that courted Garrick, in the theatre, cannot be imagined; and whosoever was the lackless wight who should be honoured by his distinguished and envied smile, of course became an object of spite and malevolence. Little did I imagine that I myself was now that wretched victim. He would sometimes hand me from my own seat, in the green room, to place me next to his own. He also selected me to personate Venus, at the revival of The Jubilee. This gained me the malicious appellation of Garrick's Venus; and the ladies, who so kindly bestowed it on me, rushed before me in the last scene, so that if he (Mr Garrick) had not brought us forward with him with his own hands, my little Cupid and myself, whose appointed situations were in the very front of the stage, might as well have been in the island of Paphos at that moment. Mr Garrick would also flatter me, by sending me into one of his own boxes, when he acted any of his great characters. In short, his attentions were enough to turn an older and wiser

¹ The following is the critique of some scribbler of that day on Mrs Siddons's Portia:—"On before us tottered rather than walked, a very pretty, delicate, fragile-looking creature, dressed in a most unbecoming manner, in a faded salmon-coloured sack and coat, and uncertain whereabouts to fix either her eyes or her feet. She spoke in a broken tremulous tone; and at the close of a sentence her words generally lapsed into a horrid whisper that was absolutely inaudible! After her first exit, the buzzing comment went round the pit generally. 'She certainly is very pretty; but, then, how awkward! and what a shocking dresser!' Towards the famous trial scene she became more collected, and delivered the great speech to Shylock with the most critical propriety, but still with a faintness of utterance which seemed the result rather of internal physical weakness than of a deficiency of spirit or feeling. Altogether the impression made upon the audience by this first effort was of the most negative nature."

head. He promised Mr Siddons to procure me a good engagement with the new managers, and desired him to give himself no trouble about the matter, but to put my cause entirely into his hands. He let me down, however, after all these protestations, in the most humiliating manner; and instead of doing me common justice with those gentlemen, rather depreciated my talents. This, Mr Sheridan afterwards told me; and said, that when Mrs Abington heard of my impending dismissal, she told them they were all acting like fools. When the London season was over, I made an engagement at Birmingham for the ensuing summer, little doubting of my return to Drury-lane, for the next winter; but whilst I was fulfilling my engagement at Birmingham, to my utter dismay and astonishment, I received an official letter from the prompter of Drury-lane, acquainting me that my services would no longer be required. It was a stunning cruel blow, overwhelming all my ambitious hopes, and involving peril, even to the subsistence of my helpless babes. It was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects, indeed, induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health; and for a year and a-half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline. For the sake of my poor children, however, I roused myself to shake off this despondency, and my endeavours were blessed with success, in spite of the degradation I had suffered in being banished from Drury-lane, as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune."

After her failure—for so it may be called—in *Portia*, she played in Mrs Cowley's comedy of '*The Runaway*,' and in a farce by Vaughan, called '*Love's Metamorphoses*.' At length Garrick trusted her with the part of Mrs Strickland, in the '*Suspicious Husband*,' himself performing *Ranger*; this character she repeated, and with such success, that her name, in large type, now appeared in the play-bills. Still, however, she did not draw; and though she added to her other performances that of *Queen Anne* in '*Richard the Third*,' with tolerable success, Garrick did not engage her for the ensuing season. According to Mr Boaden, Mrs Siddons was aware of her failure; not, as she observed, because she had not a proper conception of the parts assigned to her; but from timidity, and a want of artificial tact in the expression of her feelings. Mr Campbell, on this subject, says, "altogether, though this first failure of the greatest of actresses evinces nothing like positive or acute discernment in the public taste, and though the criticism which I have quoted was most heartlessly uncandid, yet I am not prepared to blame her audiences implicitly for wilful blindness to her merit. On her own confession she was infirm in her health, and fearfully nervous. It is true she was the identical Mrs Siddons who, a year afterwards, electrified the provincial theatres, and who, in 1782, eclipsed all rivalry whatsoever; but it does not follow that she was the identical actress. Her case adds but one to the many instances in the history of great actors and orators, of timidity obscuring the brightest powers at their outset, like chilling vapours awhile retarding the beauty of a day in spring. But the day of her fame, when it rose, well repaid her for the lateness of its rising, and its splendour more than atoned for its morning shade; indeed, it renders her history more interesting by the contrast."

From London, Mrs Siddons proceeded to Birmingham, where she acted in the summer of 1776, with Henderson, who declared she was

"an actress who never had an equal, nor would ever have a superior." In 1777 she was the heroine of the Manchester stage. She subsequently played at York; where, to use the words of Tate Wilkinson, "all lifted up their eyes with astonishment, that such a voice, such a judgment, and such acting, should have been neglected by a London audience, and by the first actor in the world."

Her next engagement was at Bath. "There," she says in her Memoranda, "my talents and industry were encouraged by the greatest indulgence, and I may say, with some admiration. Tragedies, which had been almost banished, again resumed their proper interest; but still I had the mortification of being obliged to personate many subordinate characters in comedy; the first being, by contract, in the possession of another lady. To this I was obliged to submit, or to forfeit a part of my salary, which was only three pounds a-week. Tragedies were now becoming more and more fashionable. This was favourable to my cast of powers; and whilst I laboured hard, I began to earn a distinct and flattering reputation. Hard labour, indeed, it was; for, after the rehearsal at Bath, and on a Monday morning, I had to go and act at Bristol on the evening of the same day; and reaching Bath again, after a drive of twelve miles, I was obliged to represent some fatiguing part there on the Tuesday evening. Meantime I was gaining private friends, as well as public favour; and my industry and perseverance were indefatigable. When I recollect all this labour of mind and body, I wonder that I had strength and courage to support it, interrupted as I was by the cares of a mother, and by the childish sports of my little ones, who were often most unwillingly hushed to silence, for interrupting their mother's studies."

In the summer of 1782, she received a second invitation to Drury-lane. The recollection of her former reception rendered her fearful of accepting it; and, but for the sake of her children, she would, probably, have remained at Bath, to which city she had become much attached. Her farewell address on this occasion is too characteristic both of the actress and the woman, to be omitted even in this brief notice of her life. It was written as well as spoken by herself:—

"Have I not raised some expectation here?
Wrote by herself?—What! authoress and player?
True, we have heard her,—thus I guess'd you'd say,
With decency recite another's lay;
But never heard, nor ever could we dream,
Herself had sipp'd the Heliconian stream.
Perhaps you farther said—excuse me, pray,
For thus supposing all that you might say—
What will she treat of in this same address?
Is it to show her learning?—Can you guess?
Here let me answer—No: far different views
Possessed my soul, and fired my virgin muse;
'Twas honest gratitude, at whose request
Shamed be the heart that will not do its best.
The time draws nigh, when I must bid adieu
To this delightful spot—nay, even to you.—
To you whose fost'ring kindness reared my name,
O'erlooked my faults, but magnified my fame.
How shall I bear the parting? well I know
Anticipation here is daily wo.
Oh! could kind Fortune, where I next am thrown,
Bestow but half the candour you have shown,

Envy, o'ercome, will hurl her pointless dart,
 And critic gall be shed without its smart;
 The numerous doubts and fears I entertain,
 Be idle all—as all possess'd in vain—
 But to my promise. If I thus am bless'd,
 In friendship link'd, beyond my worth caress'd—
 Why don't I here, you'll say, content remain?
 Nor seek uncertainties for certain gain?
 What can compensate for the risks you run?
 And what your reasons? Surely, you have none.
 To argue here would but your time abuse:
 I keep my word—my reasons I produce,—

[Here were discovered her three children.]

These are the moles that bear me from your side,
 Where I was rooted—where I could have died.
 Stand forth, ye elves, and plead your mother's cause,
 Ye little magnets, whose soft influence draw
 Me from a point where every gentle breeze
 Wafted my bark to happiness and ease,—
 Sends me, adventurous, on a larger main,
 In hopes that you may profit by my gain.
 Have I been hasty,—am I, then, to blame?
 Answer all ye who own a parent's name.
 Thus have I tired you with an untaught muse,
 Who for your favour still most humbly sues;
 That you, for classic learning, will receive
 My soul's best wishes, which I freely give—
 For polished periods, sound, and touched with art,—
 The fervent offering of my grateful heart."

It was on the 10th of October, 1782, that Mrs Siddons made her second appearance on the boards of Drury-lane, in the character of Isabella in Southerne's tragedy. She was in her twenty-eighth year, and in the vigour of her physical powers, and the maturity of her personal beauty; but she had now to struggle with the most oppressive fears of a second failure before a London audience: "For a whole fortnight," she says, "before this to me memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can be imagined. No wonder! for my own fate, and that of my little family, hung upon it. I had quitted Bath, where all my efforts had been successful, and I feared lest a second failure in London might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from Drury-lane, disgraced as I formerly had been. In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of 'Isabella.' Who can imagine my terror? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper; but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house, by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circumstance. The countenances, no less than tears and flattering encouragements of my companions, emboldened me more and more; and the second rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. Mr King, who was then manager, was loud in his applauses. This second rehearsal took place on the 8th of October, 1782, and on the evening of that day I was seized with a nervous hoarseness, which made me extremely wretched; for I dreaded being obliged to defer my appearance on the 10th, longing, as I most earnestly did, at least to know the worst. I went to bed, therefore, in a state of dreadful suspense. Awaking the

next morning, however, though cut of restless, unrefreshing sleep, I found, upon speaking to my husband, that my voice was very much clearer. This, of course, was a great comfort to me; and, moreover, the sun, which had been completely obscured for many days, shone brightly through my curtains. I hailed it, though tearfully, yet thankfully, as a happy omen; and even now I am not ashamed of this—as it may perhaps be called—childish superstition. On the morning of the 10th, my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored; and again ‘the blessed sun shone brightly on me.’ On this eventful day my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly. At length I was called to my fiery trial. I found my venerable father behind the scenes, little less agitated than myself. The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around, may perhaps be imagined, but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten. Of the general effect of this night’s performance I need not speak: it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself, sat down to a frugal neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour’s retrospection,—who can conceive the intensity of that reverie?—fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body. I should be afraid to say,” she continues, “how many times ‘Isabella’ was repeated successively, with still increasing favour. I was now highly gratified by a removal from my very indifferent and inconvenient dressing-room to one on the stage-floor, instead of climbing a long staircase; and this room—oh, unexpected happiness!—had been Garrick’s dressing-room. It is impossible to conceive my gratification, when I saw my own figure in the self-same glass which had so often reflected the face and form of that unequalled genius: not perhaps without some vague fanciful hope of a little degree of inspiration from it. About this time I was honoured by the whole body of the law with a present of a purse of one hundred guineas.”

Her next characters were, Euphrasia in the ‘Grecian Daughter,’ Jane Shore, Calista, Belvidera, and Zara. To these she afterwards added, Lady Macbeth, Constance, and Katharine of Arragon, her *chef-d’œuvre*. “I cannot now remember,” she says, “the regular succession of my various characters during this my first season, 1782-3. I think Belvidera came soon after Isabella, who almost precluded the appearance of all others for a very long time; but I well remember my fears and

ready tears on each subsequent effort, lest I should fall from my high exaltation. The crowds collected about my carriage, at my outgoings and incomings, and the gratifying and sometimes comical remarks I heard on those occasions, were extremely diverting. The royal family very frequently honoured me with their presence. The king was often moved to tears, and the queen at one time told me, in her gracious manner and broken English, that her only refuge was actually turning her back upon the stage, at the same time protesting that my acting was 'indeed too disagreeable.' In short, all went on most prosperously; and, to complete my triumph, I had the honour to receive the commands of their majesties to go and read to them, which I frequently did, both at Buckingham-house and at Windsor. Their majesties were the most gratifying of auditors, because the most unremittingly attentive. The king was a most judicious and tasteful critic both in acting and dramatic composition. He told me he had endeavoured, vainly, to detect me in a false emphasis, and very humorously repeated many of Mr Smith's, who was then a principal actor. He graciously recommended the propriety of my action, particularly my total repose in certain situations. This, he said, is a quality in which Garrick failed. 'He never could stand still,—he was a great fidget.' I do not exactly remember the time," she continues, "that I was favoured with an invitation from Dr Johnson, but I think it was during the first year of my celebrity. The doctor was then a wretched invalid, and had requested my friend, Mr Windham, to persuade me to favour him by drinking tea with him, in Bolt-court. * * * * The doctor spoke highly of Garrick's various powers of acting. When Mr Windham and myself were discussing some point respecting Garrick, he said, 'Madam, do not trouble yourself to convince Windham; he is the very bull-dog of argument, and will never lose his hold.' Dr Johnson's favourite female character in Shakspeare was Katharine, in 'Henry VIII.' He was most desirous of seeing me in that play, but said, 'I am too deaf and too blind to see or hear at a greater distance than the stage-box, and have little taste for making myself a public gaze in so distinguished a situation.' I assured him that nothing would gratify me so much as to have him for an auditor, and that I could procure for him an easy chair at the stage door, where he would both see and hear, and be perfectly concealed. He appeared greatly pleased with this arrangement, but, unhappily for me, he did not live to fulfil our mutual wishes. Some weeks before he died I made him some morning visits. He was extremely, though formally polite; always apologized for being unable to attend me to my carriage; conducted me to the head of the stairs, kissed my hand, and bowing, said, 'dear Madam, I am your most humble servant;' and these were always repeated without the smallest variation. I was, as I have confessed, an ambitious candidate for fame, and my professional avocations alone, independently of domestic arrangements, were of course incompatible with habitual observance of parties and concerts, &c. I therefore often declined the honour of such invitations. As much of time as could now be stolen from imperative affairs was employed in sitting for various pictures. I had frequently the honour of dining with Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Leicester-square. At his house were assembled all the good, the wise, the talented, the rank and fashion of the age. About this time he produced his picture of me

in the character of the Tragic Muse. In justice to his genius, I cannot but remark his instantaneous decision of the attitude and expression of the picture. It was, in fact, decided within the twinkling of an eye. When I attended him, for the first sitting, after more gratifying encomiums than I can now repeat, he took me by the hand, saying, 'Ascend your undisputed throne, and graciously bestow upon me some good idea of the Tragic Muse.' I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears. This idea satisfied him so well, that without one moment's hesitation he determined not to alter it. When I attended him, for the last sitting, he seemed to be afraid of touching the picture; and, after pausingly contemplating his work, he said, 'no, I will merely add a little more colour to the face.' I then begged him to pardon my presumption in hoping that he would not heighten that tone of complexion so deeply accordant with the chilly and concentrated musings of pale melancholy. He most graciously complied with my petition; and, some time afterwards, when he invited me to go and see the picture finished, and in the frame, he did me the honour to thank me for persuading him to pause from heightening the colour, being now perfectly convinced that it would have impaired the effect; adding, that he had been inexpressibly gratified by observing many persons strongly affected in contemplating this favourite effort of his pencil. I was delighted when he assured me that he was certain that the colours would remain unfaded as long as the canvass would keep them together, which, unhappily, has not been the case with all his works: he gallantly added, with his own benevolent smile, 'and, to confirm my opinion, here is my name; for I have resolved to go down to posterity on the hem of your garment.' Accordingly, it appears upon the border of the drapery. Here ended our interview; and, shortly afterwards, his precious life. Her gracious majesty very soon procured my dear little boy admittance to the charterhouse; and the king, who had been told that I used white paint, —which I always detest,—sent me, by my friend Sir Charles Hotham, a condescending message, to warn me against its pernicious effects. I cannot imagine how I could be suspected of this disgusting practice. Sir Joshua often honoured me by his presence at the theatre. He approved very much of my costumes, and my hair without powder, which at that time was used in great profusion, with a reddish-brown tint, and a great quantity of pomatum, which, well kneaded together, modelled the fair ladies' tresses into large curls like demi-cannon. My locks were generally braided into a small compass, so as to ascertain the size and shape of my head, which, to a painter's eye, was of course an agreeable departure from the mode. My short waist, too, was to him a pleasing contrast to the long stiff stays and hoop petticoats, which were then the fashion, even on the stage, and it obtained his unqualified approbation. He always sat in the orchestra; and in that place were to be seen, O glorious constellation! Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham: and, though last, not least, the illustrious Fox, of whom it was frequently said, that iron tears were drawn down Pluto's gloomy cheeks. And these great men would often visit my dressing-room, after the play, to make their bows, and honour me with their applauses. I must repeat, O glorious days! Neither did his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales withhold this testimony of his approbation."

About 1798, matrimonial differences ended in a separation from Mr Siddons. He had felt himself, Mr Boaden informs us, thrown into the shade by the brilliancy of his wife's career; and this conviction, added to the failure of almost all his pecuniary speculations, produced in him a mortified spirit and temper, which called forth some expressions of irritation from his wife, and terminated in the way we have stated. It is said, however, that she always entertained a high regard for her husband, and left him an annuity at her death. Nor was her theatrical glory without its alloy; although the calumnies which were propagated by a cabal formed against her, in 1784 and 1802, were all equally unfounded. "Against her character as a wife and mother," says Mr Campbell, "scandal itself could not whisper a surmise; and it was equally hopeless to impugn her genius as an actress. But they spread abroad that she was avaricious, uncharitable, and slow to lend her professional aid to unfortunate fellow-players. Two specific charges alone of this kind could be alleged, and they were both met and refuted by the clearest demonstration." But what signifies 'clearest demonstration' to the mean or malignant lovers of lies! "I had left London," says Mrs Siddons, "the object of universal approbation; but on my return only a few weeks afterwards, I was received on my first night's appearance with universal opprobrium, accused of hardness of heart, and total insensibility to every thing and everybody except my own interest! Amidst this afflicting clamour I made several attempts to be heard, when at length a gentleman stood forth in the middle of the front of the pit, impelled by benevolent and gentlemanly feeling, who, as I advanced to make my last attempt at being heard, accosted me in these words: 'For heaven's sake, madam, do not degrade yourself by an apology, for there is nothing necessary to be said.' I shall always look back with gratitude to this gallant man's solitary advocacy of my cause: like 'Abdiel, faithful found; among the faithless, faithful only he.' His admonition was followed by reiterated clamour, when my dear brother appeared, and carried me away from this scene of insult. The instant I quitted it, I fainted in his arms; and, on my recovery, I was thankful that my persecutors had not had the gratification of beholding this weakness. After I was tolerably restored to myself, I was induced, by the persuasions of my husband, my brother, and Mr Sheridan, to present myself again before that audience by whom I had been so savagely treated, and before whom, but in consideration of my children, I would have never appeared again. The play was the 'Gamester,' which commences with a scene between Beverley and Charlotte. Great and pleasant was my astonishment to find myself, on the second rising of the curtain, received with a silence so profound that I was absolutely awe-struck, and never yet have I been able to account for this surprising contrast; for I really think that the falling of a pin might have been then heard upon the stage." On Mrs Siddons's second entrance, this night, she addressed the audience in these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, the kind and flattering partiality which I have uniformly experienced in this place, would make the present interruption distressing to me indeed, were I, in the slightest degree, conscious of having deserved your censure. I feel no such consciousness. The stories which have been circulated against me are calumnies: when they shall be proved to be true, my aspersors will be justified. But, till then, my respect

for the public leads me to be confident, that I shall be protected from unmerited insult. The accusations which had been brought against me," she continues, "were pride, insolence, and savage insensibility to the distresses of my theatrical associates; and, as I have observed already, even the winds and waves combined to overwhelm me with obloquy; for many days elapsed before I could possibly receive from Dublin those letters which, when they did arrive, and were published, carried conviction to the public mind. The most cruel of these aspersions accused me of having inhumanly refused, at first, to act for the benefit of poor Mr Digges, and of having at last agreed to do so upon terms so exorbitant as had never before been heard of. A letter from himself, however, full of grateful acknowledgments, sufficed to clear me from the charge, by testifying that, so far from having deserved it, I had myself arranged the affair with the manager, and had acted Belvidera under the most annoying and difficult circumstances. Here ended my disgrace and persecution; and from that time forth the generous public, during the remainder of the season, received my *entrée* each succeeding night with shouts, huzzas, and waving of handkerchiefs, which, however gratifying as testimonials of their changed opinion, were not sufficient to obliterate from my memory the tortures I had endured from their injustice, and the consciousness of a humiliating vocation." "I believe that," Mr Campbell observes, "in spite of preponderating applause, her *entrée*, for several evenings afterwards, was met with attempts to insult her. She made her reverence, and went on steadily with her part: but her manner was for a time perceptibly damped; and she declared to one of her friends, that, for many a day after this insult, all her professional joy and ambition drooped in her mind, and she sickened at the thought of being an actress."

She was only induced to remain for the purpose of assisting her brother, John, who had taken Covent Garden. She continued on the boards—with the exception of two years' absence, in consequence of illness—till the year 1812; when the play-bills, of the 29th of June, announced, that she would take leave of the public in the character of Lady Macbeth. During her performance, the applause was tremendous, and almost unceasing; and the moment the night-scene was over, the audience rose, *en masse*, and demanded that the play should close. Mrs Siddons then came forward, and took her leave in a poetical address, written by Mr Horace Twiss (who had married her sister,) and concluding thus:—

"Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,
May think on her, whose lips have poured so long
The charmed sorrows of your Shakspeare's song.
Of her, who parting, to return no more,
Is now the mourner she but seemed before:
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell;
And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last farewell."

She appeared four times afterwards on the stage; once, for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund; twice, for that of her brother Charles; and, finally, for the gratification of the Princess Charlotte, in the character of Lady Macbeth; but, unfortunately, sudden illness prevented the princess from witnessing her performance.

Mrs Siddons, undoubtedly, possessed the highest order of poetical conception for the purposes of stage-delivery; yet, like her brother, not a little of the impression she produced was owing to her great physical powers, and the commanding dignity of her person. In her most violent scenes, the majesty of her mien was pre-eminent; and even when prostrate on the stage, she still lay graceful and sublime. As Madame de Stael says of her, in *Corrine*: “L’actrice la plus noble dans ses manières, Madame Siddons, ne perd rien de sa dignité quand elle se prosterne contre terre.” Of her *Lady Macbeth*, which all critics now allow to be her *chef d’œuvre*, Lord Byron said: “It was something above nature. It seemed almost as if a being of a superior order had dropped from a higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated on her brow; passion emanated from her breast, as from a shrine. In coming on in the sleeping scene, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut; she was like a person bewildered: her lips moved involuntarily; all her gestures seemed mechanical,—she glided on and off the stage like an apparition. To have seen her in that character, was an event in every one’s life never to be forgotten.” “It was impossible for those who beheld Mrs Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*,” says an able critic, “to imagine the embodied in any other shape. That tall, commanding, and majestic figure,—that face so sternly beautiful, with its firm lips and large dark eyes,—that brow capacious of a wild world of thought, overshadowed by a still gloom of coal-black hair,—that low, clear, measured, deep voice, audible in whispers,—so portentously expressive of strength of will, and a will to evil,—the stately tread of those feet,—the motion of those arms and hands, seeming moulded for empyr,—all these distinguished the Thane’s wife from other women, to our senses, our soul, and our imagination, as if nature had made Siddons for Shakspeare’s sake, that she might impersonate to the height his sublimest and most dreadful creation. Charles Lamb may smile—and his smile is ever pleasant—but we are neither afraid nor ashamed to say that we never read the tragedy,—and we have read it a thousand and one nights,—without seeing and hearing *that* *Lady Macbeth*,—our study becoming the stage,—and ‘out, damned spot’ a shuddering sigh, terrifying us in the imagined presence of a breathless crowd of sympathizing spirits. That sleep-walker in the power of her guilt, would not suffer us to be alone in our closet. Noiseless her gliding steps, and all alone by herself in her haunted unrest, we saw her wringing her hands before a gazing multitude,—their eyes how unlike to hers! and we drew dread from the quaking all around us, not unmingled with a sense of the magnificent, breathed from the passion that held the great assemblage mute and motionless,—yet not quite,—that sea of heads all lulled,—but the lull darkened as by the shadow of a cloud surcharged with thunder.”

George Crabbe.

BORN A. D. 1754.—DIED A. D. 1832.

GEORGE CRABBE was born in 1754, of humble but reputable parents, at the small sea-faring town of Aldborough, on the coast

of Suffolk, amidst the rugged and desolate scenes so vividly described in his poem of 'The Village.' In his early youth were seen the germs of the future. While his brothers were venturing on the ocean, the scene of their future livelihood, the more quiet and gentle George might be seen withdrawn from the rest, devouring such specimens of literature as strayed to the humble shed of the fisherman. Among these, the poetical corner of a philosophical magazine became an especial object of his emulation. This, in a boy of ten, was an early predilection for the Muse; but genius will find its peculiar aliment, and to the credit of our poet's father, he appreciated the talents of the son, and devoted him to the calling of a surgeon. It was during the apprenticeship to this profession, while in his twentieth year, that he first appeared in print. He published, at Ipswich, a short poem, entitled 'Inebriety,' which in its strictures on "the deacon sly," the "easy chaplain," and the "reverend wig," at the banquet of the lord, contrasts curiously with the after-days of Crabbe, when he himself became chaplain to the duke of Rutland, and feasted at his table. Its success was inconsiderable, and the poet turned more sedulously to his professional studies. In these, probably from a deficiency in preparation,—the opportunity for which his father's circumstances did not permit,—but ultimately from a want of the necessary manual tact, Crabbe was never very successful. He felt the reproach, but conscious of his merits in a superior walk, resolved to venture the future upon a struggle, the uncertainty of which, with all his discouragements, he had not fully appreciated. He determined to seek his fortune as a literary man in the metropolis.

With fresh youthful hopes, the fond wishes of a gentle and faithful heart—the Myra of his early love, destined to become in happier times his wife—and a small sum of money, barely three pounds, Crabbe set out for London, the grave of so many cherished expectations and imaginary successes. Unconsciously to himself, for the event had not reached him at Aldborough, he was entering upon a similar career to that in which Chatterton had so lately fallen a victim. This he soon learned, and a disheartening prospect lay before him. Nothing daunted, however, he prepared a small collection of poems, and offered them for publication. They were courteously refused by the publisher. He made another attempt, which met with the like ill success. In the meantime, he had tried an anonymous publication, 'The Candidate,' addressed to the authors of the 'Monthly Review,' which had been partially successful, and was likely to afford him "something," when the failure of the publisher extinguished this bright hope. His funds were exhausted, and the scanty relief obtained by parting with the few articles of value he possessed, every day grew less. He had exerted himself nobly, but had not succeeded. With the prospect of starvation before him, he addressed a letter to Lord North, and after a cold delay, his request for employment was denied. Application to Lord Shelburne and the chancellor Thurlow, met a similar fate. A journal that he wrote during this period has been preserved, and its simple record of his hopes and disappointments, ever sustained by firm religious confidence, attaches the reader insensibly to the author. Crabbe made one more attempt, and as he afterwards expressed himself, "he fixed, impelled by some propitious influence, in some happy moment

upon Edmund Burke, one of the first of Englishmen, and, in the capacity and energy of his mind, one of the greatest of human beings." The letter he addressed to that eminent statesman was not to be mistaken: the air it bore of sincerity, tempered by melancholy resignation, could not be counterfeit. An early interview was appointed by Burke, and from that instant the difficulties of the poet was past. But this is a theme on which his son must speak. The following is an honourable expression of his enthusiasm, in 'The Life':—"He went into Mr Burke's room, a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent, and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone and all but his last hope with it: he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that, by successive steps, afterwards fell to his lot,—his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned,—his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power,—that of a giant in intellect, who was, in feeling, an unsophisticated child,—a bright example of the close affinity between superlative talents and the warmth of the generous affections. Mr Crabbe had afterwards many other friends, kind, liberal, and powerful, who assisted him in his professional career; but it was one hand alone that rescued him when he was sinking."

The friendship of Burke to our poet was every thing. He shortly became established in the family circle of Beaconsfield, and was frequently the companion of the statesman in his private walks. One of the first fruits of this intercourse was a severer criticism than the poet had been accustomed to of his different manuscripts. Of these there must have been a various stock. He mentions in the *Journal*, a poem of three hundred and fifty lines, with the fanciful title of 'An Epistle from the Devil;' then there were 'Poetical Epistles, with a proface by the learned Martinus Scriblerus;' 'The Hero, an Epistle to Prince William Henry,' and a prose treatise, being 'A plan for the Examination of our Moral and Religious Opinions, with two dramas.' These were at once rejected, and the poet's powers fastened on 'The Library,' and 'The Village,' works which, on their publication, at once elevated him in the literary world.

The disposition of Crabbe had always been religious. Nothing less, indeed, than this powerful principle, could have sustained him through the difficulties of his early life. His private journal breathes the most devotional spirit. It was with no improper feelings then, that he professed to Burke an attachment for the ministry, and through his influence was admitted to orders. From this period the events of Crabbe's life may be briefly comprised: through the continued kindness of his patron, he became chaplain to the duke of Rutland, when he published 'The Village.' 'The Newspaper' appeared in 1785, and twenty-two years afterwards, 'The Parish Register,' 'The Borough,' 'Tales in Verse,' and 'Tales of the Hall,' with a volume of posthumous poems, complete the list of his works. For the copy-right of the 'Tales of the Hall,' in 1819, he received from Murray the liberal sum of three thousand pounds. The intervals of these various publications were mostly spent in the quiet of domestic life, in the discharge of his clerical duties, and in the labour of the pen. During the latter part of his life Crabbe made occasional journeys to London, where he was always received in

the first walks of society. He also paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, with whom he had long held correspondence at Edinburgh. The personal anecdotes of his life, if not extraordinary, are always pleasing. He was a fluent writer, and found occasion, at times, to submit his productions to what he calls a "grand incremation," which was not huddled over in a chimney, but regularly consummated in the open air, his children officiating with great glee at the bonfire. He would be seized with the poetic inspiration, especially during a snow storm; on one such occasion he composed the very powerful tale of 'Sir Eustace Grey.' At one time he was taken with a desire to see the ocean again, and "mounting his horse rode alone to the coast of Lincolnshire, sixty miles from his house, dipped in the waves that washed the beach of Aldborough, and returned to Strathern." He had the gentlest disposition, and, as in the case of Cowper, a striking fondness for the society of intelligent females, affords evidence of the purity and simplicity of his character. The correspondence with Mary Leadbeater, in which he so naturally assumes the demure phrase and conversation of Quakerism, does him honour for its artless sincerity. His devotion to the study of botany—evidences of which are scattered through his poems—was also the mark of a simple mind. A naturalist is, with rare exceptions, a good man. Crabbe was always a friend to fiction, and what may excite surprise, not confined to the more classic, he devoured eagerly, his package from London, of all the productions of the season. He found something in the poorest: a great writer is not always the severest critic. He was eminently the man of private life,—the kind father, the constant friend; and ever ready to the call of the poor, he was loved by all. It was a melancholy day at his village of Trowbridge, when in 1832 Crabbe, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, died, full of years and honour.

This slight sketch of the life of Crabbe has been given for its illustration of the spirit of his poetry. The gentler traits of his poetical characters were always drawn from himself. As we are naturally led, in reading the plays of Shakspeare, to distinguish the more human emotions of common life rather than the high bursts of passion, and weave them into the history of the dramatist, so the disposition of Crabbe may be truly gathered from his verse. There is a popular idea that our author deals only in the severer traits of nature; that he is ever groping in poor-houses and dungeons, among the vicious and unfortunate; that his pages abound with harshness and gloom; that he pictures only the *penseroso* of life in its most repulsive aspect—This is not the character of the great poet of actual life. He has been more just to nature. In his moral anatomy of society, he has laid bare many errors and misfortunes of the species. He has painted life as it came before him, and never violated truth for sickly sentiment. He has drawn a portion of society—the village poor—as they truly exist. But he has found too "the soul of goodness in things evil."—The tares and wheat of this world spring up together, and in whatever rank of men there must be much good. No one observes this truth more than our poet; and in his darkest pictures we have gleams of the kindest virtues. The severity of Crabbe's muse consists in a faithful portraiture of nature. If man is not always happy, it is not the poet's fault. There is too much of sober reality in life to make the picture other

than it is. This Crabbe knows, for he writes of scenes under his own observation. He lived amidst the people he describes, felt their little occasional joys, and saddened over their many misfortunes. But in the gloomiest character he never "oversteps the modesty of nature." He does not accumulate horrors for effect. He has no extravagant and unnatural heroes pouring forth their morbid sentiment in his pages. There is no sickly affectation, but a pure and healthy portrait of life,—of life it may be in its unhappiest, but in its least artificial development, where society has done little to alter its rough uneducated tones, where the actual feelings and passions of man may be traced at every footstep.

In our analysis of the poetry of Crabbe, we would first notice his originality. He struck out for himself a new walk in literature. Other poets had dwelt in fiction, and spoken the language of imagination. They had reviewed the relations of society, and mastered life in its general aspect. From their retirement they had watched the characters of men and moralized over their foibles. Their round of observation had at length grown familiar, and in fact seemed destined for ever to copy the same features, and repeat the same sentiments. If they at times extended their view from the court and town, to the scenes of the country, it was to clothe the inhabitants in the imaginary simplicity of shepherds and shepherdesses as innocent and simple, and quite as characterless as their flocks. The conventional qualities of Damons, Strephons, and Chloes, had been stereotyped in verse, till the reader was wearied with the repetition. Crabbe was the first to break this chain of studied refinements. He turned the waters of poetry from the worn-out ground of letters to the fresh and uncultivated soil. Long before the lake school appeared, he had taught the world poetry might descend to the philosophy of common life, might enter into the sympathies and hopes of man, might be familiar with his most ordinary emotions without losing the least of its lofty energy. He was the first poet of the poor. He first carried the light of poetry into the rude cabin of the villager, and recorded the humble history of poverty. No other author, ancient or modern, can supply the peculiar place of Crabbe. He stands distinct from every other class of writers.

A chief element of the interest of our author lies in the spirit of humanity breathed through his verse.—In the fine phrase of Shakspeare "all his senses have but human conditions." He loves man purely as man. He suffers no prejudice to divert his philanthropy. He has the true feeling of sympathy for life. We constantly meet with traits of unmingled charity in his writings. He recognises the humblest joys and sorrows of existence. With such passages as the following, we wonder that he could ever be thought only stern and forbidding. It is highly characteristic of his kindly feeling for all that conduces to virtuous happiness, however lowly. He is describing a village scene in 'The Parish Register':

"Here on a Sunday eve, when service ends,
Meet and rejoice a family of friends;
All speak aloud, are happy and are free,
And glad they seem, and gaily they agree.

What, though fastidious ears may shun the speech,
Where all are talkers, and where none can teach—
Where still the welcome and the words are old,
And the same stories are for ever told:

Yet there is joy, that bursting from the heart,
Prompts the glad tongue these nothings to impart;
That forms these tones of gladness we despise,
That lifts their steps, that sparkles in their eyes;
That talks or laughs or runs or shouts or plays,
And speaks in all their looks and all their ways."

Let no one complain of Crabbe's severity and gloom. With the first power as a moral poet, his nature is never satiric. We may believe him when in one of his occasional pieces he says :

" I love not the satiric Muse :
No man on earth would I abuse ;
Nor with empoison'd verses grieve
The most offending son of Eve."—

Crabbe's forte is description. He excels in drawing the *minutiæ* of a picture. He does not depend for success on a few great outlines, but on repeated touches. He particularizes every feature till we have the whole scene vividly before us. He brings the subject fully out upon the canvass. Every circumstance tells.—As in the paintings of Wilkie, nothing is neglected. The sketch of the parish poor-house in 'The Village,' is a well-known example. As a more incidental instance of this power of picturesque illustration, there is a brief narrative of a baptism which occurs in 'The Parish Register :

" Her boy was born,—no lads nor lasses came
To grace the rite or give the child a name ;
No grave conceited nurse, of office proud,
Bore the young Christian roaring through the crowd :
In a small chamber was my office done,
Where blinks through paper'd panes the setting sun ;
Where noisy sparrows, perch'd on penthouse near,
Chirp timeless joy and mock the frequent tear ;
Bats on their webby wings in darkness move,
And feebly shriek their melancholy love."

The latter portion of this passage is in the spirit of Gray, and we are closely reminded of a line in the *Elegy*, where is described so vividly,

" The swallow twittering on the straw-built shed ;"

but Crabbe has connected the inanimate picture with living nature by the contrast in his verse.

It is time that we should approach one of the higher qualities of our poet. He is a powerful master of pathos. Gifford, alluding to a portion of 'The Borough,' remarks, " Longinus somewhere mentions, that it was a question among the critics of his age, whether the sublime could be produced by tenderness. If this question had not been already determined, this history would have gone far to bring it to a decision." The praise is just. It is a simple tale of real life. A village maiden is betrothed to her lover. Prudence deters them from marriage, till he had gained a competence from the sea. He makes one voyage more for the last, but before he returned, disease had seized upon his constitution, and he reaches home—to die :

" Still long she nursed him : tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away ;

With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles, the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
Yet said not so—'Perhaps he will not sink.'
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard:—
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she press'd,
And fondly whispered, 'Thou must go to rest';
'I go,' he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound,
Then gazed affrighten'd; but she caught a last
A dying look of love,—and all was past!

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy."

With all true poets, Crabbe is not merely a moral, but a religious author. For poets at the present day to omit this grand feature of man and his relations, in that view of his character and principles which poetry must embody, is to struggle against the whole sense of truth, and, apart from the want of piety, must betray the awkwardness of an imperfect work. All great poems have been based upon the national faith; from Homer and the Athenian tragedies, to Milton, and latest of all, Wordsworth, religion has formed the groundwork of genuine poetry. There may be light and frivolous verse, but unhallowed poetry is a contradiction in terms. There is something cold and heartless in that portrait of life, which omits its most important feature,—its relation to eternity. The very happiness of such a picture is unsatisfying but its sorrow, unalleviated by hope, is cheerless indeed. There is a cruel mockery in exposing the woes and sufferings of life, without the antidote to the baneful misery; in conducting weary existence to its close, without a joy in this world or a hope for the next. No such barren moralist is Crabbe. Virtue may be unrewarded here, but it will be recompensed hereafter; and we are directed to the consolation. Religion is never obtruded on the attention, but its hallowed influence is constantly experienced.

It has been objected against Crabbe that he has modelled himself

after Pope; and he has been considered by some—ignorant of the true character of his writings—but a mere imitator. Horace Smith has favoured this injustice by a note to the 'Rejected Addresses,' where, merely for the sake of the point, Crabbe is characterized as "Pope in worsted stockings." It is not the first instance in which truth has been sacrificed to a witticism. No intelligent reader of their poetry can confound the different merits of Pope and Crabbe. They belong to independent schools. The excellence of one consists in the perfection of the artificial, the merit of the other lies in the purer love of the natural. Pope reflects the nice shades of a court life, and adapts himself to the polished society around him. He lives among lords and ladies. He penetrates beneath the surface of character, but it is within the circle of a court, and after a classical model. Out of Queen Anne's reign he would have been nothing. We can form no idea of him removed from the wits and gentlemen of his day. He is a master of elegance, and has power as a satirist; can dilate upon the virtues of Atticus, or heighten the crimes of Atossa. He can follow where one has gone before. He can revive the felicity of Horace, or the vehemence of Juvenal. Out of the track of the artificial, the conventional, he is nothing; within it he reigns supreme. Crabbe is of another order. He has no model to copy after. He throws himself upon a subject that derives no aid from romance or classic association. He paints the least popular part of society. He has to overcome a powerful prejudice against his characters. He struggles where art can avail him little; where his whole success must depend upon nature. His personages have nothing in them to please the taste, or enlist the fancy of the polished. They come before us at every disadvantage. They are out of the pale of good society. They have no relish of high life to add interest to their virtues, or throw a softening shadow over their crimes. They do not belong to the court standard. According to Touchstone's scale they would infallibly be condemned: "If thou never wast at court, thou art in a parlous state, shepherd!" But they have something in their composition prior to and independent of this artificial excitement. They are vigorous specimens of human nature in its elementary traits, and have their whole charm in being simply men. They interest us as they feel and suffer, as they truly exist in themselves, not as they act in an outward pageant. They have the feelings and passions of the species, and their example comes home to our own breasts. It is in this respect that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The artificial must be content with admiration; the natural claims our sympathy. This is the distinction. Pope tickles the sense with fine periods, or gains the fancy by a sparkling picture; while Crabbe leaves an impression on the heart. There may not be a single line to be quoted for its brilliancy, like a finished couplet of Pope; but the passage from our author shall convey a force and reality, the bard of Twickenham—were he twice the master of art he is—could never attain.

William Hazlitt.

BORN A. D. 1760.—DIED A. D. 1830.

MR HAZLITT was the son of a dissenting minister at Wem in Shropshire. His family was originally from the north of Ireland. He was educated at the Unitarian academy at Hackney. "Here," says the writer of 'Recollections of the late William Hazlitt' in the New Monthly Magazine, "he went through the usual books in classics, &c. but, though a good reasoner, when he chose, he was, I believe, no mathematician. From Hackney he returned to Shropshire, where he entered upon a desultory course of reading, limiting his attention chiefly to writers on morals and metaphysics—to Berkeley, Mandeville, Hobbes, Bacon, Edwards, Bishop Butler, and others. His original ambition was to excel as a writer on metaphysical subjects, and the bias of his mind was towards them to the last, in common with poetry and painting. He has written, at different times, on all; and I am sure never touched a subject that he did not, in some respects, both illuminate and adorn.

'Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.'

"When it grew necessary to adopt a profession, he elected to become a painter. The sight of some pictures of the old masters first generated this impulse in his mind, and he lost no time, after having once resolved upon his course, to set to work as an artist. I never heard that he had any regular master. He commenced copying ancient pictures, and making some few studies from natural objects, I believe, as soon as his brushes and canvasses were purchased. His mind was prepared beforehand by a deep and growing admiration for what was excellent in art. He had a natural and almost instinctive sense of the beautiful, both in form and colour; and thought—too hastily, perhaps—that to apprehend what was good in painting was the principal step towards accomplishment. But painting demands long and laborious study; a perpetual and tedious reference to proportions; a knowledge of mechanism and trick (so to speak,) which can only be acquired by long practice. Hazlitt, who saw the extreme point almost at first, found his hand fall infinitely short of what he had determined it should accomplish. Art is a flower which unfolds itself gradually to most eyes; and thus does not daunt by its extreme and subtle beauties the enthusiasm of the tyros who come to practise it; but Hazlitt saw too far at the outset, and speedily gave up his efforts in despair. During the time that he was studying, however, he made a few copies from the old masters, principally from Raffaele and Titian. Most of these he was obliged at different times to part with, but he did so reluctantly, and it pleased him to recur to them, to talk of them. They were memorials of old times, when he was full of hope; and they were, moreover, testimonials of the only triumphs which he had been able to achieve in the art that he had loved—and left!

"I do not know the exact time at which Mr Hazlitt came to London, but it was between 1798 and 1804. On his first arrival he resided with his brother, who had a house in Great Russell street; but, when

the peace of Amiens took place, he went to Paris, and, during the short interval of quiet that then occurred, studied regularly in the Louvre. On his return to England he continued to live with his brother, I believe, until his marriage with the sister of Dr Stoddart. Soon after this event, he established himself in a small house in Westminster. This house was remarkable for having been formerly occupied by—Milton; it was an old-fashioned place, but it had one pleasant good-sized room, that overlooked the garden of Mr Jeremy Bentham. During this period Hazlitt wrote his essay on 'The Principles of Human Action;' he also abridged (1807) and wrote an introduction to 'Tucker's Light of Nature,' a book to which Paley confesses his obligations; he published, (1812) 'The Eloquence of the British Senate;' an English Grammar; and contributed successively to the Times and the Morning Chronicle newspapers. He projected also an extensive metaphysical work; but evidently gave it up and turned his attention to more attractive subjects. He became theatrical critic for the Morning Chronicle, (1814) and was the first person who insisted strenuously on the merits of Kean, the actor; and he wrote, at intervals, various papers on art in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and elsewhere. The article on Painting, more especially, in the last-named work is from his pen.

"In 1816 he published his essays called the 'Round Table;' in 1817 his 'Characters of Shakspeare's Plays;' and in the same, or the next year, lectured to full audiences at the Surrey Institution. He read his lectures in an abrupt yet somewhat monotonous voice, but they were very effective. If he failed in communicating, by his manner, the lighter graces of his authors, he established their graver beauties, and impressed on his auditors a due sense of their power. He was a great talker, when it was his cue to talk, and I have never known one more amusing. If he uttered fewer words than Mr Coleridge, or expatiated less, he developed his ideas more distinctly, and I think exhibited as many of them. The difference between these two was well expressed by — I forget who, and was afterwards adopted by Mr de Quincy, in his 'Confessions of an Opium Eater.' Coleridge, he said, was a subtle and Hazlitt an acute thinker. There was the same distinction between them as between the alchymist and the regular professor of chemistry. This judgment, however, is too hard upon Mr Coleridge, who, if he soars too frequently in 'mid-air,' and traverses the regions of Mesmerism and astrology, can also descend upon the earth and reason like a philosopher."

In 1825 Mr Hazlitt visited France and Italy. In 1828 he published his largest work, 'The Life of Napoleon,' in 4 vols. 8vo. Besides the works above enumerated, he contributed largely to various periodical works. His death, which occurred in Frith street, Soho, on the 18th of September, 1830, was occasioned by an organic disease of the stomach. He retained the entire possession of his faculties to the last. Soon after his death, a character of him appeared in the Atlas; from which the following are extracts:—"All our contemporaries have mistaken, or otherwise failed to appreciate duly, the character of William Hazlitt. His memory is entitled to justice, of which he had but little when living. He was not the sort of man to whom justice could have been done effectually, for there was a waywardness in him that was sure to upset the cup before the wine was

emptied. Perhaps it is the nature of genius—and he had an abundant share—to make its own circumstances, and to make them, too, of the troubled cast. He made a name at little cost, and preserved it indifferently, as if it were to show the greatness of his powers, that could sustain without effort what the toil of others could not accomplish. Had he chosen to labour at the improvement of the faculties he had, and the enlargement of their application, there would be little need to inquire into the mysteries of his moral constitution. To those who knew him best he was the greatest marvel. They saw what the world could not see, the strangest combinations and the most perplexing contradictions. It is said that accident made Hazlitt a writer. He was originally a painter, or pursued his earliest studies with that end in view. But his taste was not satisfied with his labours: he never could embody his own conceptions, or transfer to the canvass his own principles complete. Instead of practising the art, he expounded it. Connected with the philosophical examination of painting and sculpture, the drama and the theatre came naturally within his inquiries. Into these subjects he poured the tide of his luminous mind, and soon acquired the reputation of being one of the highest critical authorities on the drama and the fine arts. He penetrated boldly, and wrote graphically; and whether his opinions were always profound or just, you felt that they were dexterously said, and hardly cared to question farther.

“The history of his mind was this:—He commenced with a certain stock of ideas, or, more properly, dogmas. These he never renounced, and rarely consented to modify. He was an indolent reader, and never increased them. To the end they remained with him, and were his *penates*. What he did, then, was out of his own thoughts, and not by any process of analysis or comparison of others. Reasoning was all in all with him. He started with a principle, and carried you through a chain of inductions admirable and perfect. The only doubt was, whether his first position were true. The results were generally incontrovertible. The obstinacy of mind, generated by a stern adherence to a few doctrines, which, with inconceivable weakness, he applied equally to all questions, produced prejudices at last, and prevented him from seeing the whole of a topic. He seized upon a feature—perhaps a grand one, but still only a part—and, arguing as if it were the whole, led the reader frequently into conclusions false as they respected truth, but true as they respected his view of it. He was deluded by his own powers of argument. They were so great, that they made him indifferent to all other means of greatness. That was his primary failing. What his enemies called bigotry, was in him habit. It would surprise the cursory admirer of Hazlitt’s works to learn how little, how very little, he actually read throughout his life. The whole action was in his mind, which, being thus thrown back upon his own resources, was frequently forced into old and beaten tracks over and over again. The positive truths he originated are compressible into a small compass. But he repeated himself unconsciously, and always with an air of novelty. He thought he was creating, when he was in fact but re-combining. This peculiarity prevented him from progressing with the age. He was of the school that cried down the wisdom of our ancestors; but that was out of a sort of constitutional resistance to fanaticism and

despotism, and not because he was advancing with the world. He came in with the principles of freedom, and maintained them zealously in the abstract. But he could not, as knowledge accumulated, accumulate new stores with it; nor could he well understand how others could be always in motion that way. His habitual distaste for the toil of books, arising from his mental isolation, rendered him unfit for literary labours in a professional sense. But necessity forced him to write, whether he would or not. The consequence was, that in trying to re-shape old materials, or dig up fragments of reflection that might have hitherto escaped, he frequently fell into extravagance and mysticism. He has written things that resemble the dreams of a disturbed imagination. He either did not see his subject clearly, or did not feel it sufficiently to make it intelligible.

"Much has been said of the caustic bitterness of his style when occasion demanded it, and the public have not hesitated to ascribe it to his natural disposition. The inference was hasty and erroneous. Hazlitt was mild, even to a child's temper; he was self-willed, but who needed to have drawn out the venom? Had he been suffered to pursue his career at his ease, he would not have afforded grounds for charging malignity upon him. The malignity grew up elsewhere, and extracted from him all the gall that was in his heart. For some unaccountable reason, which Hazlitt could never fathom, Blackwood's Magazine took an extraordinary pleasure in ridiculing him. They went beyond ridicule,—they made him appear all that was base in public and private, until at last his fame became a sort of dangerous notoriety. His political and religious opinions were represented in such odious colours, that even the booksellers,—our trading ones,—shrunk from the publication of his writings, as if they contained nothing but treason and blasphemy. That impression went abroad, and nearly ruined him. He attributed it solely to the writers in Blackwood, who painted him as a cockney of the worst description, mixing up wickedness with namby-pamby. Even Lady Morgan, smarting under his criticism in the Edinburgh Review, followed up the cry in her stupid 'Book of the Boudoir.' It was not surprising that a man of Hazlitt's solitary habits should feel and resent this in his brooding moods. He did resent it, and fearfully, and the passion of revenge was instilled into his being, subdued only by the imperious presence of philosophy. He had strong passions and affections; and they swelled the torrent. Those who charge him with evil should pause over the story of his agitated life.

"When you were first introduced to Hazlitt, with this previous impression of his bold character on your mind, you were disappointed or astonished to meet an individual, nervous, low-spoken, and feeble, who lived on tea as a regimen. There was not a particle of energy about him ordinarily. His face, when at repose, had none of the marks of extraordinary intellect, or even of animation. The common expression was that of pain, or rather the traces left by pain: it was languor and inertia. But when he kindled, a flush mantled over his sunken cheeks, his eyes lighted up wildly, his chest expanded, he looked like one inspired, his motions were eloquent, and his whole form partook of the enthusiasm. This is commonly the case with men of genius, but it was so in a remarkable degree with him. His conversation, generally, was ragged in expression, exceedingly careless as to phraseology, and not

always clear in purport. He used the most familiar words, and, for ease-sake, fell into conventional turns of language, to save himself the trouble of explanation. This was not so, however, when he grew warmed. Then he sometimes mounted into sublime flights. But his conversational powers were, at the best, below his literary capacity.

"As a periodical writer, for the reasons we have stated, Hazlitt was unable to sustain any rank. The best articles of that kind, for which we are indebted to his pen, are to be found in the *Edinburgh Review*, where he had scope to enlarge upon his principles of taste and his political theories. Of his dramatic criticisms it may be remarked, that they cannot claim to be considered as being comprehensive. He could not read enough to make them so. But they are acute, sound, and in a philosophical spirit. Few had a higher zest for the poetry of the drama, but he did not permit it to develope itself freely. He warped and narrowed it. Taking a single point of beauty, he followed it up into all its aspects, but had no relish for judging by the context. His criticisms on the fine arts are more elaborate and liberal. There all was contemplation, and he could master it. The subject required no aids from drudgery in the library, and happened to fall in felicitously with his tastes.

"But the work by which Hazlitt will be remembered, and through which he desired to transmit his name and his opinions to posterity, is his '*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*.' It was the greatest undertaking in which he ever engaged. It exhibits his powerful mind in a position most favourable for its display; and presents an imperishable record of the strength and versatility of his genius. As a history, it has the merit of rendering narrative subservient to instruction, by making events the keys to thought. Hazlitt was too abstract and philosophical for the labour of details: hence his work contains so much of fact as is necessary to the ends of truth, and may be perused from the beginning to the end without inspiring in the reader a single misgiving that a page of matter has been wasted. That is a merit in an extensive history, not to speak of its other higher merits, that we have rarely an opportunity of applauding."

Sir John Leslie.

BORN A. D. 1766.—DIED A. D. 1832.

THIS eminent philosopher was born in April, 1766, near Largo, in Fifeshire. He was destined, we believe, by his parents, to follow the humble though respectable occupations connected with a small farm and mill. But before he reached his twelfth year, he had attracted considerable notice by his proneness to calculation and geometrical exercises; and he was, in consequence, early mentioned to Professor Robison of Edinburgh, and by him to Professors Playfair and Stewart. They saw him in his boyhood, and were much struck by the extraordinary powers which he then displayed. After some previous education, his parents were induced, in consequence of strong recommendations, and of obtaining for him the patronage of the earl of Kinnoul, to enter him a student at the university of St Andrew's. Having passed

some time in that ancient seminary, he removed to Edinburgh, in company with another youth, destined like himself to obtain a high niche in the temple of scientific fame—James Ivory. Whilst a student in Edinburgh, he was introduced to, and employed by, Dr Adam Smith, to assist the studies of his nephew, Mr Douglas, afterwards Lord Reston. Disliking the church, for which, we believe, he had been intended by his parents, he proceeded to London, after completing the usual course of study in Edinburgh. He carried with him some recommendatory letters from Dr Smith; and we recollect to have heard him mention, that one of the most pressing injunctions with which he was honoured by this illustrious philosopher, was to be sure, if the person to whom he was to present himself was an author, to read his book before approaching him, so as to be able to speak of it, if there should be a fit opportunity. His earliest employment in the capital, as a literary adventurer, was derived from the late Dr William Thompson, the author of many and various works, all of which, with the exception of his ‘*Life of Philip the Third*,’ have fallen into oblivion. Dr Thompson’s ready pen was often used for others, who took or got the merit of his labours; and if we recollect rightly, he employed Mr Leslie in writing or correcting notes, for an edition of the Bible with notes, then publishing in numbers, under some popular theological name. But Mr Leslie’s first important undertaking was a translation of Buffon’s ‘*Natural History of Birds*,’ which was published in 1793, in nine octavo volumes. The sum he received for it laid the foundation of that pecuniary independence which, unlike many other men of genius, his prudent habits fortunately enabled him early to attain. The preface to this work, which was published anonymously, is characterised by all the peculiarities of his later style; but it also bespeaks a mind of great native vigour, and lofty conceptions, strongly touched with admiration for the sublime and the grand in nature and science. Some time afterwards he proceeded to the United States of America, as a tutor to one of the distinguished family of the Randolphs; and after his return to Britain he engaged with the late Mr Thomas Wedgwood to accompany him to the continent, various parts of which he visited with that accomplished person, whose early death he ever lamented as a loss to science and to his country.

At what period Mr Leslie first struck into that brilliant field of inquiry where he became so conspicuous for his masterly experiments and striking discoveries regarding radiant heat, and the connection between light and heat, we are unable to say; but his differential thermometer—one of the most beautiful and delicate instruments that inductive genius ever contrived as a help to experimental inquiry, and which rewarded its author by its happy ministry to the success of some of his finest experiments—must have been invented before the year 1800; as it was described, we think, in Nicholson’s ‘*Philosophical Journal*’ some time during that year. The results of those fine inquiries, in which he was so much aided by this exquisite instrument, were published to the world in 1804, in his celebrated ‘*Essay on the Nature and Propagation of Heat*.’ The experimental devices and remarkable discoveries which distinguish this publication, far more than atone for its great defects of method, its very questionable theories, and its transgressions against that simplicity of style which its aspiring author rather spurned than was unable to exemplify; but which must be allowed to be a quality

peculiarly indispensable to the communication of scientific knowledge. The work was honoured, in the following year, by the unanimous adjudication to its author, by the council of the Royal society, of the Rumford medals, appropriated to reward discoveries in that province whose nature and limits he had so much illustrated and extended.

The year just alluded to (1805) must, on other accounts, be ever viewed as memorable in the history of Mr Leslie's life, and we fear we must add, in the history of ecclesiastical persecution of the followers of science. It was in this year that he was elected to the Mathematical chair in the university of Edinburgh, and that the church-courts were disturbed and contaminated by an unwarrantable attempt to annul that election. But we gladly pass from this humiliating exhibition, to pursue the more grateful theme furnished by that course of experimental discovery, by which Mr Leslie conferred new lustre on that celebrated seminary, from which some misguided sons of the church would have cast him forth as an unworthy intruder. It was in 1810, we think, that he arrived, through the assistance of another of his ingenious contrivances—his hygrometer—at the discovery of that singularly beautiful process of artificial congelation which enabled him to convert water and mercury into ice. We happened to witness the consummation of the discovery—at least, of the performance of one of the first successful repetitions of the process by which it was effected; and we shall never forget the joy and elation which beamed on the face of the discoverer, as, with his characteristic good nature, he patiently explained the steps by which he had been led to it. We felt, on looking at, and listening to him—albeit not happy in the verbal exposition even of his own discoveries—how noble and elevating must be the satisfaction derived from thus acquiring a mastery over the powers of nature, and enabling man, weak and finite as he is, to reproduce some of her wondrous works.

Mr Leslie was removed to the chair of Natural Philosophy in 1819, on the death of Professor Playfair. He had previously published his 'Elements of Geometry,' and an 'Account of Experiments and Instruments depending on the relation of Air to Heat and Moisture.' Of his 'Elements of Natural Philosophy,' afterwards compiled for the use of his class, only one volume has been published. He wrote, besides the works mentioned, some admirable articles in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and several very valuable treatises on different branches of physics, in the Supplement to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' His last, and certainly one of his best and most interesting compositions, was a 'Discourse on the History of Mathematical and Physical Science,' during the eighteenth century, prefixed to the seventh edition, of that national Encyclopædia. He received the honour of knighthood, in the year of his death, on the suggestion, we believe, of the Lord-Chancellor.

It would be impossible, we think, for any intelligent and well-constituted mind to review the labours of this distinguished man, without a strong feeling of admiration for his inventive genius and vigorous powers, and of respect for that extensive knowledge, which his active curiosity, his various reading, and his happy memory had enabled him to attain. Some few of his contemporaries in the same walks of science may have excelled him in profundity of understanding, in philosophical caution, and in logical accuracy; but we doubt if any surpassed him, whilst he must be allowed to have surpassed many in that creative faculty—one

of the highest and rarest of nature's gifts—which leads and is necessary to discovery, though not all-sufficient of itself for the formation of safe conclusions; or in that subtilty and reach of discernment which seizes the finest and least obvious relations among the objects of science—which elicits the hidden secrets of nature, and ministers to new combinations of her powers. There were some flaws, it must be allowed, in the mind of this memorable person. He strangely undervalued some branches of philosophical inquiry of high importance in the circle of human knowledge. His credulity in matters of ordinary life was, to say the least of it, as conspicuous as his tendency to scepticism in science. It has been profoundly remarked by Mr Dugald Stewart, that “though the mathematician may be prevented, in his own pursuits, from going far astray, by the absurdities to which his errors lead him, he is seldom apt to be revolted by absurd conclusions in other matters.” Thus, even in physics, he adds, “mathematicians have been led to acquiesce in conclusions which appear ludicrous to men of different habits.” Something of the same kind was observable in the mind of this distinguished mathematician, for such also he was. He was apt, too, to run into some startling hypotheses, from an unwarrantable application of mathematical principles to subjects altogether foreign to them; as when he finds an analogy between circulating decimals and the lengthened cycles of the seasons. In all his writings, with the exception, perhaps, of his last considerable performance—even in the sober field of pure mathematics—there is a constant straining after “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” and a love of abstract, and figurative, and novel modes of expression, which has exposed them to just criticism by impartial judges, and to some puny fault-finding, by others more willing to carp at defects than to point out the merits which redeem them. But when even severe criticism has said its worst, it must be allowed that genius has struck its captivating impress, deep and wide, over all his works. His more airy speculations may be thrown aside or condemned; but his exquisite instruments, and his original and beautiful experimental combinations, will ever attest the fruitfulness of his mind, and continue to act as helps to further discovery. We have already alluded to the extent and excursive-ness of his reading. It is rare, indeed, to find a man of so much invention, and who himself valued the inventive above all the other powers, possessing so vast a store of learned and curious information. His reading extended to every nook and corner, however obscure, which books have touched upon. He was a lover, too, and that in no ordinary degree, of what is commonly called anecdote. Though he did not shine in mixed society, and was latterly unfitted, by a considerable degree of deafness, for enjoying it, his conversation, when seated with one or two, was highly entertaining. It had no wit, little repartee, and no fine turns of any kind, but it had a strongly original and racy cast, and was replete with striking remarks and curious information.

Our readers will have perceived, that, much as we admire the genius and talents of the subject of this hasty sketch, we are not writing an indiscriminate eulogy upon his mind and character. His memory requires nothing such to insure due concern for his loss, or to assuage the feelings of surviving friends. He had faults, no doubt, as all “of woman born” have; and we have heard enough of them in our time from some who, it may be, have more. He had prejudices, of which it

would have been better to be rid: he was not over charitable in his views of human virtue; and he was not quite so ready, on all occasions, to do justice to kindred merit as was to be expected in so ardent a worshipper of genius. But his faults were far more than compensated by his many good qualities;—by his constant equanimity, his cheerfulness, his simplicity of character almost infantile, his straightforwardness, his perfect freedom from affectation, and, above all, his unconquerable good nature. He was, indeed, one of the most placable of human beings; and if, as has been thought, he generally had a steady eye, in his worldly course, to his own interest, it cannot be denied that he was, notwithstanding, a warm and good friend, and a relation on whose affectionate assistance a firm reliance could ever be placed.¹

Jeremy Bentham.

BORN A. D. 1747.—DIED A. D. 1832.

THIS celebrated philosophical writer was the son of an attorney, in Red Lion street, Houndsditch, where he was born, on the 15th of February, 1747–8. He was, says his friend and biographer, Dr Southwood Smith, a precocious child; at the age of five he had read Rapin's 'History of England,' and acquired a knowledge of musical notes. Such too was the contemplative turn of his mind, and the clearness and accuracy of his observations, that he had, at this time, acquired the name of 'the philosopher,' amongst the members of his family. He had read *Télémaque*, in French, at the age of seven; and at eight was placed at Westminster school, where he soon became distinguished. During one of his vacations he read Helvetius's celebrated work on the mind. He was admitted, in his fourteenth year, of Queen's college, Oxford; where he is said, in public disputations in the common-hall, to have excited, by the acuteness of his observations, the precision of his terms, and the logical correctness of his inductions, the surprise and admiration of all who heard him. At sixteen, he proceeded B. A.; and, at twenty, M. A.; being the youngest graduate who, at that time, (1767,) had been known at either of the universities. An occurrence at Oxford, as related in his own words, will illustrate the acuteness of his perception, and a portion of his moral character which became more strongly developed in after-life:—"Of the university of Oxford I had not long been a member, when, by a decree of the Vice-chancellor in his court, five students were, under the name of Methodists, expelled from it. Heresy and frequentation of conventicles were the only offences charged upon them. Taking the word conventicle for the place of meeting—these conventicles were so many private rooms, the small apartments of the several poor students; for poor they were. The congregation consisted of these same poor and too pious students, with the occasional addition of one and the same ancient female. The offence consisted in neither more nor less than the reading and talking over the Bible. The heresy consisted in this—viz., that, upon being, by per-

¹ The above sketch, from the pen, we believe, of Professor Napier, first appeared in the Caledonian Mercury newspaper.

sons sent to examine them, questioned on the subject of the Thirty-nine Church of England Articles, the sense which they put upon these Articles was found to be in some instances different from the sense put upon these same Articles by those their interrogators."—After having forcibly depicted the iniquity of this sentence, he proceeds thus:—"By the sentence by which those readers of the Bible were thus expelled from the university, that affection which at its entrance had glowed with so sincere a fervour—my reverence for the church of England, her doctrine, her discipline, her universities, her ordinances, was expelled from my youthful breast. I read the controversy; I studied it; and, with whatsoever reluctance, I could not but acknowledge the case to stand exactly as above. Not long after—for at my entrance, that immaturity of age, which had excused me from the obligation of signature, had excused me from the necessity of perjury—not long after came the time for the attaching my signature to the Thirty-nine Articles. Understanding that of such signature the effect and sole object was—the declaring, after reflection, with solemnity and upon record, that the propositions therein contained were, in my opinion, every one of them true; what seemed to me a matter of duty was, to examine them in that view, in order to see whether that were really the case. The examination was unfortunate. In some of them, no meaning at all could I find; in others, no meaning but one, which, in my eyes, was but too plainly irreconcilable either to reason or to scripture. Communicating my distress to some of my fellow collegiates, I found them sharers in it. Upon inquiry, it was found that among the fellows of the college there was one to whose office it belonged, among other things, to remove all such scruples. We repaired to him with fear and trembling. His answer was cold; and the substance of it was,—that it was not for uninformed youths, such as we, to presume to set up our private judgments against a public one, formed by some of the holiest as well as best and wisest men that ever lived. When, out of the multitude of his attendants, Jesus chose twelve for his apostles, by the men in office he was declared to be possessed by a devil; by his own friends, at the same time, he was set down for mad. The like fate, were my conscience to have showed itself more scrupulous than that of the official casuist, was before my eyes. Before the eyes of Jesus stood a comforter—his Father—an Almighty one. Before my weak eyes stood no comforter. In my father, in whom in other cases I might have looked for a comforter, I saw nothing but a tormentor: by my ill-timed scruples, and the public disgrace that would have been the consequence, his fondest hopes would have been blasted, the expenses he had bestowed on my education bestowed in vain. To him I durst not so much as confess those scruples. I signed: but by the view I found myself forced to take of the whole business, such an impression was made, as will never depart from me but with life."

Being destined for the legal profession, he attended the celebrated Vinerian lectures of Sir William Blackstone, having previously become a student of Lincoln's Inn. "By the command of a father," he says, in his 'Indications respecting Lord Eldon,' "I entered into the profession; and, in the year 1772, or thereabouts, was called to the bar. Not long after, having drawn a bill in Equity, I had to defend it against exceptions before a master in Chancery. 'We shall have to attend on

such a day,' said the solicitor to me, naming a day a week or so distant; 'warrants for our attendance will be taken out for two intervening days; but it is not customary to attend before the third.' What I learned afterward was—that though no attendance more than one was ever bestowed, three were on every occasion regularly charged for; for each of the two falsely pretended attendances, the client being by the solicitor charged with a fee for himself, as also with a fee of 6s. 8d. paid by him to the master; the consequence was—that for every attendance, the master, instead of 6s. 8d., received £1; and that, even if inclined, no solicitor durst omit taking out the three warrants instead of one, for fear of the not-to-be-hazarded displeasure of that subordinate judge and his superiors. True it is, the solicitor is not under any obligation thus to charge his client for work not done. He is however, sure of indemnity in doing so: it is accordingly done of course. These things, and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession; and, as soon as I could obtain my father's permission, I did so: I found it more to my taste to endeavour, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to them, than to profit by them."

Between Mr Bentham's coming of age, and the commencement of the French Revolution—a period of nearly twenty years—he was thrice on the continent, and each time resided chiefly in Paris. In his second visit to the Gallic capital, he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated but unfortunate Brissot, then better known by the name of Wanville, and who soon after that period produced the following powerful sketch of him:—"If the reader has ever endeavoured to picture in his imagination those rare men whom Heaven sometimes sends upon the earth to console mankind for their sufferings, and who, under the imperfections of the human form, conceal the brightness of an ethereal nature—such men, for example, as Howard or Benezet—he may perhaps conceive some idea of my friend Bentham. Candour in the countenance, mildness in the looks, serenity upon the brow, calmness in the language, coolness in the movements, imperturbability united with the keenest feelings; such are his qualities. In describing Howard to me one day, he described himself. Howard had devoted himself to the reform of prisons, Bentham to that of the laws which peopled those prisons. Howard said nothing, thought of nothing, but prisons; and to better their condition, renounced all pleasures, all spectacles. Bentham has imitated this illustrious example. Selecting the profession of the law, not with the design of practising it, or of acquiring honours and gaining money, but for the purpose of penetrating to the roots of the defects in the jurisprudence of England—a labyrinth through the intricacies of which none but a lawyer can penetrate—and having descended to the bottom of this Trophonian cavern, Bentham was desirous, before proposing his reforms, of rendering himself familiar with the criminal jurisprudence of the other nations of Europe. But the greater number of these codes were accessible only in the language of the people whom they governed. What difficulties can deter the man who is actuated by a desire to promote the public good? Bentham successively acquired nearly the whole of those languages. He spoke French well; he understood the Italian, the Spanish, the German, and I myself saw him acquire the Swedish and the Russian. When he had examined all

these wrecks of Gothic law, and collected his materials, he applied himself to the construction of a systematic plan of civil and criminal law, founded entirely upon reason, and having for its object the happiness of the human race."

His first printed work appeared in 1776, under the title of 'A Fragment on Government,' professing to be an examination of Blackstone's Commentaries on that head. In 1778 he published his 'View of the Hard Labour Bill;' and in 1780 were printed his 'Principles of Morals and Legislation.' In 1787 was published his 'Defence of Usury,' showing the impolicy of restraints laid on pecuniary bargains,—a work described by a writer in the Edinburgh Review, as "unanswered and unanswerable; and not less admirably reasoned than happily expressed." In 1789 he published his 'Principles of Morals and Legislation;' and, in the following year, having conceived the idea of making convicts useful, he made that design public in 'The Panopticon, or the Inspection-House,' in which he developed the plan that has since been partially adopted in the Penitentiary at Millbank.

The death of his father, in 1792, put Mr Bentham in possession of a fortune, which enabled him to bestow exclusive attention on his favourite subjects; and in that year he printed his 'Truth *versus* Ashurst,' &c.; and in 1795, 'Supply without Burthen, or Escheat *vice* Taxation;' to which he prefixed his 'Protest against Law Taxes.' The great work, however, by which his name became celebrated throughout Europe, was fated to appear in a foreign language. It was first published in French, at Paris, in three volumes octavo, in the year 1802, under the title of 'Traité de Legislation Civile et Penale;' having been translated into that language by the late M. Etienne Dumont, a Swiss gentleman of great learning and talents. The Edinburgh Reviewers give the following account of this work: "The plan which Mr Bentham has chalked out for himself in this undertaking, is more vast and comprehensive, we believe, than was ever ventured upon before by the ambition of any one individual. It embraces almost every thing that is important in the science of human nature, and not only touches upon all the higher questions of government and legislation, but includes most of the abstract principles of ethics and metaphysics, and professes to delineate those important rules by which the finest speculations of philosophy may be made to exert their influence on the actual condition of society. M. Dumont has exhibited, in his preface, a short catalogue of the articles which Mr Bentham has enabled him to finish, by delivering the manuscripts to his custody; and declares that they form but a part of the gigantic system upon which he is still engaged. What Mr Bentham has already executed, is as follows: 1. The general principles of morals and legislation; 2. The principles of law as applicable to civil questions; 3. The principles of criminal law; 4. A detailed code of criminal law *in terminis*; 5. The principles of a code of remuneratory law; 6. A plan for the organization of the judiciary function; 7. A complete system of legal procedure, comprehending the whole law of evidence, and all the forms of litigation; 8. A system of political economy; and, 9. A system of tactics for legislative assemblies, or of the rules according to which they should be constituted and should conduct their deliberations. There are besides six separate treatises on 'Invention in the Science of Legislation; on the art of accommodating law to a change of

time or place; on the methods of promulgating the law,' &c. The present volumes do not by any means contain the whole of these dissertations; but M. Dumont assures us, that all the materials are in his hands, and that he has already brought them into such form and order, as to secure their successive publication at no great distance of time. The work now before us consists of four principal parts. 1. A general view of the principles of legislation, composed in a good degree from the 'Introduction' formerly published in English in 1789; 2. A general sketch of the complete system of laws which Mr Bentham proposes to erect upon those principles; 3. The application of those principles to the law in civil questions; and, 4. The application of the same principles to the law with regard to crimes. To these are added, three detached treatises; one on the establishment of a new sort of house of correction, to be called the *Panoptique*; another on the method of promulgating the law; and the third, on the influence of time and place in questions of legislation. From this short account of the contents of this publication, our readers will easily perceive that the merits of the whole system must depend upon the soundness of the principles upon which it is professedly founded, and that the character of the book must be determined in a great degree by the manner in which the first part of it is executed. M. Dumont, who has more than the common right of an editor to be partial to the work he has brought into the world, is persuaded that this publication must make an epoch and a revolution in the science of which it treats; and assures us, that the 'Introduction,' upon the principles of which it is founded, though not hitherto distinguished by any great share of popular applause, is already considered in that light by the small number of competent judges by whom its merits have been appreciated. To this privilege, he says, Mr Bentham's speculations are entitled; because they have set the example of a new method of philosophizing in politics and morality; and because they contain the elements of a new system of logic, by means of which ethics and legislation are for the first time advanced to the dignity of a science. These pretensions, it cannot be denied, are sufficiently magnificent; and the confidence with which they are announced, naturally leads us to inquire into the facts by which they are supported.

"The principle upon which the whole of Mr Bentham's system depends is, that utility, and utility alone, is the criterion of right and wrong, and ought to be the sole object of the legislator. This principle, he admits, has often been suggested, and is familiarly recurred to both in action and deliberation; but he maintains that it has never been pursued with sufficient steadiness and resolution, and that the necessity of assuming it as the exclusive test of our proceedings, has never been sufficiently understood. There are two principles, he alleges, that have been admitted to a share of that moral authority which belongs of right to that of utility alone, and have exercised a control over the conduct and opinions of society, by which legislators have been very frequently misled. The one of these he denominates the ascetic principle, or that which enjoins the mortification of the senses as a duty, and proscribes their gratification as a sin; and the other, which has had a much more extensive influence, he calls the principle of sympathy or antipathy; under which name he comprehends all those systems which place the basis of morality in the indications of a moral sense, or in the maxims of

a rule of right, or which, under any other form of expression, decide upon the propriety of human actions by any internal, unaccountable feelings, without any view to their consequences. In this place he introduces, by way of parenthesis, a technical enumeration of the sources and causes of antipathy, of which he reckons six—the repugnance of the senses—mortified pride—disappointed endeavours, &c. He then sets himself to show, that these principles have in many instances superseded the lawful authority of utility in the laws of most countries; and imputes to this cause the illusion which has led so many legislators to neglect the substantial happiness of their country, while they limited all their exertions to the promotion of its riches, its power, or its freedom. In the next place he combats, with great ability, the arguments of those who have affected to consider the principle of utility as a dangerous guide for our conduct; and endeavours to show, that such reasonings really amount to a contradiction in terms; since, to say of any action that it is hurtful, dangerous, or improper, is just to say that it cannot have been adopted upon the principle of utility. As utility is thus assumed as the test and standard of action and approbation, and as it consists in procuring pleasure, and avoiding pain, Mr Bentham has thought it necessary, in this place, to introduce a catalogue of all the pleasures and pains of which man is susceptible; since these, he alleges, are the elements of that moral calculation in which the wisdom and the duty of legislators and individuals must ultimately be found to consist. The simple pleasures of which man is susceptible are fourteen in number, and are thus enumerated:—1. Pleasures of sense; 2. of wealth; 3. of dexterity; 4. of good character; 5. of friendship; 6. of power; 7. of piety; 8. of benevolence; 9. of malevolence; 10. of memory; 11. of imagination; 12. of hope; 13. of association; 14. of relief from pain. The pains, our readers will be happy to hear, are only eleven, and are almost exactly the counterpart of the pleasures that have now been enumerated. The construction of these catalogues, M. Dumont considers as by far the greatest improvement that has yet been made in the philosophy of human nature. It is chiefly by the fear of pain that men are regulated in the choice of their deliberate actions; and Mr Bentham finds that pain may be attached to particular actions in four different ways: 1. By nature; 2. by public opinion; 3. by positive enactment; and, 4. by the doctrines of religion. Our institutions will be perfect when all these different sanctions are in harmony with each other."

His next works were: 'A Plea for the Constitution;' 'Scotch Reform Considered, with respect to the regulations of the Courts of Justice;' 'Defence of Economy against Burke;' and 'Elements of the art of Packing.' In 1812 another of his works, in two volumes octavo, was translated into French, and published in Paris, by M. Dumont, under the title of '*Théorie des Peines et des Récompenses.*' This was followed by a tract 'On the Law of Evidence;' 'Swear not at All;' 'Table of Springs of Action;' and 'Chrestomathia: Part I. Explanatory of a proposed School for the Extension of the New System of Instruction to the higher Branches of Learning,' 1816. Part 2. being an 'Essay on Nomenclature and Classification; including a critical examination of the Encyclopædical Table of Lord Bacon,' 1817. In the year last-mentioned, he published his 'Plan of Parliamentary Reform,' in which he

argues strongly for universal suffrage. He next published, in succession, 'Papers relative to Codification,' 'The Rationale of Reward,' and his 'Church of Englandism.' From 1819 to 1827, several productions of his pen continued to appear at intervals; amongst others, 'The Book of Fallacies;' and in the latter year Mr Mill published, from his manuscripts, 'The Rationale of Judicial Evidence, specially applied to English Practice,' in five thick volumes octavo.

Among the latest pieces which fell from the pen of this vigorous old man, within two years of his death, were: the first volume of a 'Constitutional Code;' 'Official aptitude maximised;' 'Expense Minimised;' 'Justice and Codification Petitions;' Letter to his French Fellow-Citizens; Letter to the French Chamber of Peers; and 'Remarks on the Bankruptcy bill.'

Mr Bentham's death took place on the 6th of June, 1832. Among the last things which his hand penned, in a book of memoranda, in which he was accustomed to note down any thought or feeling that passed through his mind, for future revision and use, if susceptible of use, was found the following passage:—"I am a selfish man, as selfish as any man can be. But in me, somehow or other, so it happens, selfishness has taken the shape of benevolence. No other man is there upon earth, the prospect of whose sufferings would to me be a pleasurable one: no man is there upon earth, the sight of whose sufferings would not to me be a more or less painful one: no man upon earth is there, the sight of whose enjoyments, unless believed by me to be derived from a more than equivalent suffering endured by some other man, would not be of a pleasurable nature rather than of a painful one. Such in me is the force of sympathy!" And this "force of sympathy" governed his very last hour of consciousness. Some time before his death, when he firmly believed he was near that last hour, he said to one of his disciples, who was watching over him,—"I now feel that I am dying: our care must be to minimise the pain. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths: it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone: you will remain with me, and you only; and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount."

Major Parry, in his 'Last Days of Lord Byron,' gives the following description of Mr Bentham's appearance, on a visit which he paid to him: "His appearance," says the major, "struck me forcibly. His white, thin locks, cut straight in the fashion of the Quakers, and hanging, or rather floating, on his shoulders; his garments something of their colour and cut; and his frame rather square and muscular, with no exuberance of flesh, made up a singular-looking, and not inelegant, old man. He welcomed me with a few hurried words, but without any ceremony, and then conducted me into several rooms, to show me his ammunition and materiel of war. One very large room was nearly filled with books; and another with unbound works, which, I understood, were the philosopher's own composition. The former, he said, furnished supplies." The major then gives a ludicrous account of his habit of running in the streets, and his fear lest he, the major, should be taken for a mad doctor, the attendant amanuensis for his assistant, and Mr Bentham for his patient, just broke loose from his keepers. "He exulted," it is said, "in his activity; and inquired particularly if I had ever seen a man so

active at his time of life. I could not answer 'No!'" says the major, "while I was almost breathless with the exertion of following him through the crowded streets." "Emperors," says the major, "have sought to do him honour; but he was too wise to encourage their advances beyond what was good for mankind. The Emperor Alexander, who was afraid of his legislation, sent him a diamond ring, which the philosopher, to his immortal honour, returned, saying (or something to that effect) that his object was not to receive rings from princes, but to do good to the world."

In the Examiner newspaper of the 10th of June, 1832, appeared the following able estimate of Bentham and his works:—"Jeremy Bentham is no more! In him the world has lost the great teacher and patriarch of his time; the man who, of all men who were living on the day of his death, has exercised and is exercising over the fortunes of mankind the widest and most durable influence; and who is even now in some sort governing the world, although not yet recognised and looked up to as their leader by those who are daily obeying the impulse which he gave; no unusual fate of the real guides and rulers of mankind, especially in these latter days. Had such a man died at an earlier period of his life of usefulness, when much of his task yet remained for him to perform, and many years of possible existence to perform it in, there would have been room for sorrow and lamentation. It is one of the evils of the untimely death of a great man, that it mixes other feelings with those with which alone the thought of a departed sage or hero ought to be associated—joy and pride that our nature has been found capable of again producing such a man, and affectionate gratitude for the good which we and our posterity have received from him. Such feelings only can find a fitting place near the tomb of Jeremy Bentham; nor know we, since all must die, what happier or more glorious end could have been desired for him, than to die just now, after living such a life. He has died full of years, and (so far as regards all minds throughout the world; which are yet fitted for appreciating him) of honours. He has lived to see many of the objects of his life in a train of accomplishment, and the realisation of the remainder rendered certain at no remote period. He has achieved the hardest, but the noblest of problems—that of a well-directed and victorious existence; and has now finished his work and lain down to rest.

"This is not the time for a complete estimate of the results of his labours. He is not like one of those who go to their grave and are no more thought of. The value of such a life to mankind, which is even now insensibly making itself acknowledged, will be felt more and more, as men shall become more capable of knowing the hand which guides them. Nor need we fear any lack of opportunities for commemorating what philosophy owes to him, when all which has been doing for ten years in English politics and legislation, and all which shall be done for twice ten more, proclaims and will proclaim his name and merits, in no inaudible voice, to all who can trace the influence of opinion upon events, and of a great mind upon opinion. These things, however, are worthy of notice at the present hour, chiefly as they conduce to a due appreciation of his life; and under this aspect also, as under so many others, will they continue valuable, not for to-day or to-morrow only, but (so far as eternity can belong to any thing human) for ever.

"Let it be remembered what was the state of jurisprudence and legislation, and of the philosophy of jurisprudence and legislation, when he began his career. A labyrinth without a clue—a jungle, through which no path had ever been cut. All systems of law then established, but most of all, that in which he himself was nurtured, were masses of deformity, in the construction of which reason, in any shape whatever, had had little to do—a comprehensive consideration of ends and means, nothing at all: their foundation, the rude contrivances of a barbarous age, even more deeply barbarous in this than in aught else; the superstructure, an infinite series of patches, some larger, some smaller, stuck on in succession wherever a hole appeared, and plastered one over another until the monstrous mass exceeded all measurable bulk, and went beyond the reach of the strongest understanding and the finest memory. Such was the practice of law: was its theory in any better state? And how could it be so? for of what did that theory consist, but either of purely technical principles, got at by abstraction from these established systems, (or rather, constructed, generally in utter defiance of logic, with the sole view of giving something like coherence and consistency in appearance to provisions which, in reality, were utterly heterogeneous,) or of vague cloudy generalities arbitrarily assumed *à priori*, and called laws of nature, or principles of natural law.

"Such was existing jurisprudence; and that it should be such, was less surprising than the superstition by which, being such, it was protected. The English people had contrived to persuade themselves, and had, to a great degree, persuaded the rest of the world, that the English law, as it was when Mr Bentham found it, was the perfection of reason. That it was otherwise, was the only political heresy which no one had been found hardy enough to avow. Even the English constitution you might (if you did it very gently) speak ill of,—but not the English law. Whig, Tory, and Democrat joined in one chorus of clamorous admiration, whenever the law or the courts of justice were the subject of discourse; and to doubt the merits of either, appeared a greater stretch of absurdity than to question the doctrine of gravitation.

"This superstition was at its height, when Mr Bentham betook himself to the study of English law, with no other object than the ordinary one of gaining his living by practising a liberal profession. But he soon found that it would not do for him, and that he could have no dealing or concern with it in an honest way, except to destroy it. And there is a deep interest now, at the close of his life, in looking back to his very first publication—the 'Fragment on Government,'—which appeared considerably more than half a century ago, and which exhibits, at that remote period, a no less strong and steady conviction than appears in his very latest production, that the worship of the English law was a degrading idolatry—that, instead of being the perfection of reason, it was a disgrace to the human understanding—and that a task worthy him, or any other wise and brave man, to devote a life to, was that of utterly eradicating it, and sweeping it away. This, accordingly, became the task of his own existence: glory to him! for he has successfully accomplished it. The monster has received from him its death wound. After losing many a limb, it still drags on, and will drag on for a few years more, a feeble and exanimate existence; but it never will recover. It is going down rapidly to the grave.

"Mr Bentham has fought this battle for now almost sixty years; the greater part of that time without assistance from any human being, except latterly what M. Dumont gave him in putting his ideas into French; and for a long time almost without making one human being a convert to his opinions. He exhausted every mode of attack: he assailed the enemy with every weapon, and at all points: now he fell upon the generalities, now upon the details; now he combated evil by stripping it naked, and showing that it was evil; and now by contrasting it with good. At length his energy and perseverance triumphed. Some of the most potent leaders of the public became convinced; and they, in their turn, convinced or persuaded others; until at last the English law, as a systematic whole, is given up by every body; and the question, with all thinking minds even among lawyers, is no longer about keeping it as it is, but only whether, in rebuilding, there be a possibility of using any of the old materials. Mr Bentham was the original mover in this mighty change. His hand gave the impulse which set all the others at work. To him the debt is due, as much as any other great work has ever been owing to the man who first guided other men to the accomplishment of it. The man who has achieved this can afford to die. He has done enough to render his name for ever illustrious.

"But Mr Bentham has been much more than merely a destroyer. Like all who discredit erroneous systems by arguments drawn from principles, and not from mere results, he could not fail, even while destroying the old edifice, to lay a solid foundation for the new. Indeed, he considered it a positive duty never to assail what is established, without having a clear view of what ought to be substituted. It is to the intrinsic value of his speculations on the philosophy of law in general, that he owes the greater part of his existing reputation; for by these alone is he known to his continental readers, who are far the most numerous, and by whom in general he is far more justly appreciated than in England. There are some most important branches of the science of law, which were in a more wretched state than almost any of the others when he took them in hand, and which he has so exhausted, that he seems to have left nothing to be sought by future inquirers; we mean the departments of procedure, evidence, and the judicial establishment. He has done almost all that remained to perfect the theory of punishment. It is with regard to (what is the foundation of all) the civil code, that he has done least, and left most to be done. Yet even here his services have been invaluable, by making far clearer and more familiar than they were before, both the ultimate and the immediate ends of civil law; the essential characteristics of a good law; the expediency of codification, that is, of law written and systematic; by exposing the viciousness of the existing language of jurisprudence, guarding the student against the fallacies which lurk in it, and accustoming him to demand a more precise and logically constructed nomenclature.

"Mr Bentham's exertions have not been limited to the field of jurisprudence, or even to that of general politics, in which he ranks as the first name among the philosophic radicals. He has extended his speculations to morals, though never (at least in his published works) in any great detail; and on this, as on every other subject which he touched,

he cannot be read without great benefit. Some of his admirers have claimed for him the title of founder of the science of morals, as well as of the science of legislation, on the score of his having been the first person who established the principle of general utility, as the philosophic foundation of morality and law. But Mr Bentham's originality does not stand in need of any such exaggeration. The doctrine of utility, as the foundation of virtue, he himself professes to have derived from Hume: he applied it more consistently, and in greater detail, than his predecessors; but the idea itself is as old as the earliest Greek philosophers, and has divided the philosophic world, in every age of philosophy, since their time. Mr Bentham's real merit, in respect to the foundation of morals, consists in his having cleared it more thoroughly than any of his predecessors from the rubbish of pretended natural law, natural justice, and the like, by which men were wont to consecrate as a rule of morality, whatever they felt inclined to approve of, without knowing why.

"The most prominent moral qualities which appear in Mr Bentham's writings, are love of justice, and hatred of imposture: his most remarkable intellectual endowments, a penetrating deep-sighted acuteness, precision in the use of scientific language, and sagacity and inventiveness in matters of detail. There have been few minds so perfectly original. He has often, we think, been surpassed in powers of metaphysical analysis, as well as in comprehensiveness and many-sidedness of mind. He frequently contemplates a subject only from one or a few of its aspects; though he very often sees further into it, from the one side on which he looks at it, than was seen before even by those who had gone all round it. There is something very striking, occasionally, in the minute elaborateness with which he works out, into its smallest details, one half-view of a question, contrasted with his entire neglect of the remaining half-view, though equally indispensable to a correct judgment of the whole. To this occasional one-sidedness, he failed to apply the natural cure; for, from the time when he embarked in original speculation, he occupied himself very little in studying the ideas of others. This, in almost any other than himself, would have been a fault; in him, we shall only say, that but for it he would have been a greater man.

"Mr Bentham's style has been much criticised; and undoubtedly, in his latter writings, the complicated structure of his sentences renders it impossible, without some familiarity, to read them with rapidity and ease. But his earlier, among which are some of his most valuable productions, are not only free from this defect, but may even, in point of ease and elegance, be ranked among the best English compositions. Felicity of expression abounds even in those of his works which are generally unreadable; and volumes might be filled with passages selected from his later as well as his earlier publications, which, for wit and eloquence, have seldom been surpassed.

"Few persons have ever lived, whose lot in life, viewed on the whole, can be considered more enviable than that of Mr Bentham. During a life protracted far beyond the ordinary length, he enjoyed, almost without interruption, perfect bodily health. In easy circumstances, he was able to devote his whole time and energies to the pursuits of his choice—those which exercised his highest faculties, moral and intellectual,

and supplied him with the richest fund of delightful excitement. His retired habits saved him from personal contact with any but those who sought his acquaintance because they valued it. Few men have had more enthusiastic admirers: and if the hack writers of his day, and some who ought to have known better, often spoke of him with ridicule and contempt, he never read them, and therefore they never disturbed his tranquillity. Along with his passion for abstruser studies, and the lively interest which he felt in public events, he retained to the last a childlike freshness and excitability, which enabled him to derive pleasure from the minutest trifles, and gave to his old age the playfulness, light-heartedness, and keen relish of life, so seldom found except in early youth. In his intercourse with his friends he was remarkable for gaiety and easy pleasantry; it was his season of relaxation; and in conversing he seldom touched upon the great subjects of his intellectual exertions."

For the following valuable remarks on the fundamental principle of the Utilitarian school of philosophy we are indebted to an able American writer:—It is a fact which ought to be known and pondered, that the selfish morality, which was first taught by Epicurus, and which extended itself till it contributed to unnerve the stern virtue of the Romans, and to overthrow, at one blow, their patriotism and their liberty; which was revived in France during the reign of a licentious court, and helped to prepare the nation for all the guilt and atrocities of the Revolution; which reappeared again in England about fifty years since, and was the means of producing, says Robert Hall, an entirely new cast of character, equally remote from the licentious gaiety of high life, and the low profligacy which falls under the lash of the law; a race of men distinguished by a calm and terrible ferocity, resembling Cæsar in this only, that they went with sobriety to the ruin of their country;—it deserves to be known, that this philosophy is revived in our own day, and is taught with indefatigable zeal by some of the ablest writers in our language. It comes to us, at present, under the auspices of Bentham, and is the presiding spirit in all his powerful but singular works. It has succeeded in establishing one of the ablest of the British reviews, (the Westminster,) and may be met in publications of every size and rank, from the quarto volumes of Mr Mill and Dr Bowring, down to the humblest effusions of a daily press. Nor these alone. Hume and Godwin, and we must add Paley, still live, in their works, to plead its cause; while it numbers, as allies, mightier than all, the spirit of the age, the sordid inclinations of the heart. Thus addressing us under the sanction of honoured names; thus clothed in all the grace and brilliancy that the highest genius can bestow—taught us perhaps as one of our youthful studies—reiterated now in the literature of our libraries and our drawing-rooms, it becomes us to weigh well its claims. It approaches us when least we suspect it, in the worldly-wise maxim—in the levity and banter of conversation—in the flexible politics of private as well as public life—in the countless influences of a busy and a worldly age. If, then, we would not imbibe it as thousands do imbibe it, unconsciously—if we would recognise it in all its disguises, and be prepared deliberately to accept or withstand its influence, we should make it the subject of study. We should weigh its principles—consider its tendency, and try it by that unfailing ordeal—the ordeal of history.

What then is this system usually called the selfish system of morals?

For an answer to this question we go to its most esteemed advocate, Dr Paley, and we find it stated by him in few and explicit words. "Virtue," says Paley, "is the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God and for the sake of everlasting happiness!" The motive then from which all duty or virtue must proceed is the hope of everlasting happiness. It must be in accordance with the will of God, because he alone has everlasting happiness at his disposal, and it must consist in doing good to mankind, because it is by that means alone that he will permit us to attain eternal happiness! The same principle is laid down in another form. "Why," says Paley, "am I obliged to keep my word?"—and we may add, to relieve the poor or perform any other duty. The simple and only answer given is, "because I am urged to do so by a violent motive," (viz. the fear of everlasting misery and the hope of everlasting happiness) "resulting from the command of God." Paley, it must be remembered, was a Christian and a divine—and it was of course needful that he should bring into view the precepts and sanctions of his religion.—Not so with Bentham. Translated into his language and into the language of most modern and ancient Utilitarians, Paley's definition would read more simply thus,—*"Virtue is the doing good to mankind for the sake of my own happiness."*—I am obliged to keep my word, and feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, not because I am touched by a noble impulse, which finds delight in acts of justice and charity—not because I am urged by a sense of duty, which, though it speaks with still small voice, yet speaks in tones of rightful and supreme authority—but simply because I am urged by a violent desire to secure my own happiness, which (alas!) can be secured on no other terms. Nature or necessity has so bound up my own welfare with that of others, that I am not at liberty to attain the one without promoting the other, and therefore I must needs be just and charitable. Still my own happiness is the only thing for which I am required, or was ever destined to care. In labouring for the benefit of others, I am to do it simply because I am myself to be the gainer, and not because I need feel any sincere interest in it. When performing the highest offices of philanthropy, I fully acquit myself of all the claims of duty, though intent only on my own good, and utterly careless of their welfare for whom I labour. Nay more. If I could indeed lose sight of my own interest, if utterly unmindful of the reward which was to follow, I were capable of an act of kindness to my fellow-men, simply from good will to them, or from a sense of gratitude and veneration towards that Supreme Being in whose image they were made, I ought not to regard such an act as virtue. I ought rather to repress such an impulse from within, as factitious and foolish; and consider that it is not by feeling, but by a cool calculation of interest—by a nice computation of profit and loss, that I am to determine the preference of truth to falsehood, of piety to blasphemy, of humanity and justice to cruelty and blood.

This, we believe, is an impartial exhibition of the grounding principle of that philosophy, which can be distilled from almost every page of Dr Paley's celebrated work on morals, and which forms the glory of the plan by which Bentham and his disciples would regenerate the world. We do not propose now to call in question the specific rules which this system may prescribe for the regulation of our conduct. We might

even admit that these rules, so far as they respect the outward conduct, are identical with those furnished in the scriptures, or in any other moral code. What we object to here is the spirit of the system—the motive on which it makes virtue dependent. We contend, that in resolving all duty or virtue into self-love, it strips it of its dignity—debases our moral sentiments, and offers violence to fundamental notions of the human mind. And it might also be shown, that the system has never prevailed in any country or at any age without tending to the subversion of morality and order. Man is sufficiently sordid from the impulse of his passions. He needs no aid from philosophy to render him sordid on principle and selfish by rule.

Our first remark on this system is, that it confounds virtue with prudence. This is virtually acknowledged by Paley, who states that the only difference between an act of prudence and an act of virtue is, that in the one case we have respect to the happiness of this life alone, whereas in the other, we consider also what we shall gain or lose in the world to come—a difference, be it observed, for which there is no place in the minds of those who do not admit that there is a world to come; and which disappears in practice, we apprehend, from the minds of most, if not of all, who adopt the system. In truth, it is simply a verbal difference. If the mere fact, that an action is useful to the agent, be sufficient to constitute it a virtuous action, it can matter little whether the benefit be of shorter or of longer duration. It follows then, in effect, that prudence is virtue, and that the highest virtue is but the highest prudence. If a capitalist makes a wise investment, or a merchant projects a judicious and successful voyage, we may term these respectively a virtuous voyage, and a virtuous investment; just as Bentham was wont when he spoke of good mutton, to call it virtuous mutton, and when he petted his favourite animal (a deer) to style it his virtuous deer. If on the other hand, the same man performs some noble deed of patriotism or philanthropy—some act in which, seeming to forget himself, he toils and sacrifices only for the benefit of others—why, he is merely a prudent man, who uses the means of happiness intrusted to him.

For example, Sir Thomas More, after a year's imprisonment, and when enfeebled by suffering, is offered permission to return to his wife and children whom he loved so tenderly—to the intellectual pursuits in which he took such delight—to the summit of greatness from which he had been plucked down, if he will but sacrifice a scruple of conscience. He indignantly refuses and prefers rather to perish on a scaffold; and he, on this system, is but a prudent man, who has a proper understanding of his interest! Lafayette, a husband and a father—with every thing in certain prospect or in actual possession that the highest ambition could crave or the warmest sympathies desire, surrenders all—hurries to the aid of a distant and almost hopeless cause, and offers, not only without regret, but with exultation, the endearments of domestic life and the favours of his prince in exchange for toil and danger in behalf of suffering strangers—and he too is but a prudent man! The great Washington tears himself from the peaceful and honoured shades of Mount Vernon, assumes reluctantly a command more fearful perhaps than was ever before intrusted to man—a command which puts at peril his fame, his fortune, and his head. Campaign after campaign he toils

almost without resources, loaded down with responsibility, the object of machinations at home, and of deadly hostility abroad;—and at length, when victory is achieved—his country independent—his name on every tongue, hastening to lay down his command, he escapes from the thanksgivings and honours of his grateful country to the silence of his home; and this is but prudence! and through all this career of seeming glory there has been but the shrewd calculations of an exclusive self-love!

It would be easy to multiply such examples. What shall we say of Howard, leaving a home of opulence and ease that he might dwell “in the depths of dungeons and amidst the infection of hospitals.” What of the soldier of the cross as bidding farewell to the scenes of his childhood and the land of his fathers—rupturing the ties of affection—counting not his life dear unto himself, he goes out to gather amidst malignant gales and in savage wildernesses a harvest for his Lord? What of that Lord himself, as he comes forth from the glory of universal empire, and clothes himself in human form, and becomes a man of sorrows, and consents at last to die in agony for the rescue of the guilty and the vile? Is there nothing here but prudence? Is it all self-seeking? Has there been no principle, no patriotism, no philanthropy, no love of liberty, no disinterested zeal for God and man? Then we say, let history be rewritten, that it may strip these pretenders of their factitious greatness. Let the Evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles, too, be revised, that they may no longer tell of benevolence and zeal—that they may record of Peter and James and John,—when they appear before us rejoicing that they are reckoned worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus—when they resolve that, in spite of the decrees of councils and the madness of mobs, they will still publish the things that they have seen and heard—when they go from city to city smiling on the rage of persecutors, lifting their warning voice in the presence of rulers, and making the very prison-house vocal with their songs;—let the historian, amended and corrected by the Utilitarian, tell us that, after all, these were but men who had a keen eye to their own interest and were in quest of honour and reward! In quest of honour and reward they doubtless were. That they had no thought of these, or that they were not, in truth, advancing their highest happiness by this very self-devotion, is not pretended. But was this all? Their happiness they had a right to think of! To neglect or madly trifle with it is alike folly and guilt. But did they think of nothing else? Was it by dwelling exclusively and intently on their own interest, that they were moved to tears and sympathy—that they were nerved to deeds of self-sacrifice—that their hearts were made to bleed for the sins and sufferings of distant strangers and benighted heathen? Or is it in man, when engrossed with himself and thinking not of others, to rise to the stature of such deeds, and write his name high and bright among the benefactors of his race. Surely this life must be delusion—history a romance—the holy Evangelists but a tissue of fables, or else the philosophy in question is false.

And yet further.—This philosophy not only confounds virtue with prudence,—it goes so far as to confound it even with vice, to abolish all intelligible distinction between right and wrong, and place them before us on the same moral level. For what, according to the Utili-

tarian, is virtue? It is a wise forecast and calculation respecting our own happiness. And what is vice? It is an unwise calculation and forecast in regard to the very same thing. To both the virtuous and vicious man is presented the same object to be pursued from the same motive, and the only conceivable difference is one of degree, not of kind. The one looking for happiness rises to justice and beneficence—the other in quest of the same end descends to deeds of infamy and guilt. Where is there room for that vast and radical distinction which we are accustomed to make, for that deep and heartfelt reverence on the one hand, or for that intense disapprobation and displeasure on the other? Is a mere “error in arithmetic”—a mere mistake in the computation of gain and loss such an enormous crime that it ought to kindle indignation; or is simple “expertness in posting and balancing the moral ledger,” in anticipating the chances of a given adventure, an achievement so lofty, that it ought to bow down our souls in admiration? On the supposition that this system is true, where is there room for the exercise of moral esteem and reverence, or for those sentiments of contempt and reprobation which we feel at the sight of the seducer and oppressor? And the guilty man himself, when he takes a review of his life and finds that he has been an extortioner, a sensualist, a blasphemer, what occasion has he for that remorse with which he is wont to goad himself? At the worst he has but calculated badly—made an unwise speculation for which he may well feel regret—but should suffer no remorse. Once admit the principle that man acts and ought to act only from a regard to his own happiness, be it in this or in a future world, and it must be followed out till there remains no place for moral distinctions. Duty sinks till it becomes synonymous with prudence, virtue with skill, vice with error, remorse with regret, and indignation with pity.

There is yet another objection. Dr Paley admits the divine will to be our rule of duty, and inculcates implicit obedience. But on what ground does he do so? Is it on the ground that God has a moral right to our obedience—that as our Creator and best benefactor—as the source and centre of all excellence, he merits and should receive the deepest homage of our gratitude and esteem? Far from it. We are not obliged, on his principles, to cherish one sentiment of gratitude or of reverence. “Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,” merely means, in this school, “be very careful not to incur his displeasure! He has at his disposal your eternal well-being—be extremely cautious lest you provoke him to make it a sacrifice!” Such caution is doubtless proper. It is enjoined in one sense by all the sacred writers and by Christ himself. It shows the expediency of consulting the divine will. But is it the ground on which they rest the duty of obedience? Is it the great informing principle of their morality—the source whence they deduce the authority and the obligations of religion? In other words, is the government of God built on the mere basis of power, and not of right, so that we are called to submit, not because we ought, but because we must? Such is indeed the view which these speculations seem to take; and it may assist us in forming a proper estimate of the system, when we thus find it blotting from the divine character all moral attributes, such as justice and holiness—holding up his om-

nipotence as the only proper object of regard—representing his commands as merely arbitrary decrees, and our own moral notions as little better than fictions of law.

Hannah More

BORN A. D. 1745.—DIED A. D. 1834.

HANNAH MORE was the daughter of a schoolmaster, and his five daughters were bred to the same profession. The worthy man is said to have had a great dread of female pedantry, but probably communicated unconsciously to his daughter a taste for such pursuits as interested his own mind. There was, however, no cause for apprehension; for, remarkable as she was for the variety and extent of her attainments, she never took her place in society simply as a literary lady; and this is one proof of her ability, since there are but few persons so situated, in whom the consciousness of having a reputation to sustain would not interfere with the lightness and grace of their motions and appearance in society. Her mother was the daughter of a farmer, whose education had been plain and suitable to her station. Mr More was himself a tory and high-churchman, the rest of the family were presbyterians, and the daughters had frequently heard their father say that he had two great-uncles captains in Cromwell's army. Hannah was distinguished, even from an early age, by great quickness of apprehension, retentiveness of memory, and a thirst for knowledge; when she was between three and four years old, she had taught herself to read, and repeated the catechism in the church in a manner which excited the admiration of the minister of the parish. That there was some fascination in her manners, and intelligence in her conversation, even while a mere girl, we may presume from a curious anecdote that is related by her biographer, Mr Roberts. When she was about sixteen, a dangerous illness brought her under the care of Dr Woodward, a physician of eminence in that day, and distinguished by his correct taste. On one of his visits, being led into conversation with his patient on subjects of literature, he forgot the purpose of his visit in the fascination of her talk; till suddenly recollecting himself, when he was half way down stairs, he cried out, "Bless me! I forgot to ask the girl how she was;" and returned to the room, exclaiming, "How are you to-day, my poor child?" Among her early acquaintance, she was indebted for the improvement of her taste, and for the acquisition of just critical knowledge, to none more than to a linen-draper of the name of Peach, at Bristol, with whom the following curious story is connected: He had been the friend of Hume the historian, who had shown his confidence in his judgment by intrusting to him the correction of his 'History,' in which he used to say he had discovered more than two hundred Scotticisms; but for him it appears that two years of the historian's life might have passed into oblivion, which were spent in a merchant's counting-house at Bristol, whence he was dismissed, on account of his being too apt to correct the letters he was commanded to copy. More than twenty years after the death of Mr Peach, Hannah More being in company with Dr Percy, Gibbon,

and others, who were conjecturing what might have been the cause of this chasm in the life of Hume, of two years, was enabled to solve the mystery by relating the above anecdote.

The place of her residence in youth was Bristol, where her sisters kept a boarding-school. The first on the long list of her distinguished acquaintance was the elder Sheridan, who came to deliver lectures on eloquence in that city. He was struck with her prematurity of talent, and was doubtless a good judge of real ability, though his life was too roving and unsettled for him to accomplish much, even in his chosen pursuit. At the time when her intellectual gifts led him to cultivate her acquaintance, she was only in her sixteenth year. Ferguson also, who was delivering astronomical lectures in Bristol, was one of these admirers. To have her acquaintance sought by such men of note, was exceedingly flattering to one so young; but the only effect of it seems to have been to encourage to a literary effort. She wrote a pastoral drama, called the 'Search after Happiness;' whether it succeeded or not, we are wholly unable to tell; her biographer merely says, in the Delphic style, "The attempt succeeded as it deserved."

At this period she became acquainted with Dean Tucker, the well known political writer, and Dr Langhorne, a person of some distinction in his day. But the friend to whom she appears to have felt most indebted was Sir James Stonehouse, who had relinquished a large practice as a physician to take holy orders, and was then residing in Bristol. Besides encouraging her to cultivate her talents, he did much to draw out and cherish those religious feelings, which grew constantly stronger as she advanced in years. She was also the object of a more tender attachment; a rich old bachelor fell violently in love with her, and she accepted his offers; but some caprice on his part induced him to defer the marriage from day to day, till she resolved to be trifled with no longer. The engagement was dissolved by mutual consent, and the discarded lover became her friend. Without the fear of a suit for breach of promise before his eyes, he was desirous to settle an annuity upon her, and by the persuasions of her friends she was induced to accept it, though with long hesitation. At his death he left her a legacy of a thousand pounds. All her affairs of the heart seem to have been disposed of in a summary manner in early life. Her hand was again solicited and refused; but by whom, history does not say.

This is all the biographer has been able to gather of her early life, from 1745, when she was born, till 1774, when she went to London; we presume this was the year, but her neglect to date her letters on many occasions, leaves us uncertain at times when we wish to be sure. This, he says, brings her "to that stage in the progress of ardent inexperience, when the blooming speculations of hope and fancy are to be exchanged for vulgar verities." Very fortunate was she if her ardent inexperience lasted to the age of twenty-nine, and if her blooming speculations could then be exchanged for such vulgar verities as the acquaintance of Johnson and Garrick, in one sex, and Mrs Montague and Mrs Carter, in the other. We are not informed what conducted her to London, nor to what good fortune it was owing that she became at once an object of flattering attentions. A provincial reputation for talent, be it ever so great, is not often a passport to London society, and as for her works,

we hear of scarcely anything except the 'Search after Happiness,' which there is reason to suppose did not meet with unusual success. Garrick, it is true, had some reason to be prejudiced in her favour; he accidentally saw a letter in which she described her own delight at witnessing his performance of Lear: he was pleased with her critical remarks, and doubtless thought the subject very happily selected. Thus prepossessed in her favour, he sought an introduction to her, and finding his favourable impressions confirmed, he introduced her to his own circle, which included the eminent, the fashionable, and the great,—if we may use that conventional term to describe the noble, in presence of the majestic Johnson, and the sublime Burke.

She gives a lively idea of the interest inspired by the farewell performances of this great actor. She says that the eagerness to see him was inconceivable; duchesses and countesses were glad to get places in the upper boxes, and those who were formerly too proud to go, would then courtesy to the ground for the worst seats in the house. The theatre was in those days a more general resort than it has ever been since; and Miss More, though she was always serious in her religious views and feelings, did not then regard the stage as she did some years after. She even caught the dramatic inspiration, and wrote a tragedy called 'Percy.' Garrick exerted himself to have it produced under the most favourable circumstances; though he had left the stage himself, his interest was great, and his taste and judgment were regarded as established law. He wrote the prologue and epilogue himself; on the night when it appeared he went with her to the theatre, where they had the gratification of finding it received with unbounded applause. The profits of this play amounted to six hundred pounds; but it brought her approbation, which was worth more to her; Mrs Montague wrote her warm congratulations; Dr Percy returned his "best thanks for her invaluable present," and presented the thanks of the duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy. Mr Home called to rejoice in her success, while he was mourning for the untimely fate of his own 'Alfred;' the Man of Feeling, though as far off as Edinburgh, declared that he had shed tears in reading it; but while the town was ringing with her success, a look into her apartment shows that she was spending her time in reading such works as 'Locke on the Epistles,' and 'West on the Resurrection.'

One of the most singular friends in her large circle was Horace Walpole; he is so constantly associated with old times, and his father's administration, that he is generally set down among the ancients, nearer Queen Anne than George III. But he lived till the close of the last century, and most of his works were published after he had reached his maturer years. He was so fastidious and shy in his whole character, that one would hardly expect to find him cultivating an acquaintance with strangers like Hannah More, and that, too, on account of her literary pretensions, which he held in affected disdain, though it was the devouring ambition of his life to secure some literary renown; and the probability is, that had she been of the other sex, he would have thought of her rather as a rival than a friend. But at this time he went freely into select society, where he was welcomed and treated with respect, as a man of elegant taste, and an amusing chronicle of old

times; and happening to meet with Hannah More, he was struck, like every one else, with her talent, liveliness, and general attraction. He invited her to his baby-house at Strawberry-hill, where he exerted himself strenuously to entertain her; afterwards he kept up a correspondence with her for years. She attended the first representation of Sheridan's play, the 'Rivals,' which did not succeed, and of General Burgoyne's 'Maid of the Oaks,' which did succeed much better than his military expedition; she lived when Cumberland's 'Odes' appeared, and tried in vain to persuade Richard Owen Cambridge to read them; she attended the trial of the duchess of Kingston, and heard Dunning, whose manner was insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words; she was admitted to the friendship of Mrs Delany, who had been the intimate of Swift, and was within hearing of the cry, when Guiscard stabbed Lord Oxford; she received calls from Dean Tucker and Edmund Burke, on the same morning, and rejoiced that they had not met, since it was just after Burke had attacked the Dean in the house of commons; she dined one day with Gibbon, Sterne, Harris, Burney, Chambers, and Ramsay, and the next with Bishop Porteous and Jonas Hanway; she met the author of 'Evelina,' just after that work appeared, and was surprised that with her youth and modesty she could have picked up so much knowledge of life; she read Mason's 'Life of Gray,' when it first appeared, and was a believer for a time in the antiquity of Rowley's poems; she heard the storm which raged round Dr Johnson's impassive head, when his 'Lives of the Poets' appeared; she was invited to Mr Thrale's to an assembly, on the very day when the master of the house so suddenly died of the luxuries of his table; she received classical compliments from Bishop Lowth, and flirted with General Paoli; she saw Mythology Bryant, who had been that morning to present his book,—one of the little princes requested to see it, and holding it a few minutes upside down, pronounced it an excellent work; she quarrelled about the slave-trade and the English language with Lord Monboddo, and was received with pomp and favour by Bishop Watson; she rejoiced over the publication of her friend, Dr Kennicott's Hebrew Bible and conversed with Sir William Jones; she found an admirer in the person of General Oglethorpe, whose gallantry was not extinguished by his age, which exceeded ninety; she was one of the first to be struck in conversation with the amazing abilities of the conceited Lord Erskine; the veteran Lord Bathurst lent her his collection of the original letters of Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke and Queen Mary, and Leonidas Glover sung his ballad called 'Hosier's Ghost' to her, when he was past the age of eighty; she played at children's games with Lord North, and had long and serious conversations with Burke. But this was near the close of that brilliant period; star after star was fast going down; Johnson soon died, and she heard all the discordant elements of biography, which gave battle to each other over his grave. Her own feelings also changed; she never had been fond of fashionable society, though circumstances had thrown her into the midst of it; the stage she had utterly renounced and condemned, though her second attempt was nearly as successful as the first; her conscience was always reproaching her with living only for self-gratification, and from this time she began to execute the purpose, which she had long deliberately formed,—that of devoting her

time and means to useful and charitable actions, and her heart to religious duty.

About this time she removed to a small cottage near Bristol, at a place called Cowslip-green, and visited London only at distant intervals. She kept up a correspondence with Mrs Boscawen, the lady mentioned with so much respect in Boswell's Johnson, and Mrs Montague, who, by reason of her large fortune and intelligent conversation, was an acknowledged leader in the world of fashion and taste. She wrote often to Sir William Pepys, who, though letter-writing was not his forte, wrote her with great length and punctuality; and occasionally a missive from Horace Walpole pursued her into the shade. With the consciousness that she was approved by the wise, sought for by the great, and loved by the good,—with property enough in possession and in her power to secure a comfortable support, she began to give her mind wholly to religious subjects; and the chapter which commences in the history of her life is entirely new, and even more honourable to her than the last.

Her associates and correspondents were now in general of a graver cast; David Garrick was succeeded by John Newton, a man of great excellence and fervour, but somewhat too fond of describing himself as the old African slave. She did not wholly abandon London; she returned to it on occasional visits, and was received with the same warmth as ever: but at Cowslip-green her time was passed in pursuits both of a literary and religious character; her fine practical understanding prevented her from subsiding into a useless devotee, and her conscientiousness made her consult utility rather than profit and popularity in her writings. The subject of the slave-trade was then beginning to agitate the public mind, and Wilberforce was entering public life as the champion of this sacred cause; the opposition to reform was powerful, headed by such statesmen as Dundas, supported by philosophers like Monboddo, not to speak of popular writers like Boswell; the two great statesmen of the day were interested on the right side, though they would not make the question the chief object of their attention, but the amount of interest on the other side was so great as to make the result of the battle doubtful. Hannah More took the most anxious interest in these proceedings; wishing to do her part to exert favourable influences on the public mind, she wrote her poem called the 'Slave-trade.' We do not know what effect nor what amount of circulation it had, but we find it complimented by Warton, Horne, and the less poetical authority, Bishop Watson.

Her station in society had given her an opportunity of seeing much of the fashionable and the great, and she was fully convinced that the whole spirit of social life, in the higher circles, was adverse to the cultivation of religious principle. Many practices tolerated in it seemed to her to indicate an entire disregard to religious considerations; such for example as Sunday-concerts, the form of denying themselves by the words "not at home," and the prevailing want of sympathy with all those to whom they were bound to do good. Believing that some impression might be made, at least upon a few, she wrote her work called 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' and sent it without her name into the world, where it soon excited much attention. It was not difficult to

trace the author; but many of those against whose practices it was aimed, and who had always considered themselves very tolerable Christians, found it quite difficult to understand her drift. One of them told her, that he admired the institution which gave rest to those who laboured; but that it could not be meant for people of fashion, since as they did nothing on any day, it could not be necessary for them to give that one to rest. But though many could not comprehend it, it was read by all, and some received suggestions from it which produced a change in their habits of life. To attempt to reform the great, though not easy to be accomplished, was too easy in the efforts required to fill her high sense of duty. She had also found vices prevailing among the poor, many of which she thought were owing to their entire want of instruction. She determined to exert herself for their reform, as far as her influence extended; and as her sisters had now been able to give up their school, and to retire with an adequate support for the rest of their lives, her plan was, with their assistance, to educate the poor children of the neighbouring villages. Her design was conceived with as much judgment as generosity; but it met with the most violent opposition, even from many of those who were to receive the benefit of her gratuitous services.

She selected Cheddar, a romantic village, ten miles from Cowslip-green, as the scene of her first experiment. The first person to be propitiated—for she was obliged to solicit permission to do this favour—was a rich farmer, whom she was able to conciliate only by flattery and attention. The vicar of this place lived at the university of Oxford, and the curate at a place twelve miles distant; in this hopeful region she commenced her enterprise, by hiring a house and a mistress at her own expense; though the parents were suspicious, the children came in, and the prospect of success was encouraging. Though formerly, when divine service was performed there once in the sabbath, eight was considered a sufficient audience in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon, when they had carried on their school for a year, it was attended by two hundred old people, and as many children. The success which they met with here encouraged them to extend their operations, and in a short time they had twelve hundred children under their care. Their own resources were not equal to all these demands; but they were sustained by generous friends, like Wilberforce, who stood ready to supply whatever was wanting. Considering that some of the villages were inhabited by miners, so rude and ferocious that officers of justice dared not venture among them, and that such persons were distrustful of an enterprise which they could not understand, their success might appear surprising, if there were not a thousand examples to show what kind and cheerful views of religion, a spirit of disinterested regard for others, and a heart engaged in its object, are able to do. But as the fears excited by the French revolution prevailed more extensively in England, and found support in the approbation of revolutionary principles, which was openly expressed by a large party in that country, the attention of alarmists began to turn with apprehension to examine every thing that was new; among others, her schools became suspected; they were institutions which had grown up at about the same time with the new political system; they were not in the books; no one could suppose that any thing less than a deep political design was the inspiring cause of so much effort and self-devo-

tion. At first the chief difficulty had been with the young converts; when the subject of religion was first embraced by their minds, they were anxious to distinguish themselves by doing some great thing. Her thorough good sense had always recognised the truth, that holiness of life was the only sure test of the religious character, and she was obliged to labour unceasingly, to prevent the ardour of her converts from spending itself on lighter matters of the law; besides this, she felt the absolute necessity of their seeing not merely the truth, but seeing it in its proper light; since those to whom it appeared in a gloomy, unsocial, and forbidding aspect, were strangers to its spirit, though they might know its letter by heart. These difficulties were, however, surmounted, since it depended on her own efforts to subdue them; but, after a time, a storm of popular prejudice was excited against her, which had almost broken up her institutions, and had such an effect on her health, which was never firm, that it came near bringing her to the grave. It originated, probably, in some feeling of personal ill-will. The curate of Blagdon, the parish in which Cowslip-green was situated, requested her to establish one of her schools there, and for several years expressed himself delighted with its effect; but all at once he turned against her, accused her of being hostile to church and state, and, as such a panic was then easily spread, he raised an outcry, which for a time beat from all quarters in a perfect storm. The charges against her show what kinds of transgressions were magnified into atrocious crimes by the feverish state of popular feeling. One charge was that of Calvinism,—an enormous offence, of which, however, if her own words may be trusted, she was not guilty. “As a party matter,” she says, “I never write nor talk about doctrines, thinking that it makes our tempers sour and unprofitable. The doctrines peculiar to Calvinism I do not adopt, though I much reverence many good men who maintain them.” The other offence alleged, was that of occasionally permitting extemporary prayer in her schools; it appeared that one or two zealous teachers had made a prayer of this description, without any idea of shaking the foundations of church and state; but the matter was amended as soon as known, and it was understood, that if they had no book they should never pray again.

At the time when the English nation was in its highest state of excitement, and before the excesses of the French revolution had alarmed its early friends, the spirit of opposition to established institutions was extending itself so rapidly, that even the pilot who weathered the storm, seemed likely to be overborne by a mutinous crew. The friends of Hannah More, knowing her power of adaptation to all to whom she wished to address herself, believed that the same tact which had made her exert a happy influence on persons of rank, would enable her to do much to calm the agitated minds of the poor. After resisting much urgency from her friends, Hannah More wrote her ‘Village Politics,’ as a hasty experiment, and published it without her name; it had a most rapid and perfect success; being adapted in manner and spirit to the poor, it made a deep impression upon that class; and the higher orders, who by no means felt safe in the possession of their titles or fortunes, exerted themselves to spread it throughout the kingdom. Finding that this new field of enterprise was opened, she wrote the tracts which compose her

‘ Cheap Repository,’ every one has heard of the ‘ Shepherd of Salisbury Plain;’ and such publications took a hold upon the minds of the people, which no doubt had great effect in reconciling them to a state which was certainly hard, but could only be made worse by hasty attempts to alter.

We do not intend to follow her through the history of her life, which was prolonged for many years, in which she suffered much from sickness and loss of friends; but they were nevertheless as happy as the respect and affection of others, the consciousness of doing good, and a firm religious trust could make them. Her later works were of a religious cast; not addressed to particular classes like the others, and therefore less successful; since it was in this adaptation to those whom she wished to influence that her strength lay. But they do great honour both to her mind and heart. In sentiment, still more in style, they are not always judicious, but generally they display the marks of a strong, ready, and discriminating hand; no fault can be found with their spirit, for though men of the world charged her with excessive rigour, it would not be easy to show in what particular she transcended the great rule which all profess to follow, nor did she ever prescribe a rule for others which she did not herself observe. Her charity was most exemplary; throughout her writings we find a strong attachment to her own opinions indeed, such as belongs to an independent mind; but notwithstanding this strength of conviction, or possibly in consequence of this strength of conviction, she gave others full credit for equal sincerity, and never suffered her good feeling to other sects or individuals to be influenced by difference of opinion.

It was this singleness of heart,—this warm and generous sympathy with her race, which constituted the great attraction of her works. Her mind, though active and powerful, was not of the first order: she often took miniature views of great subjects,—correct enough as far as they went, but not sufficiently enlarged. There is often more regard to the point of the sentence than to the scope of the argument, and an epigrammatical way of setting down her reflections, which was unfavourable to logical deductions. The very circumstance that her works were so successful, every one of them passing through many editions, would create a suspicion that they were of a fashion which passes away. And this is true of them; they are now not generally read,—and they will excite less and less interest in future years. Being meant, and wonderfully suited for a given time, they are not of the kind which are suited to all times; they may be forgotten, but she will always retain a high traditional fame as one who exerted a considerable influence upon her own age, and that the age of Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson. Of all her efforts ‘Cœlebs’ was the least successful; not because it wants merit, but because it was founded in the mistake of supposing that she could exert herself to more advantage by assuming a popular disguise.

Hannah More died in September 1834, at the age of eighty-eight. Several years before her death she was obliged to quit Barley Woods, the place which she had formed after her own taste, and in which she hoped to die, in consequence of the bad conduct of her servants, who had taken advantage of her great indulgence. But her sisters were dead; she herself was waiting to follow, and it was of little importance

to her where she passed the remaining hours of her closing day. Her powers of body and mind failed after that time, but not so rapidly as might have been expected from a constitution which had never been strong, and was then undermined by sickness added to the infirmity of age. Her disposition was cheerful and even playful to the very last; we mean the last period of her conscious existence; for she was brought by successive stages of decline to such a state of helplessness, that her mind almost failed her for a year before her death.

I N D E X.

INDEX.

A

	Vol.	Page
ABBOT, Archbishop	iii.	91
Abercromby, Sir Ralph	vi.	416
Adam, Robert	vi.	193
Addison, Joseph	iv.	366
Adrian IV.	i.	238
Aelfric	i.	148
Aikin, John	viii.	239
Ainsworth, Henry	iii.	86
Akenside, Mark	v.	292
Aland, Sir John Fortescue	v.	23
Albemarle, Monk Duke of	ii.	468
Albricius	i.	285
Alcock, Bishop	ii.	150
Alcuin	i.	138
Aldhelm	i.	126
Aldhun	i.	150
Aldrich, Henry	iv.	336
Alfred	i.	27
Allan, David	viii.	78
Allein, Joseph	iii.	150
Allein, Richard	iii.	177
Allen, Cardinal	ii.	204
Ambrose, Isaac	iii.	149
Ames, William	iii.	96
Amory, Thomas	vi.	109
Anderson, Sir Edmund	ii.	141
Anderson, James	viii.	151
Andrews, Bishop	iii.	82
Anne, Queen	iv.	1
Anselm	i.	238
Anson, George Lord	v.	55
Anstey, Christopher	viii.	120
Arbuthnot, John	iv.	425
Argyle, John Duke of	iv.	143
Arkwright, Sir Richard	vi.	189
Armstrong, John	vi.	109
Arne, Thomas	vi.	90
Arundel, Archbishop	i.	426
Ascham, Roger	ii.	251
Asgill, John	iv.	449

	Vol.	Page
Ashmole, Elias	iii.	361
Asser	i.	140
Athelstan	i.	38
Atkyns, Sir Robert	iv.	56
Atterbury, Francis	iv.	253
Aubrey, John	iii.	368
Auckland, William Lord	vii.	139
Aungerville, Bishop	i.	412
Aylmer, Bishop	ii.	207
Avonmore, Barry Lord	vii.	54
Ayscough, Sir George	iii.	8

B

Bacon, Francis	iii.	226
Bacon, John	vi.	282
Bacon, Sir Nicholas	ii.	95
Bacon, Roger	i.	279
Badcock, Samuel	vi.	28
Baillie, Matthew	viii.	274
Baird, Sir David	vii.	384
Bakewell, Robert	vi.	184
Balchen, Sir John	v.	24
Bale, John	ii.	182
Balguy, John	iv.	289
Balguy, Thomas	vi.	57
Bancroft, Archbishop	iii.	80
Banks, Sir Joseph	viii.	235
Banks, Thomas	vi.	286
Barnard, Sir John	v.	69
Barnes, Joshua	iv.	342
Barré, Colonel	v.	404
Barrington, Admiral	vi.	414
Barrington, Bishop	viii.	51
Barrington, Daines	vi.	291
Barrington, William Viscount	v.	441
Barrow, Isaac	iii.	162
Barry, James	viii.	126
Barton, Elizabeth	ii.	156
Bastwick, John	iii.	271
Bates, William	iv.	191

	Vol. Page		Vol. Page
Bath, Pulteney Earl of	v. 68	Bourchier, Cardinal	ii. 148
Battisbill, Jonathan	vi. 293	Boyce, William	vi. 91
Baxter, Richard	iii. 194	Boyd, Hugh Macauley	viii. 71
Beattie, James	vi. 310	Boyle, Robert	iii. 353
Beaufort, Cardinal	i. 431	Bracton, Henry	i. 435
Beaumont, Dr	iii. 367	Bradford, John	ii. 163
Beaumont, Francis	iii. 213	Bradley, James	v. 246
Becket, Thomas á	i. 242	Bradshaw, John	ii. 448
Beddoes, Thomas	viii. 163	Bramhall, Archbishop	iii. 169
Bede, Venerable	i. 129	Bridgewater, Francis Duke of	vi. 423
Bedell, Bishop	iii. 101	Bridport, Hood Viscount	vii. 142
Bedford, Francis Duke of	vi. 427	Briggs, Henry	iii. 245
Bedford, John Duke of	i. 376	Brindley, James	vi. 75
Bedford, John Duke of	v. 333	Brisbane, Sir Charles	vii. 388
Bedford, Russell Earl of	ii. 72	Bristol, George Digby Earl of	iii. 29
Beloe, William	viii. 188	Bristol, John Digby Earl of	ii. 426
Benbow, Vice-admiral	iv. 32	Brook, Lord Cobham	ii. 363
Bennet, Bishop	viii. 33	Brooke, Foulk Lord	ii. 366
Bentham, Jeremy	viii. 432	Brooke, Henry	vi. 118
Bentley, Richard	iv. 276	Broughton, Thomas	vi. 4
Berkeley, Bishop	v. 132	Brown, Robert	iii. 87
Berkeley, James Earl of	iv. 136	Brown, Thomas	viii. 223
Berkeley, Lord John	iv. 29	Browne, Simon	v. 141
Berkenhout, John	vi. 184	Browne, Sir Thomas	iii. 333
Berners, Bouchier Lord	ii. 233	Bruce, James	vi. 148
Berners, Lady Juliana	i. 481	Bryant, Jacob	vi. 316
Bertie, Earl of Lindsay	ii. 456	Bryant, Jacob	viii. 104
Berwick, Fitzjames Duke of	iv. 134	Buccleugh, Charles Duke of	vii. 281
Betterton, Thomas	iv. 333	Buckingham, Stafford Duke of	ii. 55
Beveridge, Bishop	iv. 207	Buckingham, Villiers Duke of	ii. 368
Bewick, Thomas	viii. 352	Buckingham, Villiers Duke of	iii. 57
Birch, Thomas	v. 279	Budgell, Eustace	iv. 445
Black, Joseph	vi. 272	Bull, Bishop	iv. 211
Blackburn, Francis	vi. 23	Bull, John	iii. 223
Blacklock, Thomas	vi. 187	Bunyan, John	iii. 186
Blackmore, Sir Richard	iv. 433	Burgess, Dr	iii. 138
Blackstone, Sir William	v. 360	Burgoyne, Lieutenant-general	v. 425
Blair, Hugh	vii. 417	Burke, Edmund	vi. 382
Blake, Admiral	ii. 427	Burleigh, Cecil Lord	ii. 123
Bloomfield, Robert	viii. 241	Burleigh, Walter	i. 450
Blount, Earl of Devonshire	ii. 141	Burnet, Bishop	iv. 216
Blount, Sir Henry	iii. 38	Burnet, Thomas	iv. 234
Blow, John	iv. 341	Burnett, Lord Monboddo	vi. 280
Bodley, Sir Thomas	iii. 211	Burns, Robert	vi. 223
Bogue, David	viii. 43	Burney, Charles, D.D.	viii. 28
Boleyn, Anne	ii. 39	Burney, Charles	viii. 180
Bolingbroke, Lord Viscount	iv. 170	Burton, Henry	iii. 115
Boniface	i. 136	Burton, Robert	iii. 268
Bonner, Bishop	ii. 189	Busby, Dr	iii. 363
Boscawen, Admiral	v. 52	Butler, Alban	vi. 2
Boswell, James	vi. 266	Butler, Joseph	v. 127
Boulter, Archbishop	v. 105	Butler, Samuel	iii. 324
Boulton, Matthew	viii. 160	Byng, Admiral	v. 41

	Vol. Page		Vol. Page
Byng, Viscount Torrington	iv. 131	Charnock, Stephen	iii. 176
Byron, George Gordon	viii. 295	Chatterton, Thomas	vi. 72
C			
Cabot, Sebastian	ii. 144	Chaucer	i. 465
Cadogan, Hon. W. B. . . .	vi. 66	Cheke, Sir John	ii. 242
Caius, John	ii. 256	Cheselden, William	v. 212
Calamy, Benjamin	iii. 184	Chesterfield, Stanhope Earl of . .	v. 88
Calamy, Edmund	iii. 139	Cheynell, Dr	iii. 139
Calamy, Edmund	iv. 265	Chichele, Archbishop	i. 439
Calder, Sir Robert	vii. 151	Chichester, Richard of	i. 478
Cambridge, Richard Owen	vi. 315	Chillingworth, William	iii. 111
Camden, William	iii. 324	Churchill, Charles	v. 249
Canning, George	vii. 352	Cibber, Colley	v. 232
Canute	i. 74	Clapperton, Hugh	viii. 330
Capel, Henry Baron	iv. 30	Clare, John Earl of	vi. 419
Carew, Thomas	iii. 264	Clarendon, Edward Earl of	iii. 11
Carleton, Bishop	iii. 84	Clarendon, Henry Earl of	iv. 50
Carleton, Lord Dorchester	vi. 470	Clarke, Edward Daniel	viii. 282
Carleton, Sir Dudley	ii. 383	Clarke, Samuel	iv. 248
Carlisle, Howard Earl of	vii. 324	Cleaver, Bishop	vii. 463
Carte, Thomas	v. 215	Clifford, Earl of Cumberland	ii. 137
Carter, Elizabeth	viii. 131	Clinton, Sir Henry	v. 457
Cartwright, William	iii. 267	Clinton, Sir Henry	vii. 392
Caryl, Joseph	iii. 156	Clive, Baron Plassey	v. 336
Castell, Edmund	iii. 343	Cobham, Lord	i. 367
Catesby, Robert	ii. 339	Cobham, Brook Lord	ii. 363
Caulfield, Earl of Charlemont	vi. 405	Cogan, Thomas	vii. 468
Cave, Edward	v. 218	Coke, Sir Edward	ii. 987
Cave, William	iv. 343	Colchester, Charles Lord	vii. 383
Cavendish, Henry	viii. 168	Cole, William	vi. 113
Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle	iii. 22	Colet, John	ii. 227
Cavendish, Duke of Portland	vii. 91	Collier, Jeremy	iv. 261
Cavendish, Thomas	ii. 263	Collingwood, Cuthbert Lord	vii. 98
Caxton, William	i. 483	Collins, Anthony	iv. 114
Cecil, Earl of Salisbury	ii. 343	Collins, William	v. 235
Chaloner, Sir Thomas	ii. 90	Colman, George	vi. 207
Chambers, Sir William	vi. 240	Congreve, William	iv. 412
Chandler, Samuel	v. 150	Conway, Marshal	v. 455
Chapman, George	iii. 249	Conybeare, Bishop	v. 145
Chapone, Hester	vi. 292	Cook, Captain	v. 352
Charlemont, Caulfield Earl of	vi. 405	Cooke, Benjamin	vi. 86
Charles I. . . .	ii. 374	Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury	iii. 53
Charles II. . . .	iii. 1	Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury	iv. 344
Charles, Duke of Buccleugh	vii. 281	Cornwall, Richard Earl of	i. 223
Charles, Duke of Norfolk	vii. 243	Cornwallis, Admiral	vii. 221
Charles, Duke of Richmond	vii. 279	Cornwallis, Charles Marquess	vi. 442
Charles, Earl of Halifax	iv. 70	Cotes, Roger	iv. 354
Charles, Earl of Liverpool	vii. 60	Cotton, Sir Robert	iii. 237
Charles, Earl of Sunderland	iv. 108	Courtenay, John	vii. 249
Charlotte, Princess	vi. 367	Courtney, Archbishop	i. 424
		Coverdale, Miles	ii. 185
		Cowley, Abraham	iii. 294
		Cowper, William	vi. 317
		Cowper, William Earl	iv. 166

	Vol. Page		Vol. Page
Cox, Richard	ii. 196	Dorset, Sackville Earl of	iv. 45
Coxe, Archdeacon	viii. 358	Douglas, Bishop	vii. 450
Crabbe, George	viii. 418	Drake, Sir Francis	ii. 120
Craggs, James	iv. 94	Draper, Sir William	v. 388
Cranmer, Archbishop	ii. 172	Drayton, Michael	iii. 242
Crashaw, Richard	iii. 269	Dryden, John	iv. 304
Cressey, H. P.	iii. 156	Duckworth, Sir John Thomas	vii. 198
Crewe, Bishop	iv. 238	Dudley, Edmund	ii. 18
Croft, William	iv. 385	Dudley, Earl of Leicester	ii. 105
Cromwell, Earl of Essex	ii. 51	Duigenan, Patrick	vii. 250
Cromwell, Oliver	ii. 437	Duncan, Adam Viscount	vi. 431
Cromwell, Richard	iv. 27	Duncombe, William	v. 288
Cudworth, Ralph	iii. 204	Dundas, Sir David	vii. 227
Cullen, William	vi. 177	Dunning, Lord Ashburton	v. 375
Cumberland, Bishop	iv. 236	Dunstan,	i. 143
Cumberland, Clifford Earl of	ii. 137	D'Urfey, Thomas	iv. 379
Cumberland, Richard	viii. 171	Durham, Fox Bishop of	ii. 151
Cumberland, William Duke of	v. 13	Dyer, John	v. 231
Curran, John Philpot	vii. 185		
Curtis, Sir Roger	vii. 252		

E

D			
Dampier, William	iv. 57	Eachard, John	iv. 299
Darwin, Erasmus	vi. 300	Eachard, Laurence	iv. 415
Davenant, Bishop	iii. 99	Edgar	i. 53
Davenant, Sir William	iii. 297	Edmund, the Elder	i. 45
Davies, Sir John	ii. 365	Edmund Ironside,	i. 70
Davy, Sir Humphrey	viii. 333	Edred	i. 47
Dawe, George	viii. 384	Edward	i. 35
Dawes, Archbishop	iv. 240	Edward I. . . .	i. 311
Dawes, Richard	v. 280	Edward II. . . .	i. 317
Day, Thomas	vi. 167	Edward III. . . .	i. 325
Dee, John	ii. 281	Edward IV. . . .	i. 386
Dekker, Thomas	iii. 247	Edward V. . . .	i. 392
Denham, Colonel Dixon	vii. 377	Edward VI. . . .	ii. 62
Derby, James Earl of	ii. 421	Edward, Earl of Clarendon	iii. 11
Derham, William	v. 100	Edward the Confessor	i. 87
Derwentwater, James Earl of	iv. 66	Edward the Martyr	i. 60
Devereux, Earl of Essex	ii. 128	Edwards, George	vi. 76
Devonshire, Blount Earl of	ii. 141	Edwy	i. 49
Digby, Earl of Bristol	ii. 426	Eliot, Sir John	ii. 385
Digby, Earl of Bristol	iii. 29	Elizabeth	ii. 78
Digby, Sir Everard	ii. 341	Ellenborough, Edward Lord	vii. 212
Digby, Sir Kenelm	iii. 289	Ellesmere, Egerton Lord	ii. 352
Dimsdale, Thomas	vi. 291	Ellis, Wellbore, Lord Mendip	v. 476
Doddridge, Philip	v. 109	Elmsley, Peter	viii. 291
Dodsley, Robert	v. 253	Emerson, William	vi. 114
Dodwell, Henry	iv. 338	Enfield, William	vi. 262
Dollond, John	v. 295	Erskine, Henry	vii. 253
Donne, John	iii. 240	Erskine, John	vii. 429
Donoughmore, Richard Earl of	vii. 332	Erskine, Thomas Lord	vii. 316
		Essex, Cromwell Earl of	ii. 51
		Essex, Devereux Earl of	ii. 128

	Vol.	Page
Ethelred	i.	62
Evelyn, John	iv.	327
Eyre, Lord-chief-justice	v.	474

F

Fairfax, Edward	iii.	263
Fairfax, Thomas Lord	ii.	464
Falconer, William	vi.	75
Faulkland, Cary Viscount	ii.	411
Fanshawe, Sir Richard	ii.	455
Farmer, Hugh	vi.	28
Farmer, Richard	vi.	249
Fastolfo, Sir John	i.	381
Fawkes, Francis	vi.	108
Fearne, Charles	viii.	75
Fell, Bishop	iii.	185
Fergusson, Adam	viii.	185
Fielding, Henry	v.	221
Fife, James Earl of	vii.	65
Finch, Earl of Nottingham	iii.	50
Fisher, Bishop	ii.	158
Fitzgerald, Lord Edward	vi.	401
Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton	v.	481
Flamstead, John	iv.	366
Flavel, John	iii.	191
Flaxman, John	viii.	310
Fleetwood, Bishop	iv.	239
Fleetwood, Charles	iii.	56
Fletcher, John	iii.	213
Foc, Daniel de	iv.	125
Foot, Samuel	vi.	87
Ford, John	iii.	258
Forster, Thomas	iv.	133
Fortescue, Sir John	i.	385
Fothergill, John	vi.	113
Fox, Bishop of Durham	ii.	157
Fox, Charles James	vii.	1
Fox, George	iii.	189
Fox, Henry, Lord Holland	v.	334
Fox, John	ii.	201
Francis, Duke of Bedford	vi.	427
Francis, Duke of Bridgewater	vi.	423
Francis, Sir Ralph	vii.	265
Frederick, Prince of Wales	v.	11
Frederick, Duke of York	vi.	368
Freind, John	iv.	404
Frith, John	ii.	154
Fuller, Thomas	iii.	126

G

	Vol.	Page
Gaddesden, John of	i.	451
Gage, General	v.	396
Gainsborough, Thomas	vi.	138
Gale, Theophilus	iii.	171
Gardiner, Admiral Lord	vii.	63
Gardiner, Bishop	ii.	178
Garrick, David	vi.	92
Garth, Sir Samuel	iv.	359
Gascoigne, Sir William	i.	361
Gataker, Thomas	iii.	125
Gauden, Bishop	iii.	133
Gaunt, John of	i.	334
Gay, John	iv.	420
Geddes, Alexander	vii.	424
Geoffrey of Monmouth	i.	270
George I.	iv.	12
George II.	v.	6
George III.	v.	315
George IV.	vi.	344
Gibbon, Edward	vi.	217
Gibbs, Sir Vicary	vii.	284
Gibson, Bishop	v.	108
Gifford, John	viii.	192
Gifford, Robert Lord	vii.	342
Gifford, William	viii.	313
Gilbert, Sir Humphrey	ii.	109
Gilpin, Bernard	ii.	197
Glendower, Owen	i.	359
Glover, Richard	vi.	132
Gloucester, Humphrey Duke of	i.	377
Gloucester, Robert of	i.	437
Gloucester, Thomas Duke of	i.	344
Godolphin, Sydney	iv.	61
Goldsmith, Oliver	vi.	81
Gooch, Robert	viii.	381
Good, John Mason	viii.	322
Goodwin, John	iii.	136
Goodwin, Thomas	iii.	176
Gordon, Lord George	vi.	377
Goring, George Lord	ii.	418
Gough, Richard	viii.	155
Gower, John	i.	458
Grafton, Fitzroy Duke of	v.	481
Granby, Manners Marquess of	v.	330
Grant, Charles	vii.	322
Grant, Sir William	viii.	403
Granville, John Carteret Earl	v.	61
Granville, Lord Lansdowne	iv.	438
Grattan, Henry	vii.	230

	Vol. Page		Vol. Page
Gray, Thomas	vi. 99	Hayley, William	viii. 218
Gresham, Sir Thomas	ii. 97	Hazlitt, William	viii. 424
Grey, Lady Catherine	ii. 91	Hearne, Thomas	iv. 436
Grey, Charles Earl	vii. 56	Heathcote, Ralph	vi. 61
Grey, Lady Jane	ii. 64	Heathfield, Lord	v. 399
Grey, Zachary	v. 282	Heber, Bishop	viii. 53
Grindal, Archbishop	ii. 199	Heberden, William	vi. 297
Grocyn, William	ii. 226	Henley, John	v. 227
Grose, Francis	vi. 186	Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk	v. 270
Grosseteste, Bishop	i. 262	Henry I.	i. 188
Grove, Henry	iv. 271	Henry II.	i. 198
Guilford, Lord	iii. 51	Henry III.	i. 220
Guy, Thomas	iv. 120	Henry IV.	i. 353
H		Henry V.	i. 362
		Henry VI.	i. 369
		Henry VII.	ii. 10
		Henry VIII.	ii. 20
		Henry, Earl of Clarendon	iv. 50
		Henry, Earl of Warrington	iv. 43
		Henry, Prince of Wales	ii. 347
		Henry, Matthew	iv. 227
		Henry, William	viii. 183
		Herbert, Edward Lord	ii. 419
Hacket, Bishop	iii. 155	Herbert, George	iii. 90
Haddon, Walter	ii. 255	Herbert, Earl of Pembroke	ii. 93
Hale, Sir Matthew	iii. 23	Herbert, Earl of Torrington	iv. 76
Hales, Alexander	i. 277	Hereward le Wake	i. 182
Hales, John	iii. 148	Herrick, Robert	iii. 300
Halifax, Charles Earl of	iv. 70	Herring, Archbishop	v. 149
Halifax, Saville Marquess of	iii. 70	Hervey, James	v. 149
Hall, Bishop	iii. 121	Heywood, John	ii. 248
Halley, Edmund	iv. 453	Heywood, Oliver	iv. 198
Hammond, Henry	iii. 125	Hickes, George	iv. 232
Hampden, John	ii. 402	Hildesley, Bishop	vi. 1
Hanway, Jonas	v. 383	Hill, Aaron	v. 210
Hardicanute	i. 86	Hill, Rowland	viii. 63
Harding, John	i. 480	Hinchliffe, Bishop	vi. 54
Hardinge, George	vii. 255	Hoadly, Bishop	v. 150
Hardinge, Nicholas	v. 232	Hobbes, Thomas	iii. 306
Hardwicke, Philip Earl of	v. 66	Hogarth, William	v. 256
Hare, Bishop	iv. 272	Holcroft, Thomas	viii. 153
Hargrave, Francis	vii. 285	Holden, Henry	iii. 133
Harley, Earl of Oxford	iv. 114	Holinshed, Raphael	ii. 258
Harold I.	i. 84	Holland, Sir John	i. 348
Harold II.	i. 98	Holles, Duke of Newcastle	v. 75
Harrington, James	iii. 303	Holt, Sir John	iv. 51
Harrington, John Lord	ii. 350	Home, Henry, Lord Kames	vi. 114
Harris, James	vi. 110	Home, John	viii. 146
Harrison, John	v. 305	Hood, Viscount Bridport	vii. 142
Harte, Walter	vi. 108	Hood, Sir Samuel	vii. 161
Hartley, David	v. 228	Hooke, Robert	iv. 331
Harvey, William	iii. 273	Hooker, Richard	ii. 215
Hastings, Lord	i. 404	Hoover, Bishop	ii. 168
Hastings, Warren	vii. 202		
Hatton, Sir Christopher	ii. 115		
Hawke, Edward Lord	v. 263		
Hawkesworth, John	vi. 77		
Hawkins, Sir John	ii. 118		
Hawkins, Sir John	vi. 176		

	Vol.	Page
Hopetoun, John Earl of	vii.	308
Horne, Bishop	vi.	48
Horner, Francis	vii.	261
Horsley, Bishop	vii.	443
Hosier, Sir Francis	iv.	123
Hoste, Sir William	vii.	375
Hough, John	iv.	286
Houghton, Major	vi.	185
Howard, Earl of Carlisle	vii.	324
Howard, Earl of Surrey	ii.	236
Howard, John	vi.	179
Howe, John	iv.	200
Howe, Viscount	vi.	410
Hughes, Sir Edward	v.	454
Hughes, John	iv.	369
Hume, David	vi.	100
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester	i.	377
Hunter, John	vi.	155
Hunter, William	vi.	119
Hurd, Bishop	vii.	454
Hurdis, James	viii.	89
Huskisson, William	vii.	399
Hutchinson, John Holy	vi.	379
Hutton, Charles	viii.	266
Hutton, James	vi.	259

i

Inchbald, Elizabeth	. . .	viii.	228
Incedon, Charles	. . .	viii.	305
Ireton, Henry	. . .	ii.	424

J

Jackson, Cyril	viii.	32
Jackson, William	viii.	100
James I.	ii.	330
James II.	iii.	76
James, Duke of Ormond	iv.	154
James, Earl of Berkeley	iv.	136
James, Earl of Derwentwater	iv.	66
James, Earl of Fife	vii.	65
Jefferies, Judge	iii.	58
Jeffery, Lord Amherst	v.	461
Jenner, Edward	viii.	245
Jenyns, Soame	vi.	137
Jewel, Bishop	ii.	190
John	i.	211
John, Duke of Argyle	iv.	143
John, Duke of Bedford	i.	376

VIII.

	Vol. Page
John, Duke of Bedford	v. 333
John, Duke of Marlborough	iv. 99
John, Earl of Clare	vi. 419
John, Earl of Salisbury	i. 349
John, Earl of Stair	iv. 156
John, of Gaddesden	i. 451
John, of Gaunt	i. 334
John, of Salisbury	i. 268
Johnson, Samuel	vi. 120
Jones, Inigo	iii. 279
Jones, Sir William	vi. 156
Jonson, Ben	iii. 251
Jortin, John	v. 177
Joyce, Jeremiah	vii. 466
Juxon, Archbishop	iii. 134

K

Keate, George	vi.	255
Keats, John	viii.	252
Keith, George Lord	viii.	313
Kemble, John Philip	viii.	262
Ken, Bishop	iv.	187
Kennett, Bishop	iv.	245
Kennicott, Benjamin	vi.	18
Koppel, Lord Viscount	v.	385
King, Edward	viii.	194
King, Lord	v.	22
Kippis, Andrew	vi.	57
Kirwan, Dean	vii.	436
Knight, Richard Hayne	viii.	277
Knox, Vicessimus	vii.	469

L

Lake, Gerrard Viscount	vii.	84
Lambton, W. H.	vi.	399
Lancaster, Thomas Earl of	i.	320
Lanfranc	i.	226
Langhorne, John	vi.	92
Langton, Archbishop	i.	260
Landowne, Petty Marquess of	v.	478
Lardner, Nathaniel	v.	167
Latimer, Hugh	ii.	164
Laud, Archbishop	iii.	103
Lavington, Bishop	v.	160
Law, Bishop	vi.	25
Law, William	v.	164
Lawes, Henry	iii.	269
Lawes, William	iii.	269

	Vol. Page		Vol. Page
Lawrence, Sir Thomas	viii. 385	Marlowe, Christopher	ii. 267
Layamon	i. 272	Martyn, Henry	viii. 21
Leake, Sir John	iv. 92	Marvel, Andrew	iii. 32
Lee, Nathaniel	iii. 348	Mary I.	ii. 68
Leicester, Dudley Earl of	ii. 105	Maskelyne, Nevil	viii. 170
Leland, John	ii. 241	Mason, John	v. 166
Leland, John	v. 167	Mason, William	vi. 161
Leland, Thomas	vi. 134	Matthews, Admiral	v. 32
Lenox, Duke of Richmond	iv. 108	Maturin, Charles	viii. 288
Leslie, Sir John	viii. 428	Maynwarding, Arthur	iv. 341
Lewis, Matthew Gregory	viii. 191	Mead, Richard	v. 216
Lightfoot, John	iii. 158	Mede, Joseph	iii. 97
Lilburne, John	ii. 432	Medows, Sir William	vii. 133
Lily, William	ii. 229	Melcombe, Dodington Lord	v. 54
Linacre, Thomas	ii. 229	Nelmoth, William	vi. 282
Lindsey, Bertie Earl of	ii. 456	Melville, General	vii. 68
Linley, Thomas	vi. 214	Melville, Henry Viscount	vii. 106
Liverpool, Charles Earl of	vii. 60	Merrick, James	v. 288
Liverpool, Robert Earl of	vii. 381	Merry, Robert	vi. 277
Lloyd, Bishop	viii. 62	Merton, Walter de	i. 410
Lloyd, Lord Kenyon	vi. 424	Methven, Sir Paul	v. 43
Locke, John	iv. 316	Mickle, William Julius	vi. 106
Lofft, Capel	viii. 291	Middleton, Bishop	viii. 42
Londonderry, Robert Marquess of	vii. 292	Middleton, Conyers	v. 113
Longlande, Robert	i. 456	Middleton, Thomas	iii. 248
Lowth, Bishop	vi. 20	Millar, John	vi. 294
Ludlow, Edmund	iii. 64	Milner, Bishop	viii. 48
Lydgate, John	i. 473	Milner, Isaac	viii. 34
Lytleton, George Lord	v. 86	Milner, Joseph	vi. 64
Lytleton, Sir Thomas	i. 388	Milton, John	iii. 314
M		Minto, Gilbert Lord	vii. 141
		Mitford, William	viii. 326
		Moir, Radon Earl of	vii. 347
		Molesworth, Viscount	iv. 122
		Monboddo, Burnett Lord	vi. 280
		Monk, Duke of Albemarle	ii. 468
		Monmouth, Geoffrey of	i. 270
		Monro, Alexander	v. 290
		Montague, Lady Mary Wortley	v. 263
		Montague, Earl of Sandwich	ii. 471
		Montague, Earl of Sandwich	v. 406
		Montfort, Simon de	i. 224
		Moore, Archbishop	vii. 435
		Moore, Edward	v. 230
		Moore, Sir John	vii. 71
		Moore, Sir Thomas	ii. 44
		Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough	iv. 138
		More, Hannah	viii. 448
		More, Henry	iii. 202
		Morice, Sir William	iii. 18
		Morland, George	viii. 106
		Morley, Bishop	iii. 183
Macartney, George Earl	vii. 81		
Macclesfield, Thomas Earl of	iv. 167		
Mackintosh, Sir James	vii. 404		
Macklin, Charles	vi. 252		
Macknight, James	vii. 423		
Macpherson, James	vi. 234		
Macpherson, Sir John	vii. 289		
Mallet, David	v. 274		
Malmesbury, William of	i. 265		
Mandeville, Sir John	i. 452		
Manners, Marquess of Granby	v. 330		
Manny, Sir Walter	i. 336		
Mannyn, Robert	i. 440		
Manton, Thomas	iii. 170		
Markham, Archbishop	vii. 447		
Markland, Jeremiah	vi. 87		
Marlborough, John Duke of	iv. 99		
Marlborough, Spencer Duke of	v. 43		

	Vol. Page
Mornington, Wellesley Earl of . . .	vi. 168
Mortimer, Edmund . . .	i. 358
Mortimer, John Hamilton . . .	vi. 170
Mortimer, Roger Lord . . .	i. 331
Morton, Archbishop . . .	ii. 149
Munro, Sir Thomas . . .	vii. 373
Murphy, Arthur . . .	viii. 121
Murray, Lord George . . .	v. 50
Murray, Earl of Mansfield . . .	v. 431

N

Nares, James . . .	vi. 117
Neal, Daniel . . .	v. 106
Nelson, Horatio Viscount . . .	vi. 449
Newcastle, Cavendish Duke of . . .	iii. 22
Newcastle, Holles Duke of . . .	v. 75
Newton, Bishop . . .	vi. 15
Newton, Sir Isaac . . .	iv. 386
Nichols, John . . .	viii. 319
Nollekens, Joseph . . .	viii. 268
Norfolk, Charles Duke of . . .	vii. 243
Norfolk, Thomas Duke of . . .	ii. 102
Norris, Sir John . . .	v. 25
North, Earl of Guildford . . .	v. 412
North, John . . .	iii. 201
Northumberland, Dudley Duke of . . .	ii. 63
Norton, Lord Grantley . . .	v. 394
Nottingham, Finch Earl of . . .	iii. 50
Nowell, Dean . . .	ii. 219
Noy, William . . .	ii. 391
Nye, Philip . . .	iii. 154

O

O'Beirne, Bishop of Meath . . .	viii. 10
Occam, William . . .	i. 447
Ochterlony, Sir David . . .	vii. 340
Ockley, Simon . . .	iv. 236
Ogden, Samuel . . .	vi. 7
Ogle, Sir Chaloner . . .	v. 30
Oldys, William . . .	v. 243
Onslow, Arthur . . .	v. 85
Opie, John . . .	viii. 137
Orford, Russel Earl of . . .	iv. 124
Orme, Robert . . .	vi. 298
Ormond, James Duke of . . .	iv. 154
Orton, Job . . .	vi. 16
Otway, Thomas . . .	iii. 344
Owerbury, Sir Thomas . . .	ii. 351

	Vol. Page
Owen, John . . .	iii. 177
Oxford, Harley Earl of . . .	iv. 114
Oxford, Vere Earl of . . .	ii. 140

P

Paley, William . . .	vii. 439
Palliser, Sir Hugh . . .	v. 460
Palmer, John . . .	vii. 275
Paris, Matthew . . .	i. 278
Park, Mungo . . .	viii. 122
Parker, Archbishop . . .	ii. 193
Parker, Sir Hyde . . .	v. 374
Parker, Sir Peter . . .	vii. 113
Parnell, Thomas . . .	iv. 355
Parr, Samuel . . .	viii. 14
Pearson, Bishop . . .	iii. 185
Peckham, Archbishop . . .	i. 411
Pembroke, Herbert Earl of . . .	ii. 93
Pembroke, William Earl of . . .	i. 218
Penn, William . . .	iv. 80
Pennant, Thomas . . .	vi. 256
Pepps, Samuel . . .	iv. 36
Perceval, Spencer . . .	vii. 116
Percy, Bishop . . .	vii. 462
Perrot, Sir John . . .	ii. 117
Peterborough, Mordaunt Earl of . . .	iv. 138
Petty, Marquess of Lansdowne . . .	478
Petty, Sir William . . .	iv. 294
Philip, Earl of Hardwicke . . .	v. 66
Philips, Ambrose . . .	v. 208
Philpot, Sir John . . .	i. 351
Picton, Sir Thomas . . .	vii. 149
Pinkerton, John . . .	viii. 306
Piozzi, Hester Lynch . . .	viii. 230
Pitcairn, David . . .	viii. 161
Pitt, Earl of Chatham . . .	v. 343
Pitt, William . . .	vii. 32
Plantagenet, Edward . . .	ii. 17
Playfair, John . . .	viii. 199
Pocock, Dr . . .	iii. 359
Pocock, Sir George . . .	v. 411
Pole, Cardinal . . .	ii. 78
Pomfret, John . . .	iv. 325
Ponsonby, George . . .	vii. 197
Poole, Matthew . . .	iii. 173
Pope, Alexander, . . .	v. 184
Pope, Sir Thomas . . .	ii. 74
Popham, Sir Home Riggs . . .	vii. 225
Porson, Richard . . .	viii. 142
Porteous, Bishop . . .	vii. 467

	Vol. Page		Vol. Page
Portland, Cavendish Duke of	vii. 91	Robert, Marquess of Londonderry	vii. 292
Pott, Percival	vi. 142	Robertson, William	vi. 204
Potter, Archbishop	v. 107	Robinson, Robert	vi. 31
Powell, William	vi. 6	Rochester, William Earl of	iii. 331
Powell, Vavasour	iii. 152	Rodney, George Lord	v. 409
Pratt, Charles Earl Camden	v. 442	Romaine, William	vi. 55
Price, Richard	vi. 145	Romilly, Sir Samuel	vii. 214
Prideaux, Humphroy	iv. 380	Romney, George	viii. 91
Priestley, Joseph	viii. 110	Rooke, Sir George	iv. 48
Prior, Matthew	iv. 372	Roscoe, William	viii. 394
Prynne, William	ii. 457	Rose, Right Hon. George	vii. 218
Purcell, Henry	iv. 299	Rosslyn, Wedderburn Earl	vi. 454
Pulteney, Earl of Bath	v. 68	Rowe, Nicholas	iv. 369
Pym, John	ii. 410	Rowlandson, Thomas	viii. 320
Q		Runciman, Alexander	vi. 174
Quin, James	v. 283	Russel, Earl of Orford	iv. 124
R		Russell, Earl of Bedford	ii. 72
		Russell, Patrick	viii. 118
		Russell, Lord William	iii. 39
S			
Radcliffe, Anne	viii. 249	Sacheverell, Henry	iv. 110
Radcliffe, John	iv. 350	Sackville, Earl of Dorset	iv. 45
Radon, Earl of Moira	vii. 347	Sackville, George Viscount	v. 377
Raeburn, Sir Henry	viii. 270	Sackville, Thomas Lord	ii. 275
Raffles, Sir Stamford	vii. 345	Sadler, Sir Ralph	ii. 94
Raleigh, Sir Walter	ii. 356	Salisbury, Cecil Earl of	ii. 343
Ramsay, Allan	vi. 171	Salisbury, John of	i. 268
Redesdale, John Lord	vii. 397	Salisbury, John Earl of	i. 349
Rees, Abraham	viii. 42	Sancroft, Archbishop	iv. 188
Reid, Isaac	viii. 140	Sandwich, Montague Earl of	ii. 471
Reid, Thomas	vi. 242	Sandwich, Montague Earl of	v. 406
Rennie, John	viii. 232	Sandys, George	iii. 266
Reynolds, Sir Joshua	vi. 195	Savage, Richard	v. 199
Ricardo, David	vii. 301	Saville, Marquess of Halifax	iii. 70
Richard I.	i. 206	Sayers, Frank	viii. 197
Richard II.	i. 342	Scott, John	vi. 118
Richard III.	i. 407	Scott, Reginald	ii. 277
Richard of Chichester	i. 478	Scott, Thomas	viii. 38
Richard, Earl of Cornwall	i. 223	Scotus, John Duns	i. 443
Richard, Duke of York	i. 393	Secker, Archbishop	v. 172
Richardson, Samuel	v. 239	Sedley, Sir Charles	iv. 330
Richmond, Charles Duke of	vi. 460	Selden, John	iii. 283
Richmond, Charles Duke of	vii. 279	Seward, Anne	viii. 157
Richmond, Legh	viii. 59	Seymour, Charles	iv. 165
Richmond, Lenox Duke of	iv. 108	Seymour, Duke of Somerset	ii. 56
Ridley, Bishop	ii. 167	Seymour, Thomas Lord	ii. 59
Rivers, Wydeville Earl	i. 400	Shadwell, Thomas	iv. 297
Robert, of Gloucester	i. 437	Shaftesbury, Cooper Earl of	iii. 53
Robert, Earl of Liverpool	vii. 381	Shaftesbury, Cooper Earl of	iv. 344

[illegible]

	Vol. Page		Vol. Page
Towgood, Micaiah	vi. 52	Waring, Edward	vi. 263
Townshend, Charles . . .	v. 329	Warren, Sir Peter	v. 305
Townshend, Charles Viscount .	iv. 141	Warrington, Henry Earl of .	iv. 43
Townshend, George Marquess .	vi. 469	Warton, Thomas	vi. 148
Townson, Thomas	vi. 53	Waterland, Daniel	v. 100
Tucker, Abraham	vi. 78	Watson, Bishop	viii. 1
Tucker, Josiah	vi. 69	Watt, James	viii. 204
Tuckney, Anthony	iii. 151	Watts, Isaac	iv. 289
Tudor, Owen	i. 398	Waynflete, Bishop	i. 433
Tunstall, Bishop	ii. 180	Webbe, Samuel	viii. 187
Twedell, John	viii. 82	Wedgewood, Josiah	vi. 214
Tyndale, William	ii. 159	Wellesley, Earl of Mornington .	vi. 168
Tyrwhitt, Thomas	vi. 137	Wentworth, Marquess of Rocking-	
		ham.	v. 367
		Wesley, John	vi. 37
		West, Benjamin	viii. 211
		West, Sir Edward	vii. 380
		Wharton, Thomas Marquess of .	iv. 68
		Whiston, William	v. 120
		Whitaker, John	vii. 455
		Whitbread, Samuel	vii. 152
		Whitby, Daniel	iv. 241
		Whitefield, George	v. 173
		Whitehead, William	vi. 135
		Whitelocke, Bulstrode	iii. 19
		Whitgift, Archbishop	ii. 209
		Whittington, Sir Richard . . .	i. 352
		Whitworth, Charles Earl . . .	vii. 340
		Wickliffe, John	i. 416
		Wilkes, John	v. 464
		Wilkins, Bishop	iii. 153
		William the Conqueror	i. 174
		William, Duke of Cumberland .	v. 13
		William, of Malmesbury . . .	i. 265
		William, Earl of Pembroke . .	i. 218
		William Rufus	i. 184
		William, Viscount Barrington .	v. 441
		Williams, Archbishop	iii. 117
		Williams, Daniel	iv. 235
		Willis, Thomas	iii. 302
		Willoughby, Robert Lord . . .	ii. 402
		Wilmot, John Bardley	vii. 242
		Wilmot, Sir John Eardley . . .	v. 405
		Wilmot, Earl of Rochester . .	iii. 331
		Wilson, Bishop	v. 142
		Wilson, Richard	vi. 110
		Windham, William	vii. 95
		Winwood, Sir Ralph	ii. 355
		Withering, William	vi. 281
		Wolecott, John	viii. 192
		Wolfe, Major-general	v. 44
		Wollaston, William Hyde . . .	viii. 362

V

Vanbrugh, Sir John	iv. 382
Vane, Sir Henry	ii. 450
Vaux, Thomas Lord	ii. 247
Venn, Henry	vi. 63
Vere, Earl of Oxford	ii. 140
Vere, Sir Francis de	ii. 143
Vernon, Admiral	v. 38
Villiers, Duke of Buckingham .	ii. 368
Villiers, Duke of Buckingham .	iii. 57
Vincent, John Earl St	vii. 302
Vincent, William	vii. 474

W

Wade, Marshal	iv. 170
Wager, Sir Charles	iv. 163
Wake, Archbishop	iv. 270
Wake, Hereward le	i. 182
Wakefield, Gilbert	viii. 84
Waldegrave, James Earl	v. 57
Wales, Frederick Prince of . . .	v. 11
Wales, Henry Prince of	ii. 347
Waller, Edmund	iii. 346
Wallis, John	iv. 360
Walpole, Horace	vi. 207
Walpole, Horatio Lord	v. 37
Walpole, Sir Robert	iv. 145
Walsingham, Sir Francis	ii. 212
Walter de Merton	i. 410
Walton, Brian	iii. 130
Walton, Izaak	iii. 338
Walworth, William	i. 351
Warburton, Bishop	vi. 9
Warham, Archbishop	ii. 153

Wollstonecraft, Mary . . .	vi. 245	Wykeham, William of . . .	i. 413
Wolsey, Cardinal . . .	ii. 31	Wyndham, Sir William . .	iv. 143
Woodfall, William . . .	vi. 430		
Woodward, John . . .	iv. 405		
Woollett, William . . .	vi. 173		
Woolston, Thomas . . .	v. 97		
Worcester, Tiptoft Earl of . .	i. 399	Yalden, Thomas . . .	iv. 440
Wotton, Sir Henry . . .	ii. 393	York, Frederick Duke of . .	vi. 368
Wotton, William . . .	iv. 240	York, Richard Duke of . .	i. 399
Wren, Sir Christopher . . .	iv. 375	Yorke, Charles . . .	v. 332
Wyatt, Sir Thomas the Elder . .	ii. 234	Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke .	v. 402
Wyatt, Sir Thomas the Younger .	ii. 71	Young, Arthur . . .	viii. 221
Wycherley, William . . .	iv. 352	Young, Edward . . .	v. 277
Wydeville, Earl Rivers . . .	i. 400	Young, Thomas . . .	viii. 366

